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The BUDDHIST ANNUAL OF CEYLON.

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VOL. III. No. 2



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THE
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OF CEYLON.

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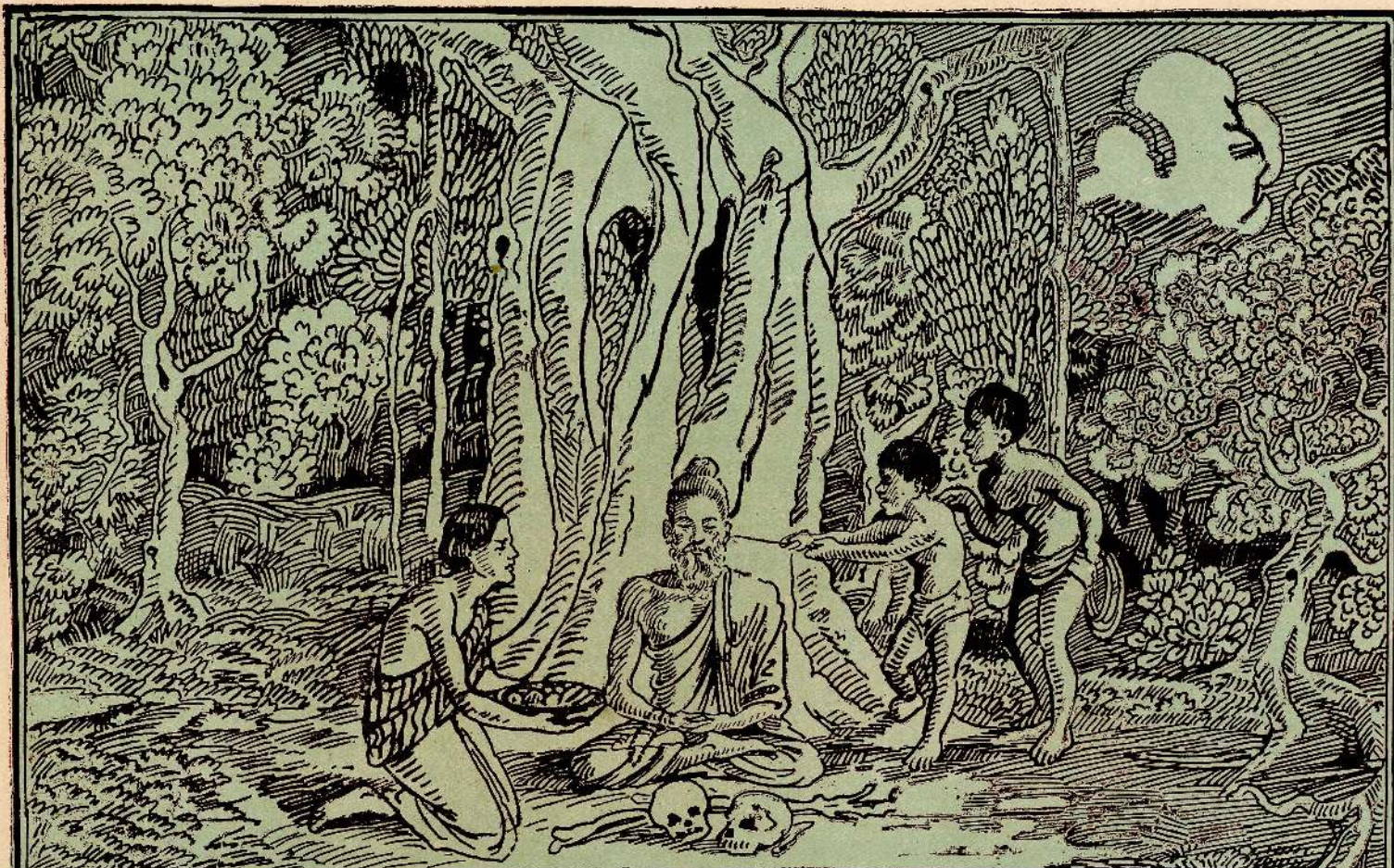
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A HOPE.

When morning breaks, may thoughts of love unbounded
To all that lives, from our quiet minds take wing;
Let us fulfil the Law Lord Buddha taught us:
Love, help and comfort every living thing.

In noonday heat, upon His stainless altar
Let us place flowers, then go upon our way;
May deeds of mercy, charity, compassion
Follow our footsteps closely through the day.

When evening falls, and fragrant incense rises
To His dear memory, then let us read
Of His blest life, His Dhamma and His Sangha,
To all His Teaching giving careful heed.

Thus may we walk the Eight-fold Path of Virtue,
And when night closes, through the silence deep,
May our good deeds stand sentinel around us
As we pass gently into dreamless sleep.

Geraldine E. Lyster.

THE BUDDHA'S TWO VOICES.

[BY J. F. MC KECHNIE]



As a profound thinker, as the most profound thinker the world has ever known, the Buddha had two ways of speaking to people. At one time he would address them in words that expressed the utmost depth of his knowledge. At other times he would tell them simple things within the compass of their ready understanding, in words that were taken from the ordinary speech used among themselves. In both modes of speech, he spoke what was true. But in the former mode he spoke what was final, ultimate truth and fact; in the latter mode, what was true for the people and the time to and in which he spoke.

The Anatta-doctrine is a specimen of the former mode of speech. Here, speaking what is finally and ultimately true, the Buddha said that there are in the universe no entities anywhere, neither in mind nor in matter. He said that all seeming entities, whether material or mental, are only momentary expressions of energy, varying from moment to moment, never constant, ever changing, somewhat as an electric bulb light is not a fixed entity but an ever-renewed, from-moment-to-moment-maintained display of electric energy. This is a scientific fact, or is well on the way to be demonstrated so. It has long been a philosopher's belief, when philosophers have turned their minds to the consideration of what so-called "matter" really is. When they have done so, when they have analysed the data on which is founded the common belief in any solid entity made of what is called "matter", they have found that the only evidence for its existence is that of our senses, and of the deductions drawn therefrom. Principally the latter; and upon closer consideration indeed, have found that it is *wholly* the latter.

We receive various sense-impressions through all our various senses, and from these *deduce* the existence of some *thing* which originates these impressions, which sends them to our senses. But on close analysis, we find that this is a pure deduction, a simple inference, and *nothing else*. All we are quite sure about is the impression on our senses, but of nothing more. But what makes an impression on our senses is an energy, a force. Hence all we can be sure about is that we have around us all the time a variety of forces or energies playing upon us, and that these, in sum, make up what we call the universe. Hence when people came to the Buddha, as they did, and asked him: "Is the world limited or is it limitless? Is the world eternal or is it not eternal?" the Buddha had nothing to say to them in reply. Why not? Was it, as some prejudiced critics, who ought to know better, have suggested, and in fact have plainly said, because "he did not know"? Indeed it was not. The Buddha here simply followed the age-old method of the polite East in abstaining from calling attention to the ignorance of his interlocutor which made him ask such a question, by simply

saying nothing. For, in asking such a question, the questioner assumed, implied, took for granted, something which the Buddha, as a profound thinker, as the profoundest thinker in the world at that time or any time before or since, did not admit, namely, that there was then in existence a "world", in the sense in which his questioner used the word, as a definite concrete entity. The questioner was asking a question about ultimate truth and fact; and since in ultimate truth and fact, the Buddha did not recognise the existence of such a "world" as his questioner was assuming to exist when he put the question, the Buddha could do nothing but keep silence. And the questioner of those days knew quite well what that silence meant, even if some of our modern critics do not know, or pretend not to know. He knew that what the Buddha was saying by that silence, was this: "You ask a foolish question which you have no right to ask, for you ask me about the history of something which now, at this moment does not exist, for me, in truth and fact. How then can I say anything about whether it is limitless or eternal or anything else, any more than I can tell you if the third horn of a buffalo is limitless or eternal. There *is* no third horn of a buffalo. But I forbear from putting you to shame before all these listeners around by pointing out to you that simple fact which, as a pretended enquirer after ultimate truth and fact, you ought to know; and so I preserve a silence that is only meant to be kind."

When, however, the Buddha is asked a question about the world which is not concerned with ultimate truth and fact, but with practical every-day life, as lived at the moment by the person asking him the question, then he says: "There is a world, and you have a good deal to do in order to find your proper place therein, and make proper use of your stay there. There is a world; and there is a Beyond-the-world; and I have to show you how you may make your way from the one to the other."

But this world the Buddha believes in and deals with—and with no other kind of world does he deal—is the world of men's feelings and perceptions and mentations and consciousnesses, the world that is immediately present to every mother's son of us, the world that none of us, even the most sceptical, can ever possibly doubt, the world that is contained within this "fathom-long mortal frame", our body. Here is the world the Buddha knows of and tells about; and it is the real world, in contradistinction to that other world supposed to lie outside us, as sole proof of whose existence we have nothing but deduction and inference. With this real world within us the Buddha deals in the most comprehensive and minute fashion in a psychology which makes most of what passes for that science in the West seem mere childish groping and fumbling. He shows how to deal with every one of its phases and permutations with a detail that might take the most diligent student of its intricacies all his life to master, and even then

have still something to learn. But the main purpose of all that minute tabulation is quite easily grasped. As said, it is simply a method of bringing that world to an end, and allowing to supervene that other state which takes its place when place is made for it, Nibbana. This Nibbana is not caused, not originated, does not have any beginning. It simply makes its presence known when all that is opposed to it is removed. And what is opposed to its manifestation is the whole complex congeries of feelings and emotions and thinkings which make up that world, a human being. These removed, without anything further, Nibbana is present. And that is the end of all evolution, the topmost height to which man can reach. With the ceasing of all self-referred feelings and thinkings and imaginings and consciousnesses, there goes on a life that is lived as a result only of past causes set in motion, like a top to which no further spinning motion is imparted, but still keeps on spinning only from the motion already given it in the past. And when that motion is all exhausted, then comes the real "death", the ceasing of all these externally perceptible feelings, and so on, in a sense perceptible physical body; and the secret of what lies beyond remains a secret, and must always remain one, to those who still remain on this hither side of that mystery. By the very fact of our position in this world, doing all our thinking with brains belonging to this world—since, what other brains have we got to think with?—it is quite impossible to state what that ultimate state, Nibbana, is, in words of this world.

Some, indeed, attempted to find out from the Buddha himself. They enquired, in their artless innocence—artless and innocent of the tremendous difference between the Conditioned and the Unconditioned—: "Does the Arahan exist after death? Or does he not exist?" And just as to the artless and innocent question regarding the existence of the world implied in the questions as to its limitlessness and eternity, so here also the Buddha replied with kindly silence. He forbore to expose to shame the ignorance of his interlocutor by pointing out that even now there is no actual Arahan in the sense in which the questioner assumed there was one, but only a series of manifestations of Kamma-energy, displaying themselves from moment to moment to our physical senses and that to ask after what happens after death to something that does not exist now is simply a display of

miscomprehension which a kindly person can only treat with kindly silence, such as any decent person practises when some blunderer commits a bad *faux pas* in conversation, in a company.

For, to come to a thinker like the Buddha and ask such a question after he had been going about for years trying to let men see that in ultimate truth and fact—in which alone he was interested, and which he sought to impart to as many as were ripe to learn it of him—there are no entities called men, but only manifestations of Kamma-energy, was something so stupid that in any one lesser than a Buddha, it would have been excusable if he burst out into annoyed protest at it, and at its propounder.



Photo by John & Co.

LANKARAMAYA, ANURADHAPURA.

But this truth that there are no entities called men, it is well to note, is an ultimate, final truth, spoken to thinkers and analysts and philosophers. When speaking to common men, the Buddha said: "There is such an entity as a man. You all know it and feel it. And I know it and feel it with you. You are not the same man that you were ten years ago; and yet you are not another man. You are not me. I am not you. What that man of ten years ago was, makes the man you are to-day just what he is, and not otherwise. And going still further back than ten years of this present lifetime of yours, what you were ten hundred years ago you are not to-day, and yet you are not another person altogether. What you were ten hundred years ago makes you what you are to-day, just as you are, so, not otherwise, distinct from me and from others around you. And further,— and take good

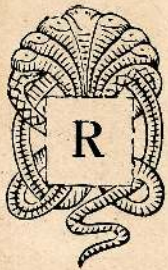
heed of this!—what you are to-day will go to make you what you will be ten years after this, and ten hundred years after this. There is no break in the stream of Kamma causation anywhere. There is no break between the man of this moment and the man of ten minutes, or ten months, or ten years, or of ten lifetimes ago. It is all one unbroken chain of happening. And all my teaching is to show you how to bring to an end all happening, to produce the one sole real break there ever is in this chain of Kamma causation, the break which is its final break, its final ceasing, Nibbana. This last is the only real death there is. What is ordinarily called death, is only a passing on to another state in this or some other world. It is not a ceasing, but only a change. But what I would teach you, is how to arrive at the ceasing of all this change, and the final, ultimate attainment of the Changeless."

Thus the Buddha has two voices. When speaking to philosophers and thinkers, he says there is no world, in the vulgar acceptance of the world. But when speaking to the common man of every-day life, he says: "There is a world, and you have to find deliverance from it; and I will show you how." When speaking to philosophers and thinkers he says there is no such entity as a man. But when speaking to the ordinary every-day person, he says: "There is a man; and you, that man, have to gain freedom from that world."

How resolve these antinomies? In the only way in which all antinomies of thought have to be resolved,—by action. The end of man is not a thought but a deed, as was said years ago by the Westerner, Goethe, and after him by Carlyle. And so said the Buddha, in effect, twenty-five hundreds of years before them, in another era and on another continent, the old mother-continent of all wisdom and knowledge of higher and deeper things, Asia. His teaching is the teaching of a Way, of a deed, of a doing. In the following of that Way or Method or Path, lies the solution of all the contradictions or seeming contradictions of the thought, or expression of thought, by which he accompanied his teaching of his Way. Thus the final lesson of Buddhism, its only lesson, ultimately, is, Follow the Way, Tread the Path. Everything else is subsidiary to that, leads to that, or, leads to nothing, but a wild waste of warring words, in which men may flounder for ever as in a morass. But out of that jungle, that thicket, that snare, that jungle of words and opinions and views they may, if they will, find a way on to firm ground, the firm ground of the Noble Eight-fold Path shown by him, a Path that leads to that other firm solid ground, the ultimate, highest end open to man; complete deliverance from the very possibility of views and opinions, in the attainment of the one final, ultimate, certainty, Nibbana.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GIVING DANA.

[BY A. D. JAYASUNDERE]



RECENTLY a certain Western critic, who is a professed Buddhist, was pleased to pass some severe strictures on the Buddhist idea of charity. It behoves us therefore to make even a brief survey of the Buddhist view of *Dana* and to enquire: What is the real significance of giving, not only in the abstract as it is found in the Teaching, but also in actual practice among the present day Buddhists?

Charity or giving is the lowest of all forms of morality and is the common property of all religions. It is the A B C of every ethical system or moral code. As an eminent thinker says: "Charity is like the seconds-hand of the horologue of morality." Even as the action of the seconds-hand is clearly visible, *Dana* manifests itself in material or gross form. Just as the movement of the minute-hand is less perceptible, and that of the hour-hand is still less so, the higher moral virtues are hardly noticeable at all in practice.

Giving is such an elementary form of moral conduct that it does not even enter into or find a place in the scheme of the Noble Eight-fold Path. What is the reason of this significant omission? The Eight-fold Path, it should always be borne in mind, is actually trodden only by the Eight Āriyans, or the Four Pairs of Noble Ones. The rest of us, even the highest of them, are at best merely trying—some

of them maybe very hard—though yet unsuccessfully, to reach the lowest rung of the Eight-fold Ladder. This stage of the disciple's progress is in Buddhist parlance called the *Pubba-bhagapatipada*, or the practice of the preparatory stage. Giving forms only a part of this preliminary practice of the aspirant, and he oversteps this stage only when he has highly developed the practice of giving.

All deeds of ordinary worldlings are actuated more or less by motives of a self-referable character. In other words, all human actions, save and except those of the Arhans, are traceable in the last analysis to selfishness.

Egoism (taking the term in its empirical sense) is therefore the inevitable motive for morality. We are at once confronted with the great problem: How can then man, who is selfish by nature, get rid of his selfishness, so that he may reach the goal of final emancipation? He does so, we maintain, just in the same way as a sailor crosses the sea by paddling his own boat or by steering his own ship. The disciple of the Buddha reaches the further shore of *Sansara* by practising acts of merit though prompted thereto by his own egoistic impulse.

The Buddhist instructed in the Dhamma gives with one of two objects in view. Being a believer in the doctrine of retributory justice (*Karma*), he either gives expecting a

worldly reward here in this life or hereafter in the course of rebirths, or he gives with intent to eliminate all the roots of greed from his heart. Even in the latter case, it should be observed, egoism is at bottom the motive impulse.

Unfortunately, there is a good deal of confusion in the public mind on the Buddhist idea of *Dana*. For, it is commonly held that gifts should always be made only to virtuous individuals. To put it briefly, this idea is both true and false. But we must here discriminate. Whoso gives expecting a worldly return should certainly find a virtuous recipient for his gifts. Forsooth, the wise farmer who looks forward to a plentiful harvest sows his seed on a fertile soil. But the man whose object is to eradicate all the noxious weeds of craving from the garden of his heart, so as to prepare a favourable soil for the planting of the higher virtues of *Sila* and *Bhavana*, need not hanker after virtuous recipients of his charity, for to him any form of voluntary divestment of his property is to that extent a diminution of his attachment to worldly possessions.

The first of the Ten Perfections of the Bodhisatta is this virtue of *Dana*. He perfected this virtue in numerous lives over and over again, even to the extent of making the supreme sacrifice of his life itself for the sake of fellow-beings. But a virtuous person never could accept the gift of another's body or flesh. The Bodhisatta was therefore obliged on all such occasions to make the supreme gift to a being of no virtue whatever, be it a demon, a cannibal or a wild beast.*

The highest gift can therefore never be made to a righteous person. Nay, such is only acceptable to a sinner. It is thus clear without more ado, that he who gives without any worldly object but solely with the idea of ridding himself of greed, need not go after virtuous persons, but may give irrespective of the virtues of the recipients of his gifts.

The degree of worldly reward is necessarily commensurate with the virtues of the recipient. Hence, he who gives with a view to a worldly return should go after persons advanced in righteousness. Though such gifts are also acts of merit, they are hardly of any moral value for the higher function of eradicating greed, with a view to the attainment of the goal. On the contrary, such mis-conceived acts of charity do indeed retard his spiritual progress, for every gift with a worldly object in view will only prolong his journey through *Sansara* and detain him unnecessarily in the blind alleys of individual existence.



GALVIHARA, POLONNARUWA.

Photo by John & Co.

Whoso gives in order that he may reap a manifold reward hereafter, be it here on earth or in heaven, is like unto the careful creditor who lends money on interest. He will get back his money with interest, nay with compound interest, without the slightest risk or uncertainty. But no virtue as such can be attached to a money-lender's dealing. On the contrary such a giver merely aggravates his greed by the very fact of his expecting rewards. But he who gives in order that he may get rid of his greed does an act of highest virtue, and is a giver in the highest Buddhist sense. The best, nay the only, antidote to *Lobha* is *Dana*.

* In this connection the writer recalls an interesting incident. Once a Christian Padre, daring to beard the lion in its own den, offered to deliver a lecture on Buddhism to a Buddhist Society. The lecturer was accorded a right Buddhist welcome. But forgetting the ordinary canons of hospitality, the lecturer in the course of his address proceeded to pass severe strictures on the act of suicide committed by the Buddha, (so he put it), when once of yore He offered this body as food to a famished tigress. The retort courteous was promptly administered: Jesus Christ, the son of God, offered himself as the supreme sacrifice to save mankind from sin. Buddhists considered this deed as one of the highest renunciation, but it was astounding to hear from a Christian minister that such a noble act was only a cowardly act of suicide. The *Tu Quoque* argument went straight home. Needless to say the poor man collapsed!

There is also a donor, let us not forget, who gives out of sheer love or kindness, without the slightest reference to any reward. But such a gift should be more properly counted as an act of *Metta* or *Karuna*, for the predominant quality of such a gift is rather the excellent motive behind it than the mere act of giving itself. It will then be rightly accounted a *Bhavana*, a very much higher act of merit than *Dana*.

All donors therefore fall into one of these two categories. The great majority of givers are the ordinary blind worldlings who give even as money-lenders invest their money, or very often as it happens quite aimlessly. This former is in accord with the saying of the Christian Bible: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord". But the instructed Buddhist gives with the object of diminishing and ultimately eliminating his craving for wealth.

In that wonderfully scientific system called the *Saddhamma*, ethics are founded upon a purely psychological basis. The specific teaching of the Buddha is His sublime doctrine of *Anatta*. This is a teaching altogether peculiar to Buddhism. So much so, it is this *Anatta*-teaching that differentiates it from all other religions of the world. Now, what is the ethical import of this *Anatta*-teaching with reference to the idea of *Dana*? He, who realises that he has no *ego*, soul or I, can never give with a view to benefit such *ego*, soul or I, either by worldly reward or by eradicating craving. For the pure and simple reason that no such *ego*, soul or I, as a matter of fact, exists. So, the true Buddhist cannot possibly give with a selfish object. Taking this *ego*, soul or I, in its strictly philosophical sense the Buddhist, who rightly understands, knows that if he gives with a view to worldly reward, it is not he himself but another in his place who will actually reap the benefit of his gift. It is therefore only a believer in no-soul (*Anatta*), who can make an utterly unselfish gift. That is why the Dhamma is called the religion of enlightenment as to the true nature of the basic facts of life. For herein is given knowledge the foremost place of honour. And knowledge is here full realisation of *Anatta*. *Samma-ditthi* is the first step of the Path.

But others who do not rightly comprehend the Buddha's

teaching on the point give only with a selfish idea, for they are constantly thinking of their own selves or souls; except perhaps in the only other instance where one gives without knowing the ethical significance of what one is doing or prompted by the power of a merely casual impulse.

Be it then noted, that a gift rooted in the ignorance of its effects, according to the Buddhist point of view, can never form a virtuous action of high value, though it may be followed by a reward of an insignificant character. A person who gives unaware of the moral value of his act is like unto the man who throws up a stick without any aim as to which of its two ends will strike the ground.

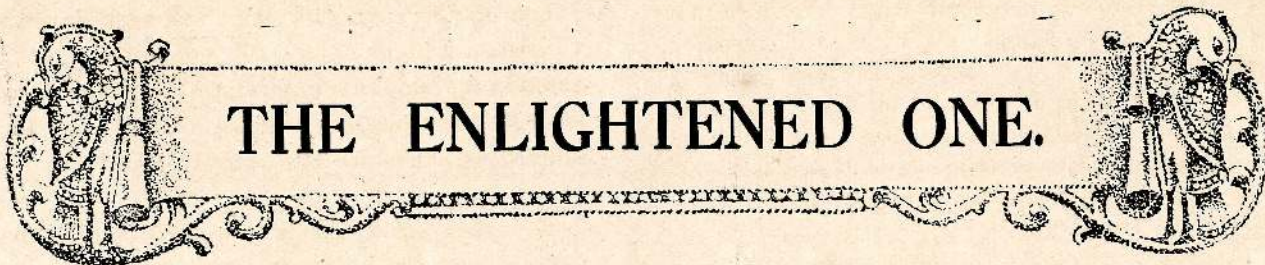


VELUWANARAMAYA, POLONNARUWA.

Photo by John & Co.

Those moralists who posit a criterion for morality by saying: "Virtue is its own reward", must now realise that they are only pursuing a mere shadow. "Where self is, there cannot be virtue" says the Master. The only philosophical basis for morality is then this *Anatta*-teaching, for all those systems of ethics based upon the soul-theory must for aye and ever flounder in the selfishness of the souls (*Attas*) of their own creation. To them there can be no end to *Sansara*. *Anatta* is thus the master-key to the Dhamma, and *Anatta* alone can unlock the elusive mystery of the ethical problem.

In the words of the Dhammapada:—"Sons have I, pelf have I: so the fool bethinks. Of a truth, thou (thyself) hast no I: how then canst thou own sons or pelf?"



[BY DOROTHY HUNT]

The Enlightened One speaks to the five wanderers—"Call me not Gotama, call me the Buddha, for I beheld the Truth."

*Back like a conqueror from His quest He came,
 His face alight with Wisdom's Holy Flame,
 And to those seeking souls He softly said :
 Call me the Buddha, the Enlightened One,
 For lo ! mine eyes have seen Truth's radiant Sun,
 Gotama's self is dead.*

*In gorgeous palace and in pride of race,
 I tried in vain to see Truth's Holy Face
 Which like a distant beacon led my soul
 To seek, for every form of earthly life
 Groaning beneath the burden of the strife,
 Nirvana's Peaceful Goal.*

*Then went I forth from home and kinsfolk dear
 Into the tropic forest lone and drear,
 Seeking deliverance from all grief and ill ;
 But in those hours of bitter pain and night,
 My soul no longer saw the inward light,
 The guiding voice was still.*

*Then did I seek in Indra's temples dim,
 By mystic rite and ancient Vedic hymn,
 The cause which binds us to this wheel of pain :
 In creeds which sprang from ignorance and fear
 I hoped to find the upward pathway clear,
 But lo ! I sought in vain.*

*I strove to measure by the self's dim light
 The wondrous glory of the Infinite,
 To find the source of life's eternal stream :
 Longing to pierce the darksome veil which hides
 The glorious regions where the Truth abides
 Immutable, Supreme.*

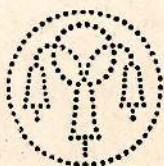
*With creed and dogma, and with vain debate,
 I argued with the Brahman teachers great,
 Hoping to reach the answer of my quest.
 In sacred scriptures, and traditions old,
 I tried to find Truth's shining path of gold
 Leading to peace and rest.*

*By useless sufferings, self-inflicted pain,
 Vainly I hoped a higher state to gain
 Wherein to conquer all desire and sin.
 Then like a gleam from Indra's highest heaven
 There came a flash of intuition given
 To seek the Light within.*

*Then I abandoned outward rite and form
 Which clung to me like garments old and worn,
 Discarded all the worthless dross of self.
 Throwing away the useless creeds which bind
 I looked within my spirit, there to find
 The things of priceless worth.*

*Beneath the Bodhi Tree that holy night
 My soul went forth to face its final fight
 Against the hosts of ignorance and fear ;
 Then was illusion's curtain rent in twain,
 And in a dazzling flash of living flame
 I saw the Truth appear.*

*So spake the Blessed One in accents sweet,
 To those five wanderers kneeling at His feet,
 Opening to them the Eight-fold Way of Peace.
 Their minds unfolding like the lotus flower,
 They understood how Karma's awful power
 Might thereby fade and cease.*



A BUDDHIST LEGEND IN EUROPE.

[By F. L. WOODWARD]



HAVE come across, in an old English book, what I think to be the earliest reference to the story of the Buddha in England. The title is as follows:—

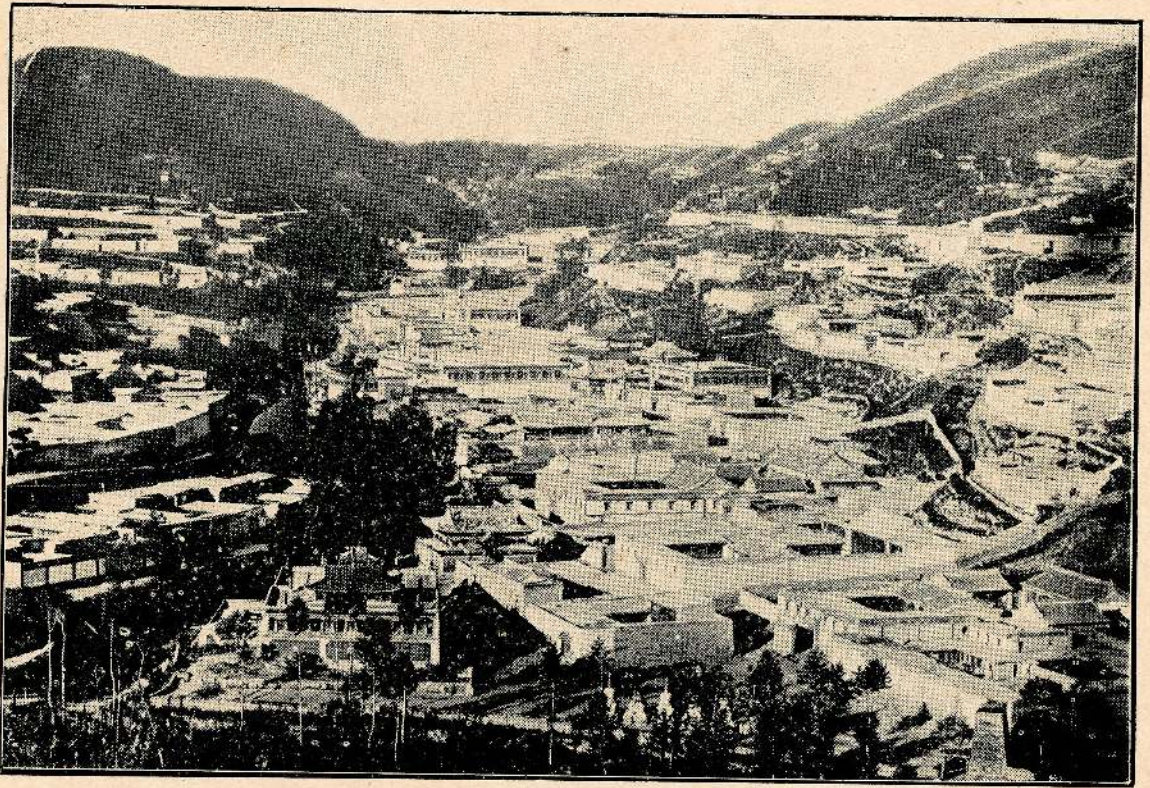
Flores Solitudinis. Certaine Rare and Elegant PIECES; viz., Two Excellent Discourses of 1. *Temperance and Patience*; 2. *Life and Death* by I. E. NIEREMBERGIUS... Collected in his sicknesse and retirement BY HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist....1654.

The author is the well-known mystic poet and writer, whose brother Thomas goes under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, also well-known to some as an occultist and alchemist. Though the Buddha's name is not mentioned and though his father Suddhodana appears under the name of *Abner*, the familiar setting of the story is without doubt that of the Buddha's boyhood. Possibly the story filtered through to the West owing to the Portuguese occupation of Ceylon. I extract the part referred to, which occurs in the second of the above-named 'Rare and elegant pieces'.

'*Abner the Eastern*

King, so soon as his son was born, gave order for his confinement to a stately and spacious Castle, where he should be delicately brought up & carefully kept from having any knowledge of humane calamities; he gave speciall command that no distressed person should be admitted into his presence; nothing sad, nothing lamentable, nothing unfortunate; no poor man, no old man, none weeping nor disconsolate was to come near his Palace. Youthfulness, pleasures, and joy were alwaies in his presence, nothing else was to be seene, nothing else was discoursed of in his company. A most ridiculous attempt to keep out sorrow with bars and walls, and to shut the gates against sadness, when life is an open door by which it enters. His very delights convey'd displeasure to him, and grief by a distast of long pleasure

found way to invade him. So constant is pleasure in inconstancy, that continual mirth turns it into sadness. Certainly though *Abner* by this device might keep all sorrows from the presence of his son, hee could not keep them from his sense: Hee could keep out, and restrain external evils, but could not restraints his inherent affections. His son longed; this made him sad in the very midst of his joyes. And what thinkst thou did he long for? Truly, not to be so cumberd with delights. The grief of pleasures made him request his father to loose the bonds of his miserable felicity. This suit of the Son crost the intentions of the Father,



Sent by Mme. Alexandra David-Neel.
KUM BUM MONASTERY IN AMDO—NORTH-EASTERN TIBET.

who was forced to give over his device to keep him from sadness lest by continuing it, he should make him sad. He gave him his liberty, but charged his attendants, to remove out of his way all objects of sorrow: The blind, the maimed, the deformed, and the old must not come near him. But what diligence is sufficient to conceal the miseries of Mortality? they are so numerous, that they may as soon be taken out of the world, as hidden from those that are in the world. Royal power prevailed lesse here then humane infirmity; for this last took place in spite of the first.

The Prince in his Recreations meets with an old man, blind, and leprous; the sight astonisheth him; he startles, trembles, and faints, like those that swoond at the apparition

of a Spirit; enquires of his followers what that thing might be? And being inwardly persuaded that it was some fruit of humane life, he became presently wise, disliked pleasures, condemned mirth, and despised life. And that his life might have the least share here, where Fortune hath the greatest, he rejected the hopes and blandishments of life, yea that which is to many the price of two lives, his Kingdom, and Royal Dignity: He laboured with all diligence to live so in the world as if he had been dead, that by avoyding sin, the cause of sorrow, he might be, though not safe, at least secure.....,

The author enlarges on this aspect of life at some length, but goes no further in the story. But it is worth while noticing that he refers twice to Tibet, speaking of the 'Funeral rite of the *Tebitanses* (who are certain *East-Indians*)...', and again, of 'the *Lamæ* (who are the Priests of the *Tebitanses*)' for they 'summon the people together with the hollow, whispering sounds of certain Pipes made of the bones of dead men; they have also Rosaries, or Beads made of them, which they carry alwayes about them, and they drink constantly out of a Skull....'

IMMORTALITY.

[BY E. H. BREWSTER]



IT is written in the Vinaya Texts: "At that time the Blessed Buddha dwelt at Uruvelā, on the banks of the River Neranjarā, at the foot of the Bodhi-tree just after he had become enlightened." For thirty-five days, according to these ancient scriptures, he dwelt beneath the trees of that place enjoying the bliss of his emancipation. "Then the Blessed One (on the seventh night) during the first watch of the night fixed his mind upon how things come to be (that is upon the "causal chain") in direct and in reverse order." He saw: "Such is the coming to pass of this entire body of ill." And after the middle watch he saw: "Such is the cessation of this entire body of ill."

On that occasion he uttered these verses: "Verily when things become manifest to the ardent, meditating brahmin then all doubts fade away, since he understands thing-with-cause."....."Verily when things become manifest to the ardent, meditating brahmin, then all his doubts fade away, since he has understood the cessation of causes."....."Verily when things become manifest to the ardent, meditating brahmin, he stands dispelling the host of *Death*, like the sun that illuminates the sky."

Under the Muchalinda-tree he said: "Happy the solitude of him who is content, who has heard the Truth, who sees! Happy is non-malice in this world, (self) restraint toward all beings that have life! Happy is passionlessness in this world, the getting beyond all sense desires! The suppression of that 'I am' conceit, this truly is the highest happiness."....."Then in the mind of the Blessed One, who was alone, and had retired into solitude, the following thought arose 'I have penetrated this dhamma which is profound, difficult to perceive and to understand, which brings quietude of heart, which is exalted, which is unattainable by reasoning, is abstruse, intelligible only to the wise. This people on the other hand is given to habit, intent upon habit, delighting in habit. To these people hard to see therefore is this matter, to wit, that this is caused by that, how things

come to be; most hard also to see is this matter, to wit, the tranquillization of all synergies, the renouncing of all the grounds (of rebirth), the destruction of craving, the absence of passion, ceasing, Nibbana. Now if I teach the Dhamma, and other men are not able to understand my teaching, there would result but weariness and annoyance for me."....."With great pains have I acquired it. Enough of making known! This doctrine will not be easy for beings to understand that are oppressed by lust and hatred. Steeped in lust, shrouded in thick darkness, they will not see what goes against the stream, abstruse, deep, difficult to perceive, and subtle."

"When the Blessed One had pondered over this matter, his mind became inclined to remain in quietude, and not to preach the Dhamma." "Then Brahmā Sahampāti, understanding by the power of his mind the reflection which had arisen in the mind of the Blessed One, thought: 'Alas! The world perishes. Alas! the world is destroyed if the mind of the Tathagata, of the holy, of the fully ever Enlightened One inclines itself to remain in quietude and not to preach the Dhamma.'" And Brahmā Sahampāti appeared to the Blessed One, saying: "There are beings whose mental eyes are darkened by scarcely any dust: but if they do not hear the Dhamma, they cannot attain salvation. There will be they who understand the Dhamma."... "The Dhamma hitherto manifested in the country of Magadha had been impure, thought out by contaminated men. But do thou now open the door of the *Immortal*." After Brahmā Sahampāti had repeated his supplication for the third time, the Blessed One full of compassion looked forth upon the world with the Buddha-eye, that eye of Enlightenment, and he saw that what Brahmā Sahampāti had said was true, and he addressed Brahmā Sahampāti with these words: "Wide open is the door of the *Immortal* to all who are hearers; let them send forth faith to meet it."

Soon after that time the Blessed One started for Benares to give his message to the five ascetics who were his former associates. On the way he met Upaka who asked of him:

"Whose Dhamma do you profess?" To him the Blessed One replied: "I have overcome all foes; I am all-wise; I am free from stains in all things; I have left everything; and have obtained emancipation from craving. Having myself gained knowledge, whom shall I call my master? I have no teacher; no one is equal to me; in the world of men and of devas no being is like me. I am the holy one in this world, I am the highest teacher, I alone am the perfectly ever Enlightened One; I have gained coolness and have obtained Nibbāna. To set in motion the wheel of the Dhamma, I go to the city of Kasis (Benares); I will beat the drum of the *Immortal* in the darkness of this world..."

"And the Blessed One, wandering from place to place came to Benares, to the deer park Isipatana, to the place where the five ascetics were."....."Now they addressed the Blessed One by his name and with the appellation 'Friend'". The first words which the Blessed One spoke to the five ascetics were: "Do not address, monks, the Tathagata by his name, with the appellation 'Friend'. The Tathagata, monks, is the holy, perfectly ever Enlightened One. Give ear, O monks. The *Immortal* has been won by me: I will teach you; to you I preach the Dhamma."..... But the five monks offered remonstrances to which four times the Blessed One declared: "Give ear, O monks, the *Immortal* has been won; I will teach you; to you I will preach the Dhamma. Do you walk in the way I show you; you will live ere long, even in this life, having fully known yourselves, having seen face to face that incomparable goal of the holy life, for the sake of which clansmen rightly give up the world and go forth into the houseless state." And the Blessed One was able to convince the five monks; and the five monks again listened willingly to the Blessed One; they gave ear, and fixed their mind on the knowledge (imparted to them)."

Then the Blessed One delivered to the five monks what is known as his first sermon, or "The Setting in Motion of the Wheel of the Dhamma," in which he told them of the Noble Eightfold Path which leads to Nibbāna, and of the Four Noble Truths concerned with Ill, of that craving which is the cause of Ill, of the Cessation of Ill and the Path leading thereto. That is, the Blessed One taught them of that knowledge which came to him under the Bodhi-tree, of how things come to be and how they cease. Then in the mind of one monk after another arose "the pure and spotless Dhamma-

eye, (that is to say, the following knowledge): 'Whatsoever is an arising thing, all that is a ceasing thing.'"

Then the Blessed One delivered the discourse on "Not having Signs of the Self," in which he declared that that which is impermanent cannot be considered as the Self. "Considering this, monks, the wise and noble disciple turns away from the body, turns away from sensation, turns away from perception, turns away from the synergies, turns away from the body and mind. Turning away he loses passion, losing passion he is liberated, in being liberated the knowledge comes to him: 'I am liberated,' and he knows rebirth is exhausted, the holy life is completed, duty is fulfilled; there is no more living in these conditions."... "And when this exposition had been propounded, the minds of the five monks became free from attachment to the world, and were released from the Intoxicants (Āsavas). At that time therefore were six Arahans (persons who had reached absolute holiness) in the world."



E. H. BREWSTER, Esq.

Shortly after this the Vinaya Texts recount the appearance to the Blessed One of Māra, that is Death, who thus addressed the Blessed One. "Thou art bound by all fetters human and divine. Thou art bound by strong fetters. Thou wilt not be delivered from me, recluse!" The Buddha replied: "I am delivered from all fetters human and divine. I am delivered from the strong fetters. Thou art struck down, O Death." Death: "That fetter which pervades the air, with which mind is bound, with that fetter I will bind thee. Thou wilt not be delivered from me, O recluse."

The Buddha: "Whatever forms, sounds, odours, tastes, or contacts there are which please the senses, in me desire for them has ceased. Thou art struck down, O Death."

"Then Death, the wicked One, understood: 'The Blessed One knows me, the Wellfarer knows me.' And sad and afflicted, he vanished away."*

The Pāli word translated Immortal is *amata*. It is a word occurring constantly in the canonical Scriptures. According to the Pāli Text Society's dictionary it is derived from the Vedic *amṛta*, and is equivalent to the Latin *in-mort-a(lis)*; it is thus defined:

1. "The drink of the gods, ambrosia, water of immortality..."
2. "A general conception of the state of durability and non-change, a state of security, i.e. where there is not

* These quotations from the Vinaya Texts are adapted from Rhys David's and Oldenberg's translation. S. B. E.

any more rebirth or redeath." Then follow many references where it is used as a synonym for Nibbāna. Several times the word occurs in the Samyutta Nikāya in the following context: "Now inasmuch, brethren, as the Ariyan disciple knows the causal relation thus, knows the uprising of the causal relation thus, knows the cessation of the causal relation thus, knows the way going to the cessation of the causal relation thus, he is what we call the Ariyan disciple who has won the view, who has won the vision, who has arrived at this good doctrine, who sees this good doctrine, who possesses the knowledge of the trained man, who possesses the wisdom of the trained man, who has won the stream of the Norm, who has the Ariyan insight of revulsion, who stands knocking at the door of the "Deathless" (*Amata*). (Mrs. Rhys Davids, "Kindred Sayings, II").

It seems to us that this important word has not received sufficient attention from those who would interpret the Buddhist teachings; for it is a good word to refute the idea that the Buddhahamma teaches absolute Nihilism. We cannot but object sometimes, when *amata* is rendered ambrosia. Imagine its being so rendered in any of the foregoing texts! Is it likely that when the Blessed One has reference to the highest attainment of his Dhamma he would refer to it as a "drink for the gods," even though it be a drink supposed to confer immortality! This word can have in many cases no less a meaning than the word immortality.

In the Majjhima Nikāya (64) it is written of the highly developed bhikkhu: "He purges his mind from those phenomena (of mind and body), and he applies his mind thus purged to the state which is immortal." ("So tehi dhammehi cittam patiyāpeti, so tehi dhammehi cittam paṭivapetvā amataya dhatuya cittam upasamharati...")

The question which Moggallāna first asks of Sariputta after the latter's conversion is: "Have you then really reached the *Immortal*, friend?" To which Sariputta replies: "Yes, friend, I have attained to the *Immortal*." (Vinaya Texts—Mahāvagga XXIII).

Perhaps the reason that this teaching of immortality as contained in the Buddhist scriptures has made so little effect upon western writers is that for them generally immortality is devoid of significance unless it is personal immortality,

which to the Buddhist seems like a contradiction in terms.

We have placed at the first part of this article some of the texts from the Vinaya where the word *amata* occurs. There the word is found associated with most important events and with the fundamental teachings of Buddhism. Meditation on those texts we believe will reveal some idea of what Immortality meant to the Buddha and his Arhans. He saw that not in the impermanent mind and body is to be found the Immortal; it was this insight which constituted the Dhamma-eye, that is the perception "Whatever thing is an arising thing, all of that is a ceasing thing." But the Blessed One had gone much farther than that, in him had ceased to be those delusions, attachments and intoxications called the *Asavas*, by this cessation he had himself reached that which is beyond change, the Immortal, Nibbāna.



Novices "Trapas" at the Tarshilumpo Monastery (Shigatze) Tibet
They are what Southern Buddhists call *Sumaneros*.

Sent by Mme. Alexandra David-Neel.

In Majjhima Nikāya (53) the gaining of this stage is compared to the freedom gained by the chicken in breaking its shell. On which a commentator in "The Blessing" writes: "The Arahant's is not a gloomy outlook, on a Nibbāna of annihilation. It is that of one who, breaking through the shell of nescience, enters the freedom of Enlightenment, the incomparable Security."

"There is, O Bhikkhus, an unborn, unoriginated, uncreated, unformed. Were there not, O Bhikkhus, this unborn, unoriginated, uncreated, unformed, there would be no escape from the world of the born, originated, created, formed. Since, O Bhikkhus, there is an unborn, unoriginated, uncreated, unformed, therefore there is an escape from the born, originated, created, formed. (Udana VIII, §3; also Iti Vuttaka, §49).

BODHIDHARMA AND HIS TEACHING.

[BY MME ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL]



ABOUT the year 520 of the Christian era, a Buddhist missionary landed in China. He was a brahmin from Southern India, Bodhidharma by name. Bodhidharma was far from being a pioneer: when he reached China that country had already received many Buddhist missionaries, translations of *suttas* existed in the Chinese language, and there were ruling Chinese princes who professed Buddhism and on whose estates were to be found a number of *bhikkhus* and *bhikkhunis*.

Yet, for all that, Bodhidharma brought with him a new message, an impressive message, indeed, which did not fail to shock those to whom it was addressed, for it made light of their time-honoured customs and of the objects of their traditional veneration.

The language of Bodhidharma was abrupt, direct and somewhat disconcerting to common devotees unable to detect its deep meaning.

It is related that when he landed in China, Bodhidharma was invited to the Court by the Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty who was a fervent Buddhist and a scholar. In receiving him the sovereign asked him: "I have built temples, caused translations and copies of the Scriptures to be made, provided for the maintenance of *bhikkhus* and *bhikkhunis*. What merit have I earned?" "No merit," answered Bodhidharma.

This unexpected reply must have greatly surprised the prince. It would, to-day, equally astonish and, I suppose, displease a good number of devotees who consider the performance of good deeds as a kind of "profitable trade" (I heard that term used by a Roman Catholic bishop) which allows the bartering of the *meritorious* deeds for much more valuable objects, in this life or in another one.

To these seekers after *reward*, immersed in craving and aiming at the gratification of craving, Bodhidharma had nothing to preach. Had he thought his royal interlocutor capable of understanding such words he might have told him that the happy fruit of good deeds is the change which they produce in the mind of him who performs them. Acts and thoughts springing from loving-kindness, good-will, uprightness, efforts made to acquire knowledge and to help others

to acquire it, weaken the evil, sorrow-bringing propensities; they are so many seeds of calm and equanimity sown in the mind. By them, (to change the metaphor) the waves of the passions that spring from craving and selfishness being abated, in the ocean of the mind that has become a clear mirror, higher truths may be reflected. The reward of the alms given to a needy brother is to strengthen, in the giver, the disposition to be charitable. If one is not able to appreciate the intrinsic value of a kind heart, and wishes to obtain considerable wealth or paradisiacal enjoyments as the reward of a few bowls of rice distributed to the *bhikkhus* or the poor, such a one is nothing but an impudent trader aiming at disproportionate profit.



Mme. ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL AT THE MONASTERY OF TRUSHILTAMPO, SHIGOTZE, TIBET.

Bodhidharma's message was intended for those who aspire to the destruction of desire, absence of passion, quietude of heart, supreme liberation. So he left Emperor Wu to his trade and proceeded to Shao ling monastery on the hills, a place now-a-days included in the Honan province. There he settled in an hermitage at some distance from the monastery and remained alone for years, spending most of the time seated in meditation, his face turned towards a rocky wall.

As *The Buddhist Annual of Ceylon* circulates amongst Japanese Buddhists, I beg to be allowed to point out to them—especially to those who belong to the *Zen shu* (the *dhyaana* sect) the half ruined condition in which I found the Shao ling monastery when I visited it in 1917. It would become the followers of Bodhidharma to repair the monastery and establish there, as a memorial worthy of their spiritual ancestor, a centre of learning and meditation.

After years of loneliness, came to Bodhidharma a disciple capable of understanding his teaching. He was a learned Confucian called Shang kwang and, after Bodhidharma had passed away, he propagated his method and became the founder of the Chinese *Shan* sect which declared introspective meditation to be the *only* way to Buddhahood. That sect was later on established in Japan where it still flourishes under the name of *Zen shu*.

Buddhahood was, in fact, the goal pointed out by Bodhidharma, a goal already too often forgotten or deliberately discarded by the Buddhists of his time.

Discarding controversy and metaphysics, Bodhidharma kept himself far away from the "maze of views", of which, long before him, the Buddha had denounced the futility and the danger.

The pandit delighting in hair splitting contests, the tame worshipper, the spiritual weakling, did not appear to him to be genuine disciples of the Buddha any more than the "business" devotee anticipating material profit as the remuneration for his good deeds. He only was worthy of the title of disciple, who followed boldly in the Master's steps, desirous of undergoing the very same experience that he had undergone beneath the Bodhi tree and of becoming like him, an enlightened, awakened one.

Was this a too presumptuous attitude? We may see by the words of the Buddha to his first hearers and followers, that he did not discourage the likening of his disciples to himself. "I am delivered, O Bhikkhus, from all fetters human and divine. You, O Bhikkhus, are also delivered from all fetters human and divine," he said establishing an equality which most Buddhists would be afraid to think of, deeming it, perhaps, sacrilegious.

Bodhidharma did not shrink from aiming at the Master's accomplishment. He looked at the Buddha, as Siddhartha Gautama had always looked at himself, never posing as a god or an avatar. Those who, in the course of time, have deified him thinking they exalted his person, have in fact, done him wrong, lowering his character and divesting his Dhamma of its best peculiarity, that of being a doctrine born of a man's spiritual experience and intended for men.

It is difficult to guess the degree of Bodhidharma's faith in the accuracy of the canonical Scriptures as representing the very teaching of the Buddha. Most probably, just as do modern Buddhist scholars, he made reservations on a number of points. But he did not tarry on learned investigations about the dates of texts and the confrontation of conflicting views. That work—interesting as it may be—he abandoned to laymen fond of historical and philosophic researches. This was not the Path as he saw it.

Buddhism transformed into religion—as it had already become in his time—did not appear to Bodhidharma, essentially different from or much superior to other religions, but Buddhism, he thought, was not meant to be a religion with the leaning on superhuman beings and the slavery which religions include. It was a land-mark planted by one who

had found the way out from sorrow and intended to point it to his brethren. Neither the landmark nor even he who had planted it, were to be made objects of adoration. This was vain and sterile. The only thing of importance was that supreme experience realised under the Bodhi tree, and this was uncommunicable.

All that Siddhartha Gautama had taught, how excellent, how perfect soever it was, could not convey that peculiar unique knowledge the possession of which had made him a Buddha. Nibbāna was, no doubt, as defined in the *suttas*, the extinction of lust, anger and illusion, but the third term of the enumeration opened unknown horizons. What was that beyond the illusion? What appeared to the dreamer when awakening from the dream? This was a matter of realization, not of learning.

Consequently, Bodhidharma advocated but one practice: introspective meditation.



Sent by Mme. Alexandra David-Neel.

MONGOLIAN CAMP IN SOUTHERN MONGOLIA.

often, transformed it into a kind of rite. Yet, it is amongst them, in Korea, that I have found at its best, Buddhist monastic life.

The small *vihara* stood solitary in the heart of the forest on a hill. Its name was Panya-an (monastery of the Wisdom).

I wished to retire for a period of meditation into one of the hermitages that still exist on the Diamond mountain and so, having been directed to apply to Panya-an, I went there with a young monk as interpreter.

It had been raining heavily for several weeks, and the path that led to the *vihara* had been partly washed away. I found the Panya-an *bhikkhus* repairing it. My guide stopped before a middle-aged monk mud-stained and as busy as his brethren, to whom he bowed low and uttered a few sentences. The monk ceased to work, leaning on his shovel; he cast on me an all-searching glance, remained silent for a while, uttered two words and resumed his work without taking any more notice of us.

A number of his disciples were remarkable personalities and the Buddhists of the Far East, who are acquainted with their works, would do a great service to many, in translating them into languages more accessible to the large majority than is Chinese.

Unfortunately, as time passed, the followers of the *Shan* and the *Zen* sects reverted to ritualism and though remaining faithful to the practice of meditation, they, too

"He is the head of the monastery," said my interpreter to me. "He has said that you are allowed to come with your son."*

And, so, the following day Rev. Yongden and I were guests at Panya-an. My son shared the room of a young *bhikkhu* of his age, and I got a cell for myself. The latter, as were all those of the monastery, was devoid of any kind of furniture. In the evening, one spread a few blankets on the floor to sleep on, books or other objects could be placed on two shelves, and if one had a box—as I happened to have—it could be used as a writing and dining table.

The routine, as in a Socialist State, divided the twenty four hours of each day into three parts of eight hours each, as follows: eight hours of meditation; eight hours of manual or intellectual work; eight hours of rest, to be spent as one liked.

The eight hours of meditation were not, of course, consecutive.

A little before 3 a.m., a monk went round the monastery beating that peculiar sonorous wooden instrument used instead of a bell in all Chinese monasteries. This was to call the monks to the assembly room. From 3 to 4 a.m. each one meditated motionless, his face turned towards the wall. At 4 a.m. a stroke on the wooden instrument gave the signal to stand and, for about ten minutes, all those present walked slowly round the room, in a file, eyes cast down. A signal and, again, each one sat in his place and remained in meditation till 5 a.m. Then, all went into their respective cells. Breakfast was served at 6 a.m. It was plain boiled rice with nothing at all, and a cup of tea. From 8 to 10 a.m. the monks gathered again for meditation. At 11 a.m. a second meal was served, plain boiled rice again, with a spoonful of pickles or, sometimes, the same quantity of boiled vegetables or beans without any sauce. Often pickles and vegetables were lacking and the lunch, like the breakfast, consisted of rice alone. From 1 to 3 p.m. meditation. A bowl of rice and tea at 5 p.m.

Mahāyānist *bhikkhus* eat in the evening, but they never, on any pretext, eat meat nor, as a rule, do they take milk and butter, for this is depriving the young of the cattle of their natural food and, consequently, is a lack of compassion.

The day ended with meditation from 7 to 9 p.m. And some still spent a part of the night in contemplation, alone in their cells.

I may add that the monks of the *Zen* sect are not allowed to keep servants or to be served in any way by lay people. All menial work is done, in turn, by the youngest members of the monastery.

There, then, is an example well worthy of imitation. It is much less austere than that set by the Tibetan anchorites,†

and the Panya-an rule—with, perhaps, some modifications regarding the very ascetic diet—could be adopted by groups of earnest Buddhists desirous of practising meditation either temporarily or for life.

But besides advocating the habitual practice of the formal meditation done at fixed hours, seated in silence, Bodhidharma and his great disciples did not neglect that other and not less useful kind of meditation which one may practise at every moment, when walking and working, and which takes the very acts done, and happenings witnessed, as the subject of a profitable contemplation.

How far on the Path that constant attentiveness and insight which ensue can lead one, few only suspect. Indeed, such attentiveness and insight may well be able to show the absurdity of our ambitions, our attachments, the worthlessness, nay, the very non-existence, of the objects of our craving and to lift gradually the veil that hides from us the vision of *that* which the Buddha saw.

So, under whichever of its forms we consider it, meditation is the Way, the *only* Way, as declared by Bodhidharma. And if some think of taking up again the missionary work enjoined by the Buddha on his disciples, it is the necessity of meditation that they must preach to the world. That theme alone is sufficient.

TANTALUS.

Not he alone of classic myth was fated
To see the sweet cool water rising, rising
All round him in a gleaming pool, enticing
His parched lips to have their thirst abated:—
But lo! what mockery? the longed-for, waited
Pleasure eludes his feverish, shaking palm,
And where was smiling water, cool and calm,
He sees the bare stone floor of Hades hated!
Even so doth Life deal with her playthings, men,
Making them yearn for this and t'other pleasure
Which, cruel-kind, she holds before their eyes.
And, when their joy thereat is beyond measure,
In jealous wise she snatches back again,
Changing their short-lived bliss to pained surprise.

S. A. W.

* My adopted son: the Rev. Lama Yongden.

† I intend to describe their strange life and lofty accomplishments in a book on "Mystic Tibet."

WINNING CEYLON FOR CHRIST.

[By G. K. W. PERERA]



CHRISTIAN missionaries protest more and more vigorously each year that they are "out to win the island for Jesus Christ", and that "this island is in need of Christianity as much as any other land". That the Sinhalese after fifty centuries of civilisation and twenty-two centuries of Buddhism should still be ranked among the least civilised peoples in the world, and as such in need of the civilising influence of Christianity, is a serious charge, and requires to be examined as much for the sake of the country as for its religion. Here is an island, seemingly prosperous and desirable, and admittedly the home of the best form of Buddhism, remaining in need of Christianity in spite of continuous effort on the part of missionaries during the last four hundred years. It is rather a peculiar situation for us, to want a thing badly during four hundred years, to have had willing friends to supply us, who have tried every means of forcing it on us, and yet to look yearly less and less like getting it.

If we consider, even casually, the history of missionary enterprise in Ceylon we are bound to admit that, whatever the intrinsic value of the wares they have to sell, whatever their merits as merchants and travellers there could be no question as to their patience or, what is the same thing, the patience and determination of the patrons of mission organisations in England. For four hundred years by persuasion and cajolery, by fraud and bribery, by threat and penalty, they have attempted to sell us a place in heaven but without success, but the unexhausted patience with which they pursue their object leaves us undecided whether more to admire the zeal which prompts their perseverance or to deplore the necessity which reduces men to exploit religion for the sake of a living. It would seem almost a pity to enquire into the success or otherwise of missionary work in Ceylon if

such enquiry is likely to result in getting any of those high-salaried officers of Christ out of work. When we remember that Christian work is their living we can understand the apparent earnestness with which they assert that Ceylon is in need of Christ, for it is necessary not only to keep up their own spirits but also to keep alive that spirit of pity and piety for the blinded and helpless natives whose salvation has been made the special trust of ignorant but well-meaning Christian people. I wonder if these zealous people could ever be induced to believe that so far as religions go there are a few to-day which in Asia could give Christianity a start and a beating, and that in its battle with Buddhism the betting

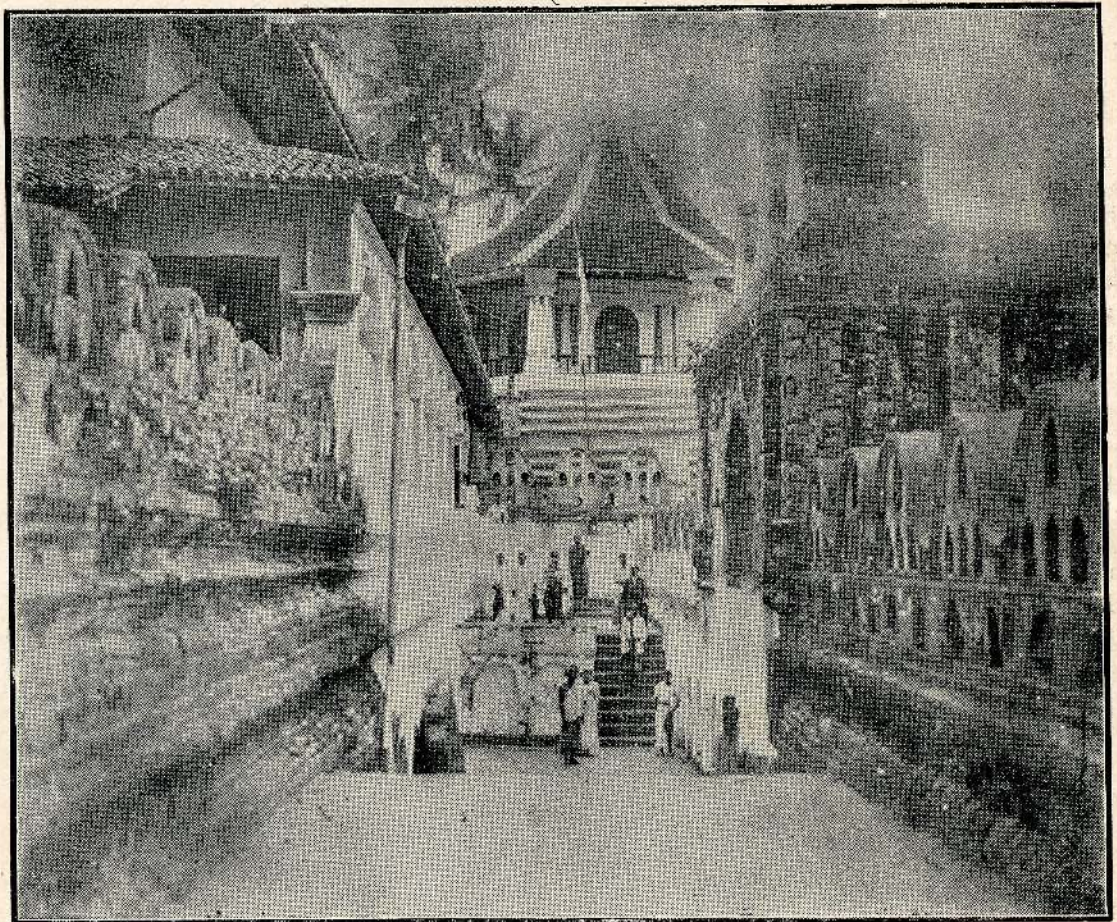


Photo by D' Martin & Harris.

PASSAGE FROM THE OLD PALACE TO THE MALIGAWA, KANDY.

would be very much against Christianity.

Like the modern clergyman who is "out to win the island for Jesus Christ", others have expressed opinions just as absurd, opinions which perhaps have led the Christians to continue this futile struggle against Buddhism and Hinduism. Robert Knox, an early historian of Ceylon, marvelled at the attitude of the Buddhist king and people of Ceylon, and concluded that "Both king and people do generally like

the Christian religion better than their own; and respect and honour the Christians as Christians; and do believe there is a greater God than any they adore. And in all probability they would be very easily drawn to the Christian or any other religion," and in his ignorance thanked his God for "not suffering the King of Ceylon to distrust or molest the Christians in the least in their religion, or ever attempt to force them to comply with the country's idolatry." It is not surprising that a man brought up in the traditions of the Christian religion should have misinterpreted the generosity of our kings, or he would have thanked, not his God, but the beautiful principles of the Buddhist religion which urged upon all its adherents the toleration of the religious beliefs of others. Buddha taught that false doctrine, the same as all evil, was the result of ignorance. Buddhism does not permit the coercion or oppression of the ignorant to whom the greater kindness has to be shown according to their ignorance. Knox must be forgiven for thinking that the consideration shown by the Buddhist king, so unchristian and so contrary to the accepted principles of religious propagation among Christian peoples, must have been due to an instinctive recognition of superiority in the God of the Christians. How could Knox know that the Buddhist is so honest and has such faith in the unsailability of his doctrines that he could say to the preacher of any strange religion: "If your doctrine is a false doctrine the Buddhist will not embrace it; if on the contrary it is true, what have we to fear? How can truth be prejudicial to man?" (words actually used by a lama of Tibet to a Christian missionary). But the Buddhist forgets that though honest himself all religionists do not consider themselves bound by the same strict moral code in matters of religious conversion. The missionary is not one whit concerned with the truth or falsity of forms of belief; he wants converts and is not particular about the means he adopts to gain his purpose. His success and whatever merit depends on it is measured by the number of scalps he has sprinkled holy water upon. Conversion in the proper sense of the word has never been, and seems unlikely could ever be, out of Buddhism.

A Cambridge Don who estimated foreign missionary work at its true value never tired of relating the story of a native butler engaged by a truly Christian, but narrow, English family in China. He agreed to the wages proposed, but, said he, "If you want me to believe in your Christ, it is fifty dollars a year extra." There are people no doubt who would consider the extra dollars well spent, but they will not deny that that convert would not have belonged to a very high order of Christianity. The converts in Ceylon were never of a higher order, but their children and their children's children have often blossomed out as the flowers and ornaments of the Christian Church. Better Catholics

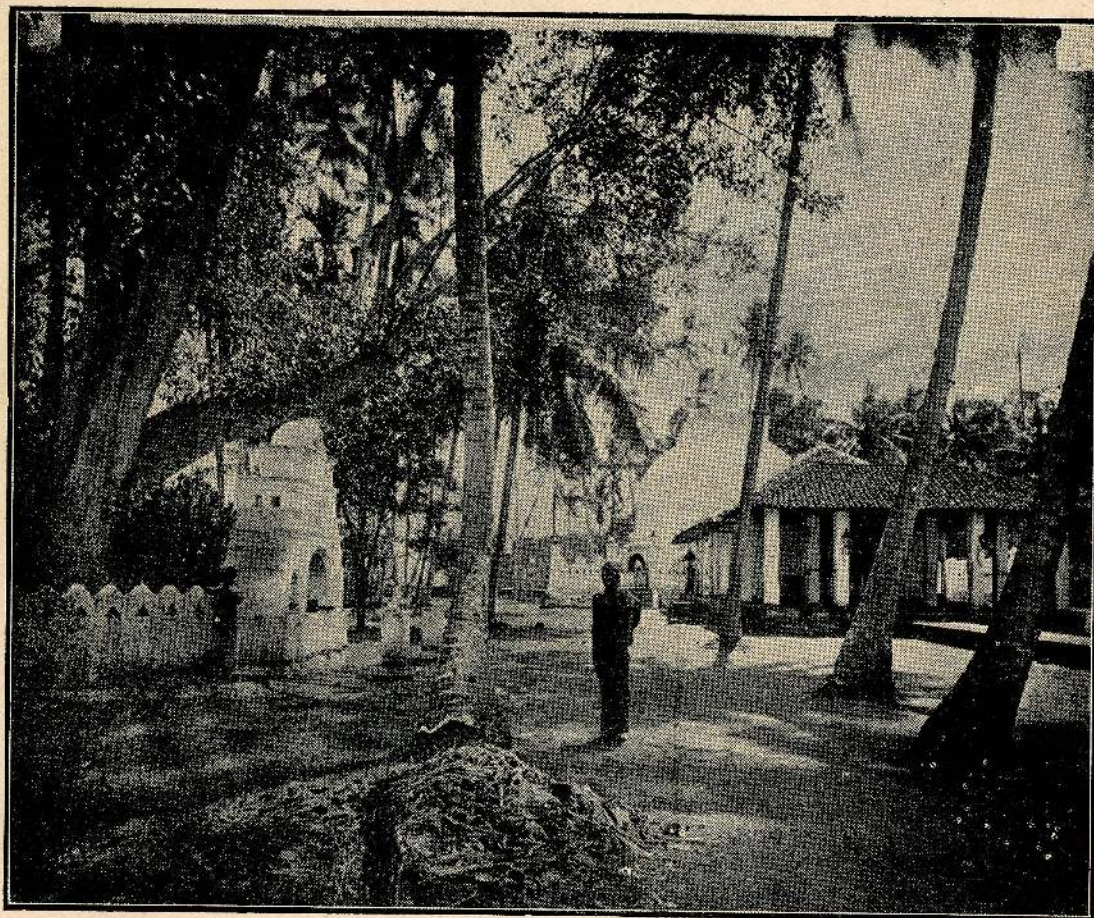


Photo by D'Martin & Harris.
GANGARAMAYA VIHARA, KANDY.

never kissed the Pope's ring, and in their outward devotion and regularity at church they might many of them have been bishops. It is in keeping these devoted religionists within the church that such an army of priests of all nationalities is perpetually engaged. If these " dusky devotees " of foreign religion would but remember the disgraceful manner in which the foundations of Christianity were laid in Ceylon and India, and the " rapacity, bigotry and cruelty which characterised every stage " of its progress in the East (Sir Emerson Tennent) they would be more restrained in their blind enthusiasm and ignorant zeal. The ostensible motto of the missionary all over the world has been " amity, commerce and religion," but the Portuguese invaders never made

a secret of the fact that their instructions were "to begin by preaching, but that failing, to proceed to the decision of the sword." They, the Christians, brought their barbarity into the civilisation of the East, to gain wealth and power in the name of the Catholic Church. They converted the Hindus in the North in their time-honoured fashion and established themselves for the glory of their religion, as close to the pearl fisheries as possible before paying court to the rest of the island.

The Dutch were the next to bring a different edition of the Christian Bible, and with the aid of the Sinhalese succeeded in driving the Portuguese away, and themselves in turn, by less violent if not more excusable methods, made a regular host of "converts." Their numbers must have been very large for they ordained that nobody could get employment unless he professed the Christian faith, and no marriage would be registered except between Christian parties. What particular pleasure the Dutch invaders took in this form of conversion it is difficult to gather, but it may have been necessary to keep the Dutch home Government in humour by reports of the vigour with which their religion is being pushed so that the local Governors and other officers may carry on their trade of oppression and misappropriation of revenue unmolested. These two missionary efforts had been so "successful" that we find that in 1801 out of a total population of one and a half millions there were 342,000 Protestants and a larger number of Roman Catholics. In 1921 with the total population increased three times to 4½ millions the Christians of all denominations amounted to only 443,400 of whom only 74,900 were Protestants.

The British next took a turn at proselytising the country, and conversions went on just the same as under the Dutch, for by that time the people had come to recognise that becoming Christian was a necessary formality before obtaining rights of citizenship. In taking over the central provinces by treaty the British Government undertook to protect the Buddhist religion. In spite of this the Government continued to subsidise and encourage the building of churches all over the

country, and to create incumbencies for Christian priests. But the giving up of its open interest in conversions had a remarkable effect on the people. They no longer saw the necessity for religious hypocrisy and commenced to assume their real religions with the result that the numbers of the converts fell steadily particularly among the Protestants. From 342,000 in 1801 they fell to 240,000 in 1803-4 and continued to fall to 150,000 in 1810, to 130,000 in 1814, down to 40,000 in 1864, the Catholics having fallen at this date to 100,000.

Though the Government gave up its open work of conversion it did so only after substituting a more insidious and effective form through the intervention of privately organised missionary effort. The Government handed over the education

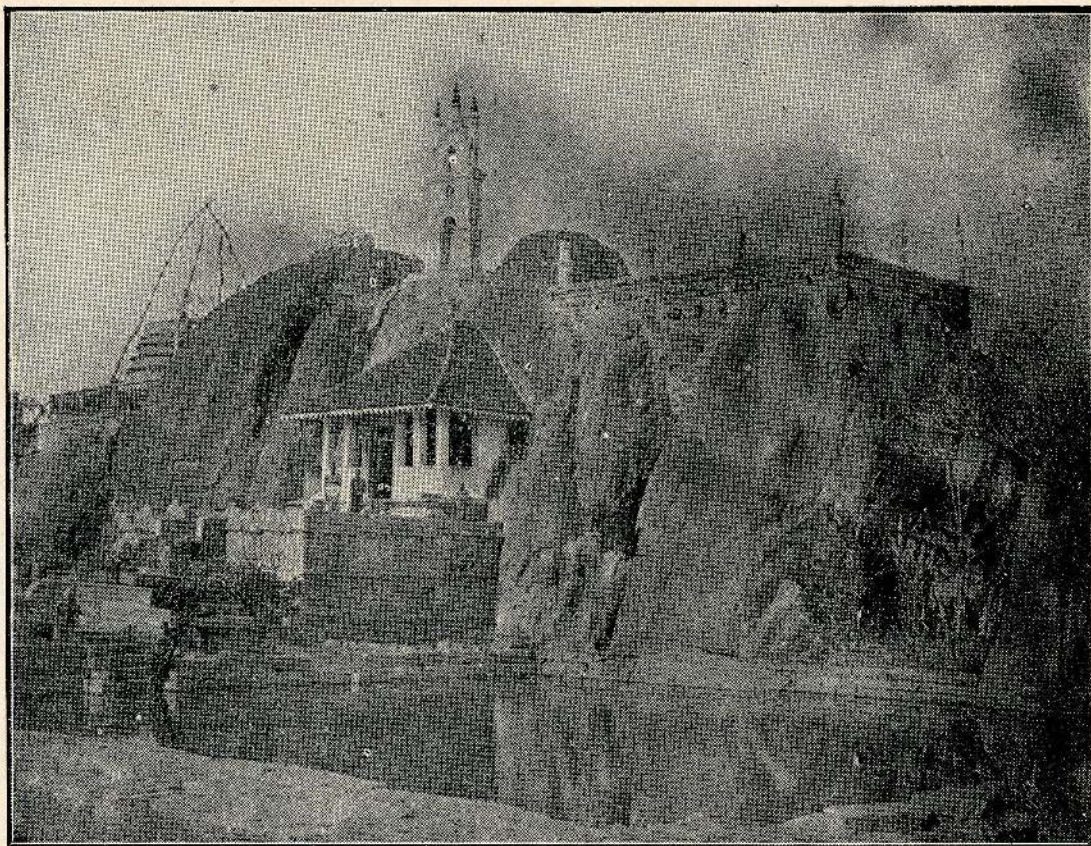


Photo by D' Martin & Harris.

ISURUMUNIYA, ANURADHAPURA.

of the people in the English language, a subject in which the people must necessarily seek the aid of Government, to the missionary bodies, who were given freedom for religious conversion on the ground of necessity to remove the ignorance and superstition of the country by means of the educative and civilising influence of Christianity. Nobody was really deceived by this; it has been done in India and other countries. Civilising the native has been the excuse for introducing all manner of British institutions and customs which create wants to be satisfied by the importation of British goods. This cry of civilisation has been done to death and it is to this day being made the excuse for destroying the culture, language and religion of different people who have the misfortune

to come under the complete domination of unprincipled governments. The free influx of the British exploiter and the missionary into India and Ceylon has accounted for the economic and national degeneration of India and Ceylon, a condition from which the people are now delivering themselves. The claim to civilise us is as absurd as to civilise the Indian. Sir Thomas Munro said: "I do not understand what is meant by the civilisation of the Hindus;...But if a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to convenience and luxury; schools established in every village for teaching reading, writing and arithmetic; the general practice of hospitality and charity amongst each other; and above all, a treatment of the female sex, full of confidence, respect and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilised people, then the Hindus are not inferior to the nations of Europe; and if civilisation is to become an article of trade between the two countries, I am convinced that this country (England) will gain by the import cargo."

The missionary took full advantage of the opportunity of effecting conversions from among the young who were entrusted to them for education in English. All the high dignities of the land were held by the Christian products of these institutions, and Buddhism began to be looked upon as a down-trodden thing unfit to be associated with high sounding name and title. But Christianity can never take the place of Buddhism for long, and to Panadura belongs the glory of having staged a public discussion on the merits of the two religions at which Buddhism was defended by the famous Migettuwatte, a specially gifted monk. Reading the reports of the debate now we find that the missionary ideas about the truths of Buddhism had been no more profound at that time than they appear to be now, but certainly the doctrines of Christianity were not mastered either. Though many of the arguments appear to us childish to-day the victory of Buddhism had a most important result, for the news brought to Ceylon in 1880 that great Buddhist worker Colonel Olcott. With the arrival of Col. Olcott commenced the slow but sure revival of Buddhism by the organising

of Buddhist educational activity. From one Buddhist school in 1888 the number rose to 15 the next year, and the growth kept steadily on. Many were the obstacles the missionaries attempted to place against the advancement of Buddhist education, but it overcame them all. The missionary felt the growing strength of Buddhism and raised the cry that Buddhism was becoming aggressive, that it was not acting in accordance with its traditions of religious toleration. The cry was not justified for the Buddhist only provided accommodation in Buddhist schools for Buddhist children who chose to come and no propaganda was at any time carried on to empty the Christian schools of Buddhist children; but the alarm was justified for the census of 1921

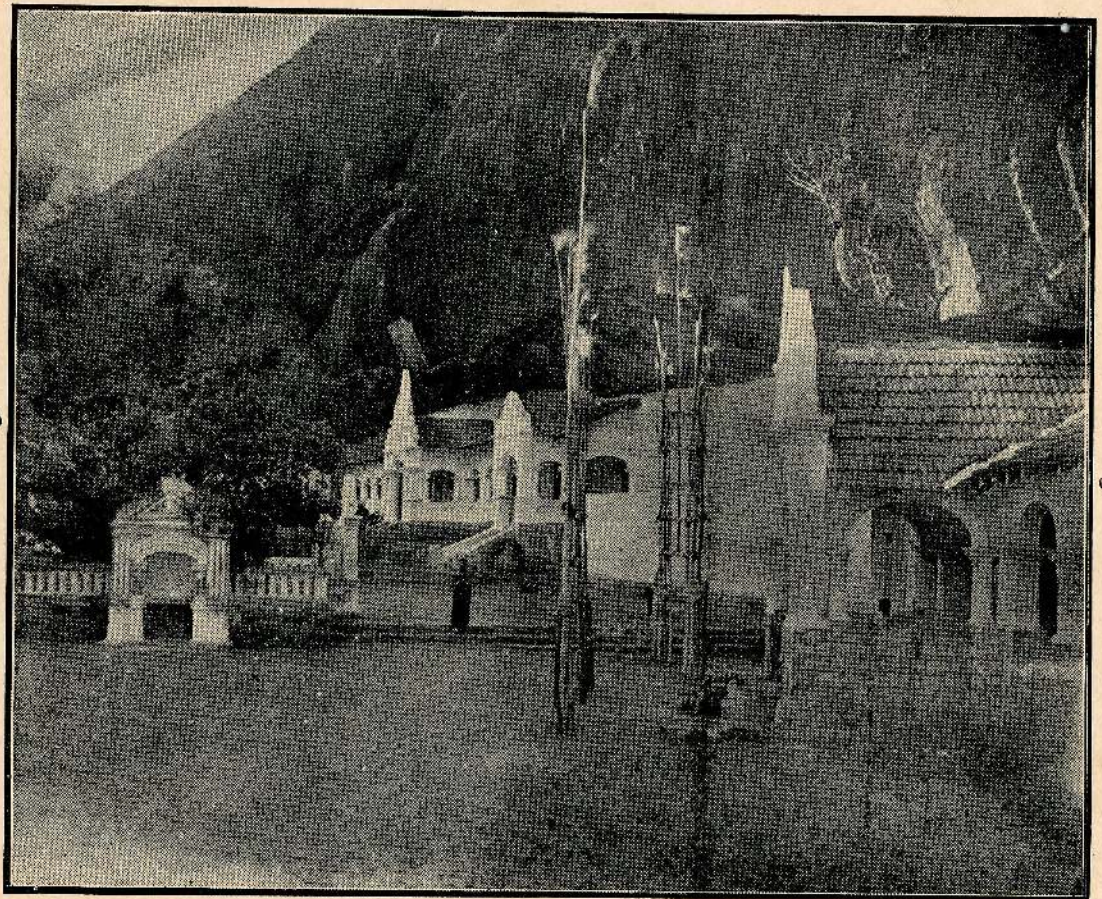


Photo by D'Martin & Harris.

DAMBULLA VIHARAYA.

clearly showed the influence of Buddhist activities on the increase of the Christian population. The rate of increase of the Christian population had been 11.6 per cent. for the decade ending 1881, 12.7 for the decade ending 1891, 15.6 for the next decade, rising to a maximum of 17.2 in the decade ending 1911; giving an average increase of 14.3 per cent. The figures for the next decade 1911 to 1921 showed a sudden drop to 8.4 per cent. which is less than half the rate for the previous decade.

Sections of the clergy have attempted to explain away the apparent falling off from the Christian following, but they

have all failed. A responsible Protestant clergyman has lately explained, no doubt for the benefit of the patrons who support the missions with the necessary funds, that there had been a great deal of organisation which might be termed entrenchment, when all the other parties were up in arms. He admitted, however, "on the Christian side people were losing hold." If there has been entrenchment on the side of the Christians we might say that the Buddhists are certainly organising to propagate Buddhist education. I am afraid the Christian missionary is finding that there are no more people even young who are willing to allow themselves to be converted, and that it is difficult enough to keep within the fold the few Christians they now have.

What does this "Winning of the island for Christ" mean? Though our missionaries use this phrase glibly enough we are not favoured with an explanation which we can understand. They are many of them sent from England, so can we presume that they have already won England for Christ, and that their object is to make such another country as England out of Ceylon, not of course politically or economically but in a moral and religious sense? If this be so is it a condition very much to be desired. Those of us who have some acquaintance with the conditions in Europe know that religion plays no part in their life, least of all in England. It is not a good model to hold up for us who see in England a country given altogether to irreligion, with immorality plying its ugly trades in the most public way and unashamed. Ninety per cent. of its "Christians" never attend church and those that do, merely attend, for such are the observances in Christian churches that the service could take place even if the audience went to sleep as they frequently do. Contrast the Buddhist or Hindu countries and their religious ceremonies where every member does some *pūja* or ceremonial himself, chants a text with his own lips; and in Ceylon ninety per cent. of the Buddhists attend to their religion on some day of the month. It is a mistake to let us learn the history of Christianity in Europe if the missionary wishes us to respect their religion. It is said that "Until the Reformation, Christianity was dominated by monks—parasites who lived by begging, lying, persecution; since then by capitalists—parasites who live by robbing, lying and warring." "Banish the Gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth" cry the socialists and the communists, and these are the result of winning a country for Christ. It may not be the inevitable result of embracing Christianity, in fact we know it ought not to be, for the religion of Christ is a noble doctrine as far as it goes, but this is the inevitable result of accepting the organisation which stands for the government of Christ's religion on earth. Says a recent writer: "The spectacle of the Churches of Europe sending up frantic appeals to the same God to give hell to each other in the recent war, so ludicrous were it not so pathetic, is the best proof, were proof needed, that Christianity has sunk back to the tribal level of a negative morality from which Christ elevated it to the height of a universal religion centuries ago. Churches have indeed killed their Christ".

What is the result of winning the country for Buddha? Can any Christian missionary point to any country in the world, either to-day or at any time these twenty-five centuries past, which has not been all the better for its Buddhist religion in spite of whatever superstition may have crept in to modify its observance? Can he point to one country in Asia which has not been all the worse for the Christianity which has weakened the influence of its ancient religion? What are the troubles in China to-day but the result of foreign religion which has attempted to denationalise the people? A militant European clergyman in Colombo said, "I make the bold assertion that religion has always been and must ever be the fundamental basis on which an enduring temple of nationhood must stand." He is quite correct, nationhood always stood and fell with its religion. The civil commotions in European countries were undoubtedly the signs of people adapting themselves to new conditions, adopting a new nationhood or modifying the old. The many sects in Christianity are due to the religion having been adapted to suit the temperament and traditions of the different peoples. If there had been many modern forms of religion in Europe the people might have been saved much bloodshed, but unfortunately they had but one form to divide and adapt the best way they could, for they felt with all peoples that a religion good or bad was an essential for the development of nationhood. Such upheavals were unknown in Asia, and the civilisations of Asia are not the mushroom ones of Europe but those which have endured for many centuries.

Buddhism as a nation-building factor stands supreme as witness the strength of nationhood in Japan, China, Siam and Burma, and of Ceylon. India has shaken off its Buddhism as much owing to the invasion of the Huns as the devastating armies of the Mahomedan, but the Hinduism which has endured is undoubtedly a new thing adapted to suit the requirements of a country which once was Buddhist. Ceylon has remained Buddhist without a check for twenty two centuries and its religion, influenced by Hinduism old and new, has moulded the character of the Sinhalese nation. The union between the two religions had been more complete if Christianity had not invaded the country with its wars and its denationalising influence, but to-day with the gradual weakening of whatever influence Christianity had in the island our nationhood will soon develop and the beautiful principles of Buddhism will soon assert themselves in conquering the social troubles of the country. By this means and not through any "sacrificial service to Jesus Christ" will Ceylon "come to the full greatness of her true destiny, so that the lustre of this pearl of the oceans may illuminate and radiate one and all who shall live or touch upon these emerald coasts."

LIFE OR DEATH.

Earnestness leads to the State Immortal;
Thoughtlessness is grim King Yama's portal.
Those who earnest are will never die,
While the thoughtless in Death's clutches lie.

Dhammapada, 21.

BUDDHISM IN ENGLAND.

Annual Report of the Buddhist Lodge, London.

[BY CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS, M.A., PRESIDENT.]



THE main feature of the year's work has been the founding or reorganisation of new Buddhist movements. This is of course all to the good so long as all these movements work in harmony, for the spread of the Dhamma is of far greater importance than any one of the movements founded to that end. Two of these organisations,

the new *Student Buddhists Association* and the *Maha Bodhi Society*, are sending their own reports, so nothing more about them need be said here.

With regard to the Japanese element in London, the Rev. Kenryo Kawasaki has done much to awaken them to their responsibilities, and we hope that the projected *Mahayana Association* will be founded in the near future. Karma is omnipresent, and if students from the East come to London to take from us what they require, they must in exchange be ready to impart the Wisdom of the East. The same applies to the *Burma Society Club*, whose members are showing themselves prepared to co-operate with any organisation working for the spread of the Dhamma in the West. In 1926 a large sum of money was raised by the Burma Club in Rangoon for the mother Club in London, and as soon as this money reaches England our Burmese friends will set about the task of helping the Buddhist movement in this country in every way. The presence among them of such valued members of the Lodge as Mr. S. S. Bu of Rangoon and Mr. M. K. Min, I. C. S., who has lately returned to take up the post of Under-Secretary of Finance to the Burmese Government, has helped to render them more active than before. Dr. W. A. de Silva paid us all too short a visit in the summer, and now that he has returned to Ceylon has promised to do what he can towards making our work known throughout that Island. Another distinguished visitor, now a member of the Lodge, is Prince Khun Mong, son of H. H. the Maharaja of Hsipaw, who is doing all he can to interest his countrymen on our behalf. Other visitors have been too numerous to mention individually, for they came from every corner of the earth, and we hope all readers of the

Annual who find themselves in London will give us notice of their coming so that we may welcome them most cordially to the Lodge.

Our main work for the year, apart from individual lecture work and writing for the Press, has been the continued compilation of our Text-Book of Buddhism for the West. Discussed and criticised as it is by representatives of many schools of Buddhism, this synthesis of their opinions will, when published later in the year, provide a valuable hand-book for the West. It has been suggested by writers in *The Young East* that neither the Mahayana nor Thera Vada alone is capable of meeting the requirements of the English temperament, and that from a union of the two must be born a *Novayana* or Western School of Buddhism, in which the Dhamma of the All-Enlightened One will be clothed in a form acceptable to Western minds. Provided that it is but the form and not the Dhamma which is changed, this is obviously true, and we hope that our forthcoming publication will help to meet this demand.

In December of last year my marriage to Miss Aileen M. Faulkner, the Hon. Secretary of the Lodge and Manager of the Magazine, aroused considerable interest, as being the first all-British Buddhist marriage held in this country, and a flashlight photograph was published in the Press. The Ceremony was specially compiled by members of the Lodge and was published in the December issue of *Buddhism in England*. Our new home at 121, St. George's Road, Westminster, is now the new Headquarters of the Lodge and its library as well as of the Magazine and the shrine. The library now numbers over 200 books, the

greatly increased output of books on Buddhism in Europe being an indication of the increasing public interest in the subject. At least three new *Lives* of the Buddha have been published in the last twelve months, while of the rest among the most interesting have been Dr. Dahlke's *Buddhism and Its Place in the Mental Life of Mankind*, Dr. Suzuki's *Essays in Zen Buddhism*, Mr. Evans-Wentz's *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and the new Peking edition of the *Voice of the Silence* with a Foreword by the Tashi Lama himself, adopting it as a pure Buddhist work.



Sent by Mme. Alexandra David-Neel.

The Rev. Lama Yongden in a Korean Monastery.

The Magazine grows apace in all but funds, but he is an optimist indeed who imagines that a Buddhist Magazine in England can with ease be made to support itself in the face of the spiritual apathy still prevalent in the West. Christian opposition is, however, with the exception of course of the Roman Church, decreasing fast, and many of the leaders of the more enlightened sects are actively supporting such splendid modern movements as the Fellowship of Faiths, which organises meetings wherever possible in which representatives of all religions share a common platform.

The merits of the Magazine are shown by the fact that the four Copyright Libraries of Great Britain have sent for copies of the Magazine from its commencement and for all future issues as they appear. We are now using its pages among other things for an automatic scheme of International Correspondence whereby readers scattered in all parts of the world may be kept in touch with one another through the post.

Wesak will we hope this year be noteworthy as containing in the audience representatives of all the Buddhist movements in this country, for the future of Buddhism in Europe lies in every group and individual putting the work before all things and questions of names and nations, schools and personalities nowhere at all. Buddhism is Universal Truth and cannot therefore be confined to any single sect or point of view. It has a universal message in the world of ideas and it is as general principles and not as a code of rules and dogmas that we must spread it far and wide. That such ideas are slowly permeating the Western atmosphere is shown by the appearance in the Press of articles on Karma and Rebirth, the cruelty of sport, the need of self-reliance in the development of character, and a knowledge of the unreal nature of the self. This is as it should be, for Europe like all else must work out its own salvation, and to that end must formulate a religion or philosophy suited to its needs. In the building up of this it can but use the unchanging principles of Truth as taught by the All-Enlightened One, though these are capable of being built and rebuilt in a thousand different forms.

As is well pointed out by Mr. J. B. Pratt in the current issue of *The Eastern Buddhist* (pp. 122 et seq.), the genius of Buddhism is such that it includes within its fold the most

divergent points of view, yet all are synthesised in the source from which all came and the goal to which all tend. For above all doctrine and divergence of interpretation stands the glorious figure of the Buddha as the prototype of all men, while the different schools are so many convergent ways to the self-same journey's end. If we wish to know the cause of the decline of Buddhism in recent centuries we shall find it in a gradual substitution of doctrine, ritual and outward form for that "immediacy of living experience" which Dr. Dahlke rightly holds to be the only way to Buddhahood. The West is tired of dogmas, creeds and rituals and needs to-day some rational philosophy which will, while offering an explanation for its problems, leave it free to accept or reject that solution as it pleases and which, above all, will stand the acid test of daily life. If we are to supply this need we must be prepared to offer Buddhism as a *reasonable* and *practical* philosophy. That it is the former can be proved by reasoning



By D' Martin & Harris.

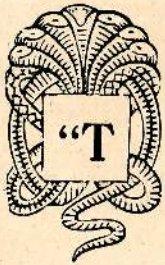
MAHATMA GANDHI.

and common sense, but how else can it be shown to be practical except by the personal example of those who have the courage and the strength of mind to practise what they preach? This must be the keynote of our work in the years to come, and only when it once more becomes the keynote of all Buddhists in the world will the Dhamma again be visible for all to see.

We send our greetings to our brothers in the East and wish them a happy year of good work well and truly done.

BROTHERHOOD.

[BY SHINKAKU]



HEREFORE stand ye together, assist one another, and strengthen one another's efforts.

Be like unto brothers; one in love, one in holiness, and one in your zeal for the truth."

These words, taken from the second and third verses of the 17th chapter of *The Gospel of Buddha*, and familiar to most of us, were uttered by our Lord Buddha himself, and when we hear them read or see them on the printed page, we realise that our Master not only taught brotherhood, but emphasised its importance in a most emphatic way.

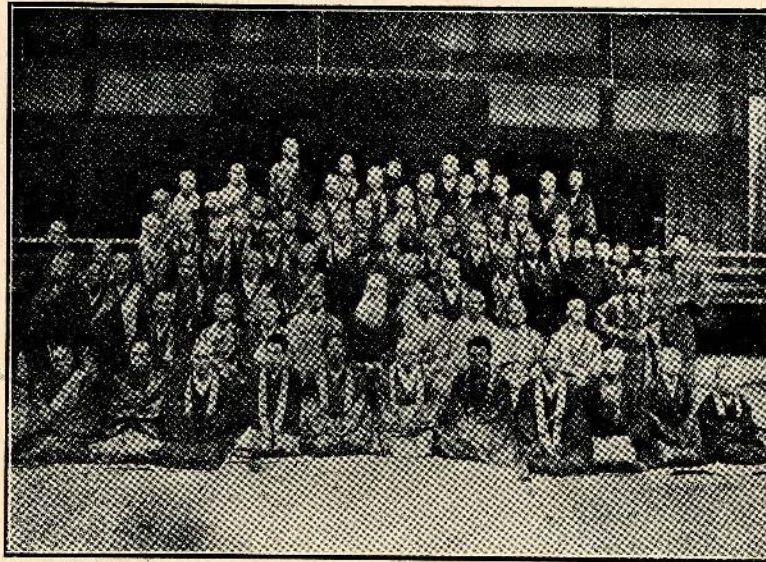
On looking around us however what do we see? Universal Brotherhood? No, rather universal strife, violent competition, national jealousies, colour problems, racial prejudices, selfishness in every form. Some of us, seeing these conditions all around, feel inclined to say, "Oh! this talk of universal brotherhood is an impossible vision, it is too high an ideal, it can never be attained. The Lord Buddha was a dreamer of dreams." And then, because we fail to see universal brotherhood as we understand, rather I should say misunderstand, it, we cease to strive any longer to do our share in establishing it on earth.

Brotherhood as taught by our Lord Buddha is a condition of consciousness. To be attained intelligently, it must be based on the first of the steps on the Noble Eight-fold Path, namely, a "Right Understanding", a comprehension of the Unity of life and the whole system of evolution.

It must of necessity be realised first of all on a spiritual level before it can be materialised before our eyes.

What key will open the door for us into this spiritual condition? What is the ideal that we are striving to live up to? Our answer to these questions will shew whether we have the passport that leads into this spiritual realm or not, because our ideal is our God which we worship and we, each of us, make this God in our own image. If our ideal is greed, pride, lust or the desire for separateness, we can

never attain to membership in the Universal Brotherhood founded by our Lord Buddha. We may talk about the beauty of brotherhood. We may laud it as a fine ideal, but we shall never understand it or be able consciously to enter in unless we have the one thing necessary and that one thing is Love. Love then is the key. It must however be the Lord Buddha's ideal of love, an universal love extending to every living thing, to all forms of life, "the love of a mother for her only child." It must have capability for self-sacrifice, it must enable us to give up our opinion in things of no great importance, it must help us to understand and alleviate our brothers' sufferings. It must make us realise that the Law ever works against separateness and with Unity. It must lead us into harmony with the Law.



The Buddhist Priests of Eight Japanese Sects bidding Farewell to Colonel H. S. Olcott and Mr. H. Dharmapala.

who think differently from us? Are we trouble-makers or pacifists? Are we striving to bring about a change of heart in both the Christian and Buddhist communities of the country in which we live? Do we as individual members and as branches understand that if Buddhism is to take its proper place in the world, we must realise our responsibilities and take a deeper interest in the problems now confronting us?

The old creeds of blind belief are going to pieces. Many are searching for a light to shew the way through the darkness. Everywhere, if we look, we can see little groups of earnest thinking people stepping aside from orthodoxy and seeking for the truth. Are we doing our part and letting the Light of Lord Buddha's teaching shine forth in our lives so that all may plainly see it and be attracted by it. Many of these strangers are asking questions of us to-day; are we ready to answer them? Do we spend a small portion of our time in study so that we can reply in an intelligent

way to these seekers? Do we use the key of love to unlock the doors of our brothers' hearts? Do we use the salve of love to heal our brothers' wounds? Do we apply the plaster of understanding love to strengthen our brothers' efforts?

These are searching questions which we must ask ourselves if we wish to see a real revival of the Lord Buddha's teaching. The ideal of Universal Brotherhood must be established in our daily lives, we must practise this ideal on those among whom we work or whom we meet socially. Let us think in terms of brotherhood. Let us talk in terms of brotherhood. Let unselfish love dominate every sentence we utter, every decision we come to.

The world needs to-day, as perhaps never before, a

body of men willing to love and serve, men who can think generously, men who are above sect and all the petty limitations with which a sect mind surrounds itself. In the Buddhism of the future there will be no room for sect, men will be too busy furthering the Buddha ideal of Unity, Love and Brotherhood.

Let us determine to lift Buddhism up to a higher plane in our respective communities, by practising real brotherhood, by holding tenaciously thoughts of love toward all forms of life. If we do this with all our might, without fear or favour, irrespective of class, colour, creed or sect we shall be helping to lay the foundation stone of a Universal Brotherhood through which the teaching of the Blessed One shall shine for evermore.

LIVER ACCORDING TO NORM.

(Rendered from the *Pali* of the Section of Pentads of the *Anguttara-Nikaya*).

[BY A. D. JAYASUNDERE]



according to Norm?

Herein brother, a brother masters the Norm, consisting of sermons in prose, sermons in verse and prose, exposition, songs, solemn sayings, my own utterances, stories of (former) births, talks about the supernatural, discourses long and short of diverse nature.* He spends the day thus thoroughly learning, abandons seclusion and does not practise the inward calm of mind. Brother, this brother is called one full of learning, but not a liver according to Norm.

Again brother, a brother preaches to others in detail the Norm, according as he has heard and learnt. He spends the day in the exposition of the Norm, abandons seclusion and does not practise the inward calm of mind. Brother, this brother is called an expositor, but not a liver according to Norm.

Again brother, a brother recites in detail the Norm, according as he has heard and learnt. He spends the day reciting the Norm, abandons seclusion and does not practise the inward calm of mind. Brother, this brother is called a constant reciter but not a liver according to Norm.

Then again brother, a brother reflects, ponders and considers in his mind the Norm according as he has heard and learnt. He spends the day reflecting, pondering and considering in his mind the Norm, abandons seclusion and

does not practise the inward calm of mind. Brother, this brother is called one given to reflection but not a liver according to Norm.

Yet again brother, a brother masters the Norm (consisting of the said nine factors). He does not however spend the (whole) day in learning the Norm, nor does he abandon seclusion, but he practises the inward calm of mind. Verily brother, this brother is a liver according to Norm.

Of a truth brother, thus have I declared the learner of the Norm, declared the expositor, declared the reciter, declared the one who reflects, and also declared the liver according to Norm. Whatsoever should be done, brother, by a kindly master out of compassion for his disciples, that have I done unto thee. Here are, brother, roots of trees, here are vacant houses! Meditate, brother, tarry not, and thus become not remorseful afterwards. This is my admonition unto thee.

OURSELVES.

By ourselves is evil done,
By ourselves we pain endure,
By ourselves we cease from wrong,
By ourselves become we pure.
No one saves us but ourselves:
No one can, and no one may,
We ourselves must walk the path—
Buddhas merely teach the way.

Dhammapada, 21.

* *Navanga-Buddha-Sasana* or The Nine Factors of the Norm.

The Buddha's Discovery of Love.

[BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS, M.A.]



THE Buddha made the Great Discovery of the Ages: he discovered Spiritual Love (*mettā*). Sending out the Love-Thoughts every day is a cardinal practice of the Buddhist Discipline, but it is not mentioned in the First Sermon. The Noble Eightfold Path of that Deer Park discourse has *sati*, but not *metta-cittam*. This appears to have arisen in the Master's mind later on. In the Book of Sevens the Buddha tells us that a teacher who lived billions of years ago, in a forgotten universe, taught men the way to fellowship with the Great Supreme. The teacher's name was Good-Guide (Sunetto). Finding that his disciples were not being saved quickly enough, he devised the Love-Thoughts. In the Jātaka Book, the Bodhisat Arako practises the same, and of both him and Sunetto it is said that seven years of such practice exempted them from transmigration for seven aeons. Seven times did the universe go to pieces and a new one take its place before seven years of loving thought had their merit exhausted.

I believe that Sunetto and Arako are parables. The Buddha meant himself. The compilers of the Pāli Itivuttaka understood this, and put the words of the Book of Sevens into the first person:—

Having practised the Love-Thoughts for seven years, I did not return to this world during seven aeons of consummation and restoration of the universe.

He goes on to say that he rose to be the Great Supreme himself. Now, nowhere in the loftiest sacred literature, not even in my beloved New Testament, is there a sublimer description of the omnipotence of Love.

Curiously enough, Yuan Chwang, in his seventh-century

translation of the Itivuttaka, omits this text. For many years I regarded it as a patristic addition, until lately it dawned upon me that Sunetto was Buddha. I translated both texts in the Chicago *Open Court* more than a quarter of a century ago, when Paul Carus was editor. It is astonishing how slowly the mind works when one has been imbued from childhood with a rigid set of religious opinions.

I repeat that the Buddha made the Great Discovery of the Ages: the omnipotence of Love.

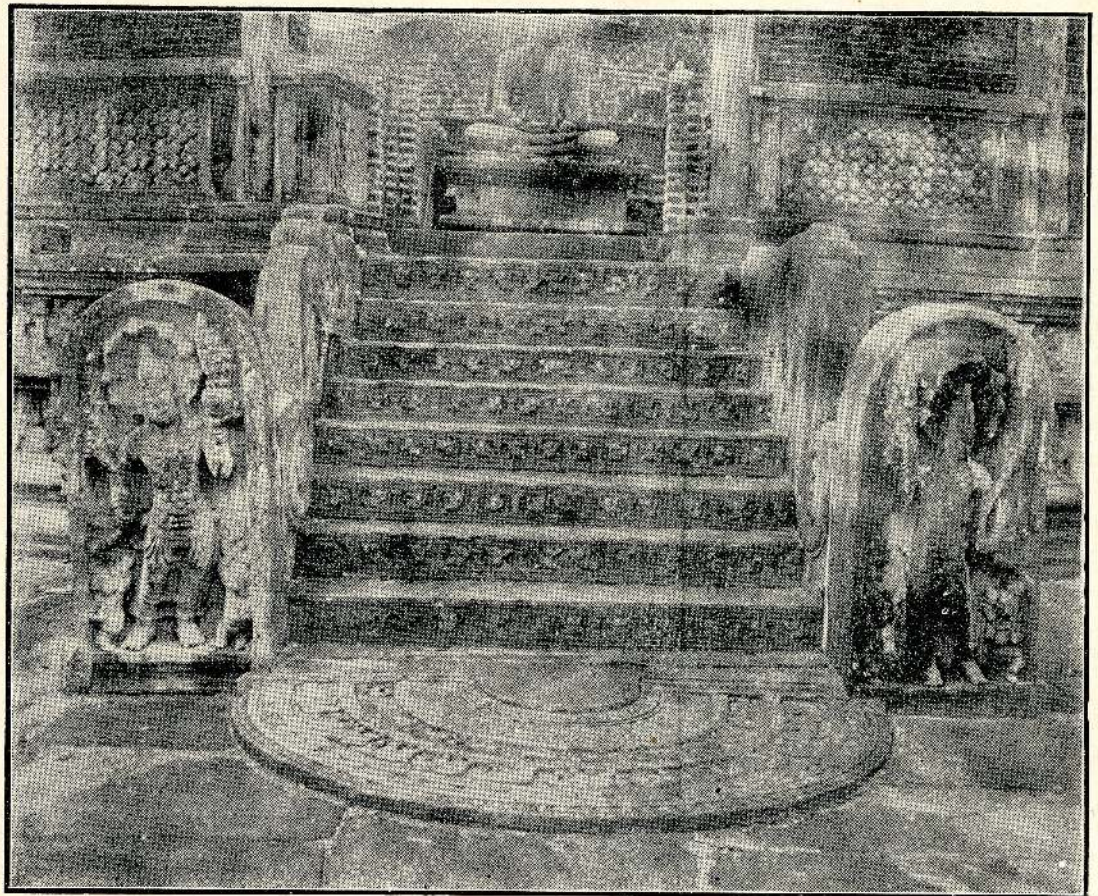


Photo by D'Martin & Harr's.
ENTRANCE TO WATADAGE, POLONNARUWA.

THE BEST WEAPONS.

With goodness meet an evil deed,
With lovingkindness conquer wrath,
With generosity quench greed,
And lies, by walking in truth's path.

Dhammapada, 223.

PRIZE STORY.

KUVENI'S REVENGE.

(A Historical Romance.)

[By J. A. WJJEYESINGHE]



UNDASALA bowed low before the throne of the haughty young Yakkha chieftain and murmured in low guttural tones, "The hour is come, Oh Raja!" A frown of malignant satisfaction darkened the clear-cut Aryan features of the handsome young prince and the warm red blood rushed to his face—lighter in complexion than those of the short, squat dark-skinned savages by whom he was surrounded. He turned to the beautiful moon-faced girl by his side. "My own Disala," he exclaimed, "at last the enemy of our race, the cruel tyrant who has driven us forth from the homes of our ancestors to this rude wilderness is in our power. Vijaya, 'King' forsooth! as he calls himself, has come out hunting the wild deer to within a few miles of our encampment. He is only accompanied by a few of his cruel, ruthless band of marauders. If we strike now, we should have him in our power and then may the wrongs of the Yakkha race be avenged. Then may we once more revive the glories of Ravana the moment the brutal Aryan is driven out from these shores." A curious, inexplicable expression stole for a moment across the face of the girl. She made as if she would speak. But at that moment a woman, past her prime of life, of a dignified and striking appearance, whose face, seamed with sorrow and care, still retained the traces of a wondrous beauty, stepped forth almost imperceptibly from the crowd of attendants filling the room and caught her eye. Her luminous eyes fixed on her intently, the tip of her finger raised warningly to her lips, gripped Disala's attention, arrested her half-formed resolve. For a moment they looked at one another searchingly. Some secret unspoken message passed between them. Disala sighed. "Go forth, my Jivahatta, and be avenged," she whispered with broken voice, her eyes dim with tears.

* * * * *

"Beware, Sire. We are drawing too nigh the haunts of the Yakkhas to my thinking. Though subjugated and well-nigh crushed they are ever on the prowl to wreak vengeance on those of the unfortunate Sinhalese who happen to fall into their clutches. I would suggest that we turn

back now, or at least wait here till our followers—the lazy loons to lag so far behind—come up with us." The speaker, a short-built gray-haired man of about fifty or thereabouts, looked uneasily round the dense jungle thicket that met their gaze on every side and glanced a trifle testily, yet withal with all outward seeming of respectful deference, at his companion. The latter waved his hand contemptuously and laughed in

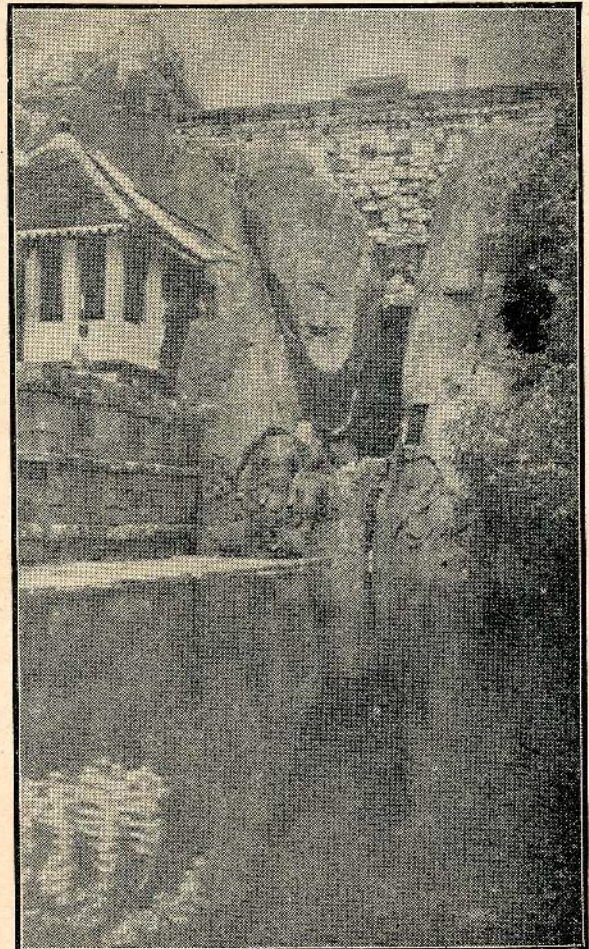


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate.
Stone Carvings at Isurumuni Vihare,
Anuradhapura.

gay defiance. A tall well-built man in the very prime of life with keen hawk-like features and dark piercing black eyes, with a general devil-may-care air of reckless *insouciance* about him, there was still a shade of haunting sadness in King Vijaya's clear-cut but brooding features that showed that his soul was ill at ease with itself, that it was still the plaything of wild passions and unsubdued desires and that, though scared with sorrow and crime, it had passed through the crucible of suffering, it had attained no lasting peace thereby, but was still shadowed and overcast by the ineffaceable memory of some dark tragic chapter of the past. Whatever his inward feelings, however, his stoical fortitude of spirit rarely betrayed them. It was therefore with an affectation of careless indifference that he exclaimed scornfully, spurring his horse to a swifter pace along the hardly perceptible forest-track they had been following for some time in pursuit of their quarry, a beautiful spotted fawn which had baffled their utmost efforts for the best part of the last two hours: "Thou art too timorous, Upatissa. There is no danger at all. The courage of the Yakkhas is broken. We taught them a rare lesson at Sirivatthapura if you would remember when we swooped down with fire and sword on them in the midst of their feasting and revelry held in honour of the marriage of one of their princes, and rudely broke up their festive enjoyments. Since that terrible lesson they have been content to skulk in the back-woods, retreating further and further into the interior before our conquering advance. As regards those who still remain in our dominions they are growing broken to the yoke, and hard though the methods were which we were constrained to adopt at first, they are gradually beginning to appreciate, if not to be grateful for, the civilisation which we have introduced into their midst. Where once was impenetrable jungle and barren desolate rock are smiling fields and rich and opulent cities the seats of culture and refinement. Mark my words, Upatissa, a day will yet come when these same rude Yakkhas assimilating our ways and habits and methods of thinking will grow reconciled to their lot and in course of time come to form the back-bone of the new Sinhalese nation. Away therefore with thy ill-omened croakings and let us urge on the chase and corner this same elusive doe, which has led us such a weary dance, before night-fall. After that a few broiled steaks of venison and a cup of cold water from some streamlet for our supper and a spread of withered grass and dried leaves for our bed with the starry sky above us for a canopy and I warrant you we will sleep as soundly as ever we have done on the downy couches of my palace at Tammana Nuwara. Upatissa made no reply to the imprudent

King except by a half-muttered grunt of surly ill-humour. Obedient to his leader's half-expressed command however he urged his wearied horse, with many cross words and a vigorous application of the whip, in Vijaya's wake. For some time the two friends continued to ride on in silence. All was as quiet as the grave in the vast primeval forest through which they were making their way save for the cracking of the twigs under their horses' feet, the rustling of the branches overhead and the occasional distant howl of a cheetah or other wild denizen of the woods. Gradually it grew darker and the lengthening shadows and fast-failing light told them that the evening was nearly over and night was drawing nigh. They had just reached a wide open clearing in the jungle strewn over with huge uneven boulders the result of some gigantic convulsion of Nature when a thin, piercing, long drawn-out whistle like the hoot of some night-bird cleared the silence, and a tall athletic man with bended bow in hand sprang

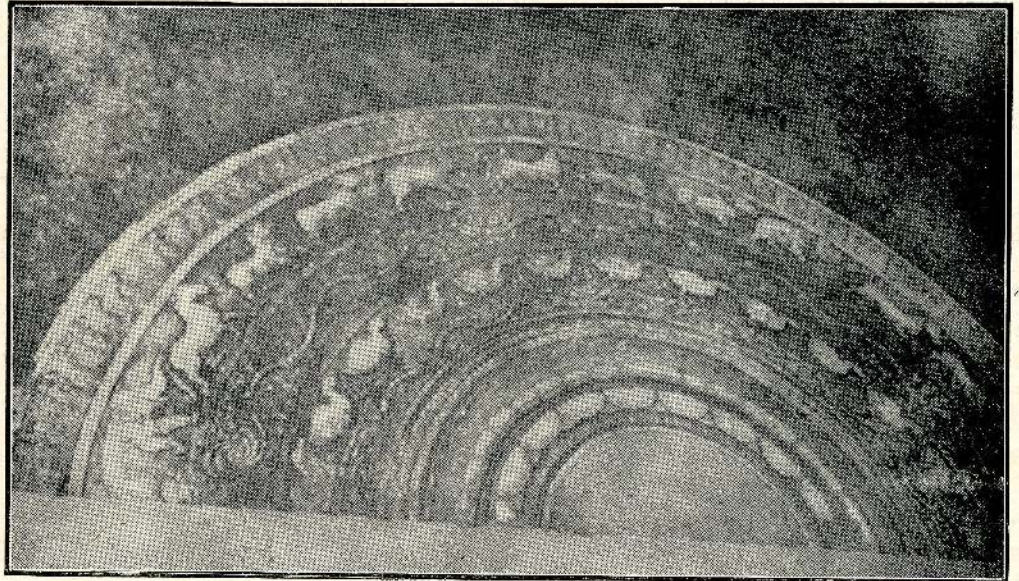


Photo by Mr. J. V. Loos, Advocate,
AT ANURADHAPURA.

from behind one of the jagged masses of rock and, seizing Vijaya's steed by the bridle with such violence as almost to throw it back on its haunches, exclaimed in loud challenging tones: "Halt! None passes this way without paying toll to the King of the Yakkhas."

Almost simultaneously a dozen naked figures clad only in their loin-cloths and variously armed with bows and spears and hatchets threw themselves on Upatissa and dragged him bodily from his saddle. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that for a moment Vijaya was completely stupefied with surprise, but quickly recovering himself however the next instant he had put spurs to his horse and skilfully making him rear on his hind-legs threatened to ride down the Yakkha leader. The latter drawing a sharp dagger from his girdle did the only possible thing he could have done to save himself. He hamstringed the noble animal. With a crash down fell horse and rider but, quickly disentangling himself from his fallen

steed and drawing his sword, Vijaya kept at bay with a few lightning passes the Yakkhas who, having disposed of Upatissa, crowded round the gallant Aryan with savage threats and blood curdling yells, looking for all the world in the darkening twilight like demons from the nethermost pit of *Avicchia*.^{*} "Back! back! all of you back! By Ravana! the Sinhalaya is a gallant fighter and he and I must fight out this battle alone," thundered the young chieftain driving his officious followers away with his now useless bow. Hurling it at the foremost of them he snatched at the same time from Kundasala a short two-edged sword and hurled himself with such impetuous fury on Vijaya that the latter, taken by surprise, was forced back and all but disarmed before he had well realised the situation. Quickly regaining his cool intrepidity however, the monarch, a skilled and practised fencer, perhaps the best swordsman of India of his day, dexterously warded off with cool and unruffled assurance the rain of murderous blows and in his turn forced his adversary back and ever backwards until at last he had nearly driven him to the spot where Upatissa was watching the combat a helpless prisoner impotent to render his friend and sovereign any assistance. The Yakkha leader was much younger. He was infinitely the stronger of the two and his extraordinary agility and strength enabled him for some time to sustain the combat on almost equal terms. But what could youth and strength alone divorced from art avail against the placid courage and masterly science of his foeman. Dogged and relentless as *Mara*,[†] inexorable as Fate, foot by foot, inch by inch, Vijaya pressed his now exhausted and bewildered opponent, too proud and chivalrous to put an end to the combat by an appeal to his followers. Suddenly as the blades once more clanged together, with a dexterous twist of his wrist the King sent Jivahatta's sword hurtling through the air. His foe stood disarmed before him. This hour of dire peril, surrounded as he was by foes still undealt with, was no time for sentimental considerations of mercy although he did feel a rising wave of pity sweep over him for the gallant young lad, for he was little more than that, who had put up so brave a fight. But self-preservation is the first law of nature. He shortened his blade and moved forward towards the Yakkha who stood proudly, defiantly, before him, scorning to ask for mercy as indeed he would have shown none. But the gods averted the consummation of

a deed which would have perhaps haunted him to his dying day, and added another secret grief to the guilty load he was already bearing. Something bright and gleaming came whizzing through the air. The rim of the heavy axe head caught the King full on the back of his head. A million stars, red, green, blue and orange seemed to dance before his eyes in myriad-coloured coruscations. With a heavy groan he sank down on the ground, his sword dropping from his nerveless hand—limp, lifeless dead to all outward seeming. "That was a lucky throw of yours, Kundasala—lucky for me!" exclaimed Jivahatta. "Ay, ay," grunted the Yakkha, "but thou shouldst not have risked thy life so recklessly. What would the Princess, what would thy old nurse Kumbini, have said had aught befallen thee?" and he proceeded with apparent unconcern in his task of binding the now unconscious Vijaya.



Mme. Alexandra David-Neel before the door of her hermitage—altitude about 13,000 feet.

* * *

"And now my brave followers, Nagas, Yakkhas, descendants of Ravana's gallant warriors, I have recounted to you all that I and mine, you and yours, have suffered at the hands of this man, this usurper who calls himself King of Lanka, the degenerate son of a princely Indian house, driven out with his outcaste followers from his own land for his deeds of oppression and cruelty. I have told you how with his band of seven hundred marauders, the off-scourings of Indian society, he sought a refuge on these shores, how he deceived the confiding heart of a Princess of this land (who has since met a merited doom along with her children) into conferring the sovereignty on him, how with her aid and assistance, by force and fraud, treacherous

guile and ruthless warfare, he gradually made himself master of the greater part of the kingdom, greater part I say because thanks be to the gods of our fathers there are untrodden wilds still where the free-born Yakkha scorns to bow to a base foreign yoke. Ye know too, none better, how when once he had achieved his purpose he drove that unfortunate lady away with her children, his offspring and hers, to perish in the wilderness or meet merited vengeance at the hands of her injured kinsmen. What then shall be the fate ye mete out to this Vijaya, usurper, robber, wife-betrayer, murderer? Tell me, my countrymen, what shall be his doom?" The clear ringing tones pulsating with passion and indignation rang bell-like through the great open hall hurling its challenge at accused and judges alike.

* *Avicchia* is the lower world, Hades—*Ed.*

† *Mara*, is the Lord of Death, Pluto—*Ed.*

The proud solitary figure with arms pinioned by his side who stood in the middle of the hall, his eyes flashing with the age-old Aryan contempt for the inferior race, which was inbred in him, looked disdainfully round, a smile of scornful hauteur curling his lip. He seemed in no way disconcerted by the savage clamour of the struggling, seething, gesticulating mass of humanity who fought with one another and with the small cordon of soldiers who guarded him in their efforts to approach nearer and obtain a closer view of their hated foe. Nor did his face blanch, or a muscle quiver as a universal shout of "Death! death to the usurper! Death to the betrayer of Kuveni!" rose above the tumult, ominous, bodeful, pregnant with fatal significance, drowning all other sounds into silence. One last request however he essayed to make and that not about himself. "It boots not impeaching your stern justice, or what you call justice," he exclaimed in a resonant commanding voice which deeper more sonorous, seemed to many of his hearers, curiously not unlike the more youthful tones of the Yakkha leader. "I fear not death although an I had my will I would meet it sword in hand and after sending a few dozen of those snarling, yelping curs to perdition. But Upatissa, my brave comrade, my minister—" The word seemed to awake unpleasant associations in the minds of his hearers and to lash them to fresh fury. "The same doom for the King and the minister, the master and the servant! To the stake, to the stake with the captain of the robbers and his lieutenant!" drowned his further attempts at speaking. A gag was thrust into his mouth, a dozen rude hands hurried him away

while ever there rang in his ears like the tocsin of doom the demoniac yell. "To the stake, to the stake with them both! We will make a rare bonfire of them on Samanakuta Kanda,* a beacon-fire visible from all parts of Lanka, in the smoke of which shall be quenched the hated Aryan domination!" That was the first inkling the King had of the awful nature of the death that awaited him. The inhuman savages purposed burning them alive—a holocaust to the cruel, obscene deities whom they adored. Brave man though he was, tried and proved in danger, impervious to fear, even his iron nerves were shaken for a moment by the horrible prospect. "God grant my brave followers, missing me, may yet arrive in time to save us!" was the prayer broken and fluttering that issued from his pallor-struck lips.

* * * * *

It was perhaps a couple of hours after the incidents narrated in the last scene that a tall and stately woman might have been seen toiling up the steep-ascent that led up to Samanakuta Kanda. She had a bundle of faggots on her back—her contribution to the terrible holocaust that was being prepared on the summit of the mountain, and she chuckled with savage glee as she already pictured to herself in imagination the devouring flames leaping up and licking hungrily the form of the man she hated with an intensity of hatred that surpassed even the hate of Jivahatta. The Yakkha leader's deadly enmity against Vijaya might almost be termed a lofty and sublime sentiment based on national feeling and patriotism, whetted by the recollection of the many foul wrongs the Yakkhas had suffered at the hands of the Aryan conquerors. But Kumbini's—for the woman in question was none other than Disala's and Jivahatta's old

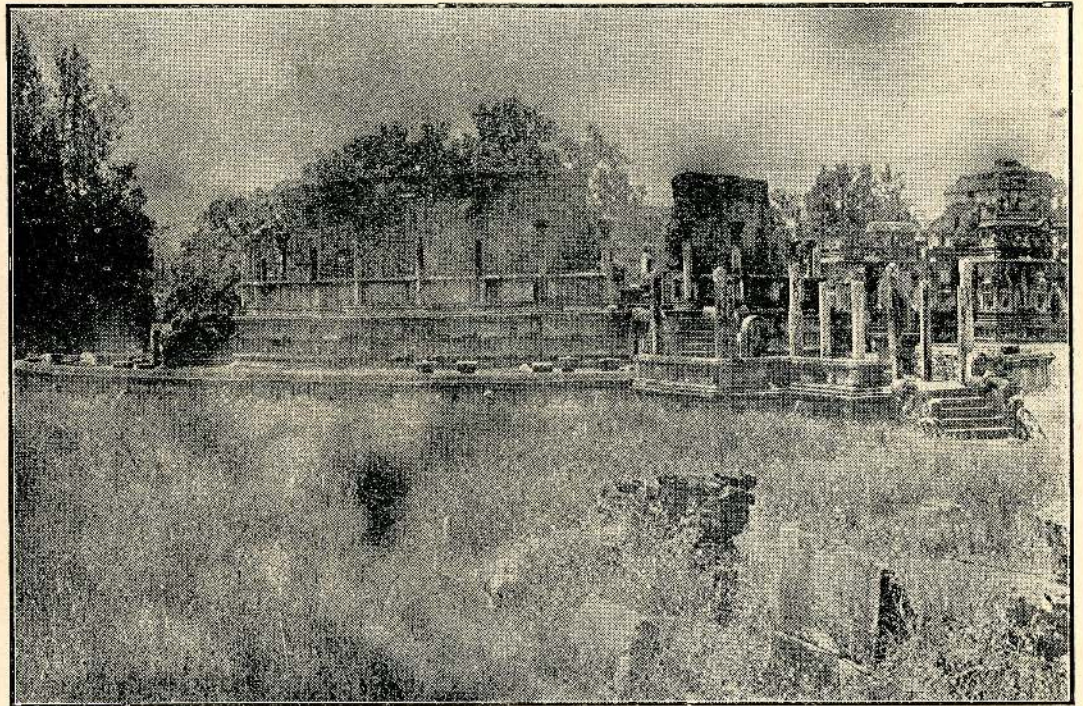


Photo by Messrs. Piate Ltd.

WATA-DA-GE CIRCULAR RELIC SHRINE, POLONNARUWA.

nurse—partook of no such ennobling quality. It was for some reason or other, which will develop in the course of this story, an implacable personal hatred towards Vijaya the individual, a hatred which nothing but death itself could extinguish, and would only cease with the grave. She had followed with savage exultation in the judgment hall his trial (if it could be dignified with such a name!) and condemnation. Though a woman she had been loudest amongst those who had clamoured, "Death! death to the foreigner!" And she knew that nothing but the sight of his charred and blackened corpse could satisfy the inappeasable longing for revenge that devoured her very soul. "Vengeance, vengeance at last on my betrayer!" she exclaimed half audibly in the excitement of her feelings. "Gods of my ancestors, how I have yearned and prayed for this moment! For fifteen years the sweet

* Samanakuta Kanda is what is now known as Adam's Peak, one of the highest mountains in Ceylon.—Ed.

realisation of my scheme of revenge has been the one aim of my life, the one thought of my existence, the only solace that has upheld my miserable being. And now it has come at last, and soon, very soon, the jackals and foxes will be crunching the charred bones and half-baked flesh of my bitter enemy." "Be compassionate towards all men and most of all thine enemies. Leave each man's misdeeds to work out their own *karma*, and stain not thy hands with blood, my daughter." The words uttered in a sweet, clear and mellow voice came wafted on the breeze persuasively to her ears, breathing a message of ineffable tranquillity and peace which sank into her very heart calming the sea of raging passion within. Kumbini started in surprise and gazed around her confusedly, uncertain in her own mind whether the admonition came from some living human being or from some *devatava** of the skies, who, as she had often heard, deigned at critical periods of men's lives to guide and direct them aright with their advice. She saw a man of middle age seated on a stone step by the side of a thorny bush, busy mending a rent in the yellow robe wrapping his person, which had evidently been caused by contact with the sharp thorns of the thicket. By his side on the ground was his begging bowl containing a few grains of boiled rice, his fan, and a parasol made of talipot leaves with the grateful shade of which he was accustomed to protect himself whenever the burning rays of the tropical sun rendered it necessary. As he sat with head bent downwards intent on his task, there was nothing remarkable about his person, nothing to distinguish him from the many begging

Hindoo fakirs and religious mendicants who even at that early period of history frequented Samanakuta Kanda. After a short pause during which Kumbini was trying to collect her scattered senses and make some suitable reply, he raised his head and as the sweetly calm, wistful face full of a tender melancholy as if in pity for the sufferings of the world, with its perfectly chiselled features, its large, dark softly lambent eyes so filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, met Kumbini's wondering gaze, in spite of herself, almost involuntarily, her knees trembled and bent in adoration and her hands clasped together in mute and reverential worship. "Kneel not to me, daughter!" continued the stranger. "I am as mortal as thyself. Kneel not to me but cast out the adder of hatred from thy heart and let the milk of charity find a refuge therein. Tell me thy troubles and I would see if I couldn't find a remedy. What hath this man whom thou wert talking of done to thee that thou shouldst hate him so bitterly?

Hesitate not to make a confidant of me and I will seek to help thee even as I helped a few nights back the Nagas of Kelaniya in their dispute over a gem-set throne." "Who art thou?" asked Kumbini in an awe-struck whisper. "Methinks something of thee and thy doings, Lord, have penetrated to our ears even in these solitary fastnesses. Art thou, art thou," she exclaimed, her voice broken and faltering, "Art thou the Tathagata?" The stranger smiled and said mildly, "Yea, I am he whom they call the Buddha, my daughter. Now lay thy burden at my feet and I will see if I cannot lighten it." Moved by some sudden impulse which she could scarcely explain, Kumbini rent the veil aside from her past and poured into the Blessed One's ears things she had never breathed to anyone during the last fifteen years— all the sordid story of the brief splendour and tragic misery of her life. "I have heard in my own home in Ayodhya of this Vijaya— a sort of Angulimāla, a reckless marauder whom his own father my cousin

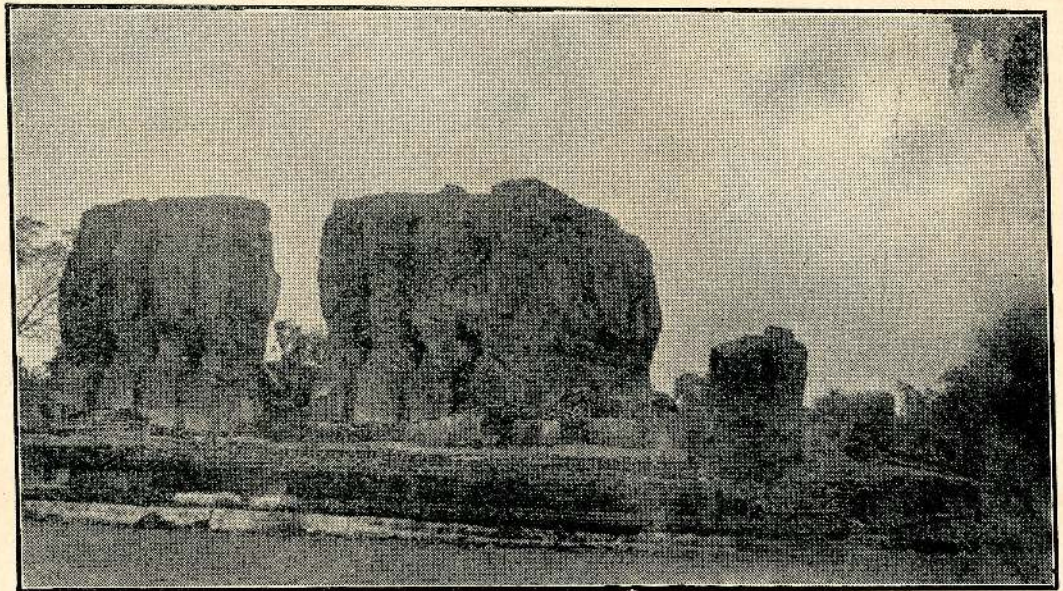


Photo by Messrs. John & Co.

Remains of King Parakrama Bahu's Palace, Polonnaruwa.

the good King Sinha Bahu was constrained to banish for the peace of his kingdom. Had he been otherwise, who knows but that I would have elected to preach my *dhamma* here? But though it is not to be yet, I tell thee, my daughter, that a day will come not many centuries hence when, under one of his descendants, my religion will be received by the inhabitants of this fair land and flourish like the sacred bo-tree from one corner of Lanka to another. And now as regards thyself, daughter, bethink thee that if thou forgoest thy revenge and forgivest thy enemy thou wouldst both be performing an act pleasing in the sight of both gods and men and also store up for thyself merit and good works which will mitigate the harshness of thy *karma* and bring thee nearer to *Nirvana*. Be ruled by me, daughter, and cast away from thy heart this thirst for revenge that consumes thee." And so, gently and almost imperceptibly with many words of salutary advice, did the Blessed One lighten the darkness of Kumbini's mind

* *Devatavas* are the supernatural beings of a beneficent and protective nature, guardian deities, etc.—Ed.

and gradually wean her away from vicious and cruel thoughts, until, no longer inflamed by the yearning for revenge, she solemnly promised to abandon all thoughts of vengeance and do all in her power to save the unfortunate King. "I thank thee, O Lord," she cried prostrating herself on the ground before him, "for having opened my eyes to the error of my ways, and hard though it be to sacrifice my long-cherished plans of revenge I promise thee that I will save this Vijaya, this wicked kinsman of thine." When she raised herself again and looked round for her companion there was no one to be seen. He had disappeared as silently and noiselessly as he had come and it seemed to Kumbini as if with him the light that gilded the horizon had disappeared too. Away in the distance the peak of Samanakuta towered to the sky, grim, sombre and majestic, mutely reminding her of Vijaya's impending fate. With a cry of sudden misgiving, for she feared she might be too late to save him, she threw the faggots away and hastily retraced her steps in the direction from which she had come.

"Jivahatta, wilt thou not be merciful? My mind misgives me sorely. Let these prisoners go and perhaps thou wilt have reason for not regretting it all the days of thy life." The speaker, the fair and beautiful Disala, looked up pleadingly at the stern, handsome face of the Yakkha chieftain. The latter bending down to pat her shapely head affectionately exclaimed with just a touch of impatient chiding in his tone, "Nay, nay, Disala, thou must not rob me and my brave people of our long-expected revenge. It is a duty we owe ourselves for a quarter-century of misrule and oppression. Besides, how can we ever expect to realise our cherished dream of re-establishing the Yakkha kingdom and restoring the glories of our ancestors under Ravana were we to be so blind to our own interests as to allow the detested Aryan enemy now in our power to slip through our fingers? Nay, nay, dear one, I know your kind nature and tenderness of heart which ever shrinks from the thought of causing pain and suffering to anyone, but this is not an instance where any pity could be shown. Vijaya, the self-styled King of Lanka, the oppressor of our race, must die!" Disala half-opened her lips as if she would speak, although she well knew the futility of it unless she was prepared to disclose the tremendous secret locked up in her heart. The words "But he is our—" half-trembled on her lips, but checking herself with an effort, she sighed deeply as she realised that the secret was not hers to disclose, that she had pledged her word under the most solemn and binding of oaths to the proud, mysterious, sphinx-like woman who had been their nurse from almost the time that memory

began, never to divulge the mystery of their parenthood to anyone, not even to Jivahatta, without her previous sanction. "Vijaya, the self-styled King of Lanka, shall die!" repeated Jivahatta, steeling his heart against the qualms that his admiration of the man's daring and cool indifference in the face of danger could not but awake in his breast. Like the answering echo of his words there suddenly rang through the hall in muffled, hollow tones, "Nay, that he shall not. Vijaya shall not die." Jivahatta started angrily at the seeming flouting of his authority implied in the bold contradiction. "Who or what art thou," he indignantly inquired clapping his hand to his sword, "that darest to question the decree of the Yakkha nation and their Prince?" "One old enough to be thy mother, Jivahatta!" came the bold reply and, flinging

open a small side-door that led to an antechamber, there strode into the room a woman of imperial mien, of haughty and commanding appearance, tall, stately and majestic with the remains of great beauty still marking her features in spite of the ravages of time. Needless to say it was Kumbini, the woman whom Jivahatta at least had only known hitherto as their foster-mother, the faithful devoted nurse who had brought them many years ago, a couple of wee prattling children, to the Yakkha encampment and watched over their infant years with more than a mother's devotion. With a glad cry Disala rose from her seat and, running up to her, twined her fingers in her own and sobbed aloud in the fullness of her heart. "Mother, mother, in spite of all the cruel wrongs of the past, the agony and the pain he has inflicted on us, he is still thy husband and our father. I am so happy that thou hast decided to save him. Oh! save his life and spare Jivahatta the unforgivable sin of parricide." Jivahatta, who had stood dazed and bewildered and lost in amazement, now ejaculated in broken words as one recovering from a trance,

"Mother! Cruel wrongs of the past! Parricide! Tell me, Disala—I do not understand—what may all this mean?" The older woman bent tenderly over him and, smoothing his brow hot and fevered with the excitement of the last few hours, murmured gently, "It means O my son, child of my pain and sorrow, heir to my heritage of revenge, it means that the time for concealment is past. Start not, I, whom thou hast hitherto known only as your foster-nurse, am thy mother Kuvēni, the wife of that unfortunate man whom thou and thy people have late adjudged to a horrible death. It is true that he has cruelly wronged me and mine. He drove me forth with you two, my children, to seek refuge with my own people and there are scars in my body still that bear witness to the treatment they meted out to the traitor Queen,



Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate.
AT POLONNARUWA.

the faithless kins-woman who had betrayed them to the stranger. They deemed me dead, but the wounds were not fatal. I recovered and with the help of Kundasala, the only one save Disala who shares my secret, I brought you secretly to a tribe of our race who knew me not. They received us graciously and thou, Jivahatta, hast by thine own valour without the adventitious aids of noble rank or princely ancestry to support thee, risen to be their Prince and hast extended thy dominion over other clans and other peoples as well. Remembering my foul wrongs I would have kept silent and allowed thee to wreak thy will on this wicked prince, but yesterday I saw him facing with such cool disdain the howling throng of those who were clamouring for his blood and he looked so like the Vijaya of the olden time, my Vijaya, the husband of my girlhood, the partner of my throne, the father of my children, that my heart went out to him and I half faltered in my resolution. To-day, as the result of the advice of a good and noble man, a great religious teacher, almost a god, my wavering indecision has been confirmed and I have determined to save him. Thou wilt not kill him, Jivahatta. Thou wilt not commit this crime against nature. Thou wilt not doom thine own father to death." The haughty voice which had so far proceeded without a quiver, a break in its rich musical tones, now faltered, as a surging sea of fond recollections swept over Kuveni's mind; covering her face with her hands she wept loud and long. When she had sufficiently mastered her feelings to look around her Jivahatta and Disala were nowhere to be seen. Instead, gazing down on her mournfully with a look of intense sorrow and bitter remorse on his face, stood the man whom she had hated so bitterly and was so anxious to drive to his death but a few short hours before. The blood rushed tumultuously to her face and she started quivering like a leaf stirred by the wind as her eyes met the handsome face, the well-remembered countenance of the lover of her youth. A new tenderness filled her heart as her memory carried her back to those far-off days when on the banks of Tamanna tank he had thrown himself on the copper-coloured sands and wooed her with all the ardour of his passionate nature, the while the distaff and spindle and the half-embroidered cloth lay neglected on her lap as she listened rapturously to his tale of love. "Kuveni, my Kuveni, the bride of my youth, my own long-lost love!" cried Vijaya, passionately making as if he would clasp her to his heart. But she drew back proudly, imperiously waving him aside. "What of her—my rival, the Pandyan Princess?" she questioned eagerly, her voice trembling with anxiety to hear his reply, "Methought," she bitterly added, hurling back the ungenerous excuse with which he had announced to her his resolution to part from her, "methought a daughter of royalty is a timid being!" "Hush! Speak not of her. Peace be with her!" said Vijaya sorrowfully, "she is dead." The next moment the long-divided lovers, now so happily united, were in one another's arms. "I am an old man now, beloved," continued Vijaya pressing her passionately to his breast, "but tell me that thou lovest me as of yore. Tell me that thou wilt give me an opportunity of atoning for the past by dedicating all the remaining years of my life to thee and our children. Wilt thou, canst thou forgive me, Kuveni, for the cruel wrongs of the past?" She kissed him for answer,

KING KAVANTISSA TO VIHARA MAHA DEVI.

Upon thy head how fortune showers
Delight and loveliness and grace!
O Queen, behold these lotus flowers
Unfaded from that sacred place*
Where all our thoughts with longing turn.
Lo, as you wished, see also here
The hero's head. What rage must burn
In King Elara! Standing near
My best of warriors who thus wrought
Thy dream into reality,
These garlands wear and with glad thought—
Making the hero's head for thee
A foot-stool—drink, even as you longed,
This water which did cleanse the blade
That smote the hero.

Glories thronged
Around me when I thought to wade
Through the glad waters on that morn
When I beheld thee on the raft
Adrift. Thy child that will be born,†
The sages say, will be a shaft
Of sudden and most wondrous light
Hurled forth upon the gloom that now
Fills all the land with foreign might;
So that again all men will bow
To that high Majesty, the Law
Which is the best upon the earth,
Whose utter sway our people saw
Before this heathen rule had birth.

George Keyt.

* Anuradhapura.

† i.e. Dutugemunu, the warrior King, who became one of the most loyal supporters of the Religion.—Ed.

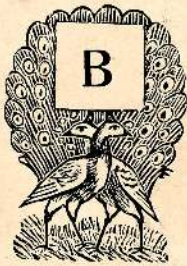
SWEETER.

Sweet in the world is fatherhood,
And motherhood is sweet;
But sweeter is the thought of good,
If nobly our heart beat.
Sweet a life to old age spent
In truth and purity;
Sweeter to reach enlightenment
And keep from evil free.

Dhammapada, 332-333.

THE PATH TO NIBBANA.

[BY THE REV. BHIKKHU NARADA]



BUDDHISM stands unique in that it ungrudgingly presents to every individual seeker after Truth the only Perfect Way that leads to the Eternal Peace of Nibbāna, the Ultimate Goal of Buddhists.

This Grand Highway is the Noble Eight-fold Path. In other words it is the *via media* that avoids the two extremes—the extreme of self-mortification, which involves unnecessary pain, and the extreme of indulgence in sensual pleasures, which tends to cloud one's mental vision, and retard spiritual progress.

The first stage on the Path to Nibbāna is *Sīla* or *Discipline*, which consists of two divisions—*Caritta* and *Varitta*. Under *Caritta Sīla* are included all the minor rules and regulations which the Buddha said 'should be observed' and which are conformable to the etiquette of civilised society. They are only conducive to one's external refinement.

Varitta Sīla enjoins the avoidance of those evils which the Buddha expressly stated, 'should not be done.' Not killing or causing injury to any living being, one should be kind and compassionate towards all, even to the tiniest creature that crawls at one's feet. Refraining from stealing whether in its disguised or obvious forms, one should be upright and honest in all one's dealings. Abstaining from sexual misconduct, one should be pure and chaste. Shunning false speech, one should be truthful. Avoiding pernicious drinks, one should be sober and diligent.

These Five Precepts should be strictly observed, for transgression of them is likely to create fresh troubles and obstacles almost impassable and insurmountable. If the spiritual pilgrim finds them too elementary, he may advance a step further and observe the Eight Precepts or even the Ten Precepts.

It is interesting to note that as the pilgrim proceeds on this Highway, he is expected to live a life of complete chastity, simplicity and voluntary poverty, nourishing the body but sparingly, lest vigour and comfort might foster indolence, sloth and torpidity.

Whilst he progresses slowly and steadily with word and deed well regulated and senses well restrained his Kammic force compels him to renounce worldly pleasures and adopt the ascetic life. To him then comes the idea that

*"A den of strife is household life,
And filled with toil and need;
But free and high as the open sky
Is the life the homeless lead."*

Accordingly, he voluntarily forsakes his earthly possessions, and entering the Order endeavours his best to lead the holy life in all its purity. Here he practises the four kinds of Higher *Sīla*, namely:—Discipline, as prescribed by the *Pātimokkha*, Sense-restraint, Purity of conduct in connection with livelihood, as well as with the necessaries of life to such a high pitch of perfection that, as a result of his absolute purity, he practically becomes selfless in all his actions. Neither fame nor wealth nor honour nor worldly gain could induce him to do anything contrary to his high principles. Money possesses no greater attraction for him than fame and position.

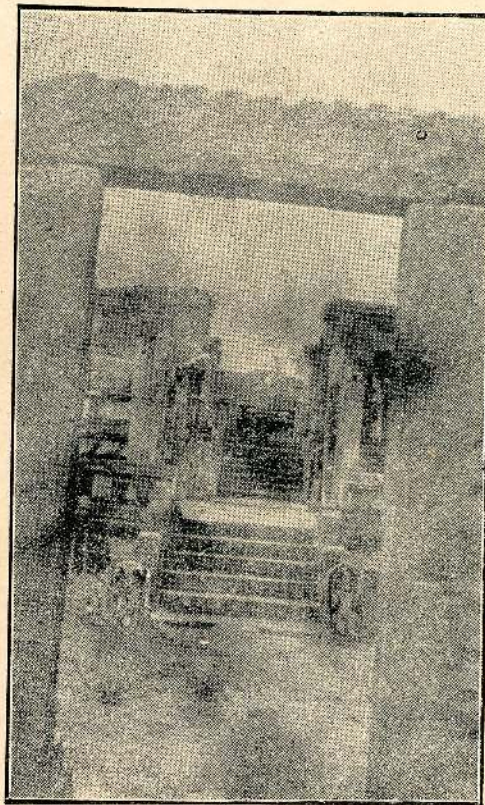


Photo by Mr. J. V. Loos, Advocate.
AT POLONNARUWA.

The above-mentioned Four-fold Discipline constitutes *Sīla Visuddhi* (Purity of Virtue), the first of the seven *Visuddhis*. The homeless life is certainly the shortest path to Nibbana, yet it is not absolutely necessary to enter the Order to attain Sainthood. For instance the lay-follower Anāthapindika was a *Sotapanna*, the Sākya Mahānāma was a *Sakadagami*, the potter Ghatikāra was an *Anagami*, and King Suddhodana was an *Arahant*. An *Anagami* must, of course, lead a life of celibacy, and a lay *Arahant*, according to the Books, must either enter the Order or attain *Pari-Nibbana*, for he cannot stay for more than seven days amidst the uncongenial surroundings of the worldly life.

Securing, therefore, a firm footing on the ground of *Sīla*, the pilgrim then embarks upon the higher practice of *Samādhi*, the second stage on the Path to Nibbāna. Purity of Virtue (*Sīla Visuddhi*), it must be understood, is an essential preliminary for the development of *Samādhi*: for "unregulated conduct imparts the predominance of passion and where passion prevails, there, for the time being, his mind is in a state of exile."

Samadhi is "one-pointedness of the mind." It is the concentration at will on one object, to the entire exclusion of all irrelevant matter. In order to cultivate this one-pointedness of the mind, the pilgrim should at first give careful consideration to the subject under contemplation. Of the forty subjects that are elaborately discussed in the *Visuddhimagga*, he should choose the one most suited to his character.

This being satisfactorily settled, he retires to a quiet place, where he is least disturbed, and adopting any position that is easy and relaxed, makes a persistent effort to focus his mind on the subject of contemplation (*Kammatthana*).

However intent he may be on the subject, he will not be exempt from the initial difficulties that confront a beginner. External thoughts dance before him like the flickering pictures of a cinematograph; impatience overcomes him owing to slowness of progress; and his efforts get slackened in consequence. The resolute pilgrim only welcomes these hindrances; the difficulties he cuts through; the obstacles he surmounts, and looks straight to his goal, never for a moment turning his eyes from it.

Thus with renewed confidence and redoubled vigour he strives after his desired end, concentrating his entire attention on the object (*Parikamma Nimitta*), until he gets so wholly absorbed and interested in it, that all other thoughts are *ipso facto* expelled from the mind. A point is ultimately reached when he is able to visualise the object even with closed eyes. On this visualised image, (*Uggaha Nimitta*)

which is an exact mental replica of the object, he now concentrates until it develops into a conceptualised image (*Patibhoga Nimitta*). As he continually concentrates on this abstract concept, he is said to be in possession of *Upacara Samadhi* (neighbourhood concentration), and the innate five Hindrances to progress (*Nivarana*), namely:—sense-desires, sloth and torpor, restlessness and brooding, and doubts—get temporarily inhibited. Eventually he gains *Appana Samadhi* (ecstatic concentration), and, to his indescribable joy, becomes enwrapped in *Jhana*, enjoying the calmness and serenity of a one-pointed mind.

These two kinds of concentration are collectively termed *Citta Visuddhi* (purity of mind), the second of the seven *Visuddhis* on the Path to Nibbana.

When once he succeeds in exercising perfect control over his discursive mind, he can, without the least difficulty, develop the five supernormal faculties (*Abhinna*), clairvoyance

(*Dibbacakkhu*), clairaudience (*Dibbasota*), reminiscence of past births (*Pubbe Nivasanussati Nana*), thought-reading (*Paracitta Vijanana*) and different psychic powers (*Iddhi-vidha*).

It should be understood that *Samadhi* and these supernormal powers are not essential to the attainment of Arahantship. Dry-visioned Arahants (*Sukha Vipassakas*), for instance, gain Sainthood by straightway cultivating Insight, without attempting to develop concentration.

Though at this stage the mind of the advanced pilgrim is considerably purified, yet he is not wholly free from giving vent to his passions. For, by concentration, the evil tendencies are only lulled to sleep temporarily. They may rise to the surface at quite unexpected moments.

Sila or Discipline regulates word and deed, *Samadhi* or Concentration controls the mind, but it is *Panna* or Insight, the third and the final stage on the Path to Nibbana, that

alone leads the spiritual pilgrim to the Ultimate Goal, that alone enables him to annihilate completely the passions inhibited by *Samadhi*.

At the outset he cultivates "Purity of Vision" (3. *Ditthi Visuddhi*) in order to comprehend things as they really are. With his one-pointed mind he probes into his "self" and, on close examination, discovers that his I-personality is nothing but a mere composition of mind and matter—the former consisting of volitional acti-

vities that arise as a result of the senses coming in contact with sense-objects, and the latter of forces and qualities that manifest themselves in multifarious phenomena.

Having thus gained a correct view of the real nature of his self, freed from the false notion of an identical substance of mind and matter, he attempts to investigate into the cause of this I-personality. He realises that everything worldly, himself not excluded, is conditioned by some cause or causes, past or present, and that his existence is due to past ignorance, craving, and attachment acting as the mother, *Kamma* as the father, and the food of present life as the nurse. On account of these five causes has this personality arisen, and as the past activities have conditioned the present, so the present activities will condition the future. Meditating on these lines, he transcends all doubts with regard to the past, present and future. (4. *Kankhavitarana Visuddhi*). Developing this purity of certitude he contemplates that all conditioned things are transient (*Anicca*), subject to suffering

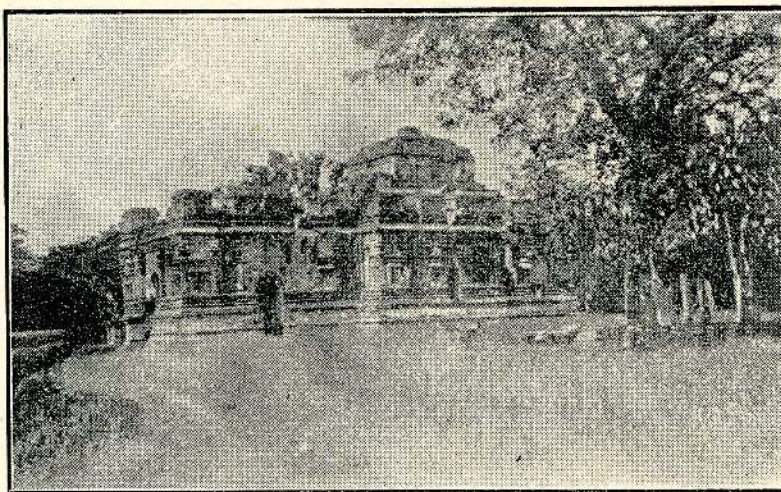


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy, Ceylon.

AT POLONNARUWA.

(*Dukkha*), and devoid of an eternal soul (*Anatta*). Wherever he turns his eyes he sees nought but these three characteristics standing out in bold relief. He comprehends that life is a flowing, a continuous undivided movement. Neither in heaven nor on earth does he find any genuine happiness, for every form of pleasure is only a prelude to pain. What is transient is therefore painful, and where change and sorrow prevail, there cannot be a permanent "ego."

As he meditates thus by means of his contemplative Insight (*Sammasana Nana*), a day comes when, to his surprise, he witnesses an aura emanating from his body, experiences an unprecedented pleasure, happiness, and quietude, and becomes even-minded, exceptionally devotional and extremely strenuous. Moreover his mindfulness becomes exceedingly clear and his insight extraordinarily keen. Labouring under the misconception that he has attained Sainthood, chiefly owing to the presence of the aura, he yearns for this state of mind. Later the instructed pilgrim realises that these temptations are only defilements to Insight and that he has not really attained Sainthood. Accordingly, he cultivates the faculty of distinguishing between the right and the wrong path (*5. Maggamagga-Nanadassana Visuddhi*).

Perceiving in this manner the right path, he resumes his meditation on the arising and passing away (*Udaya-Vaya Nana*) of conditioned things. In the course of his meditation, the latter characteristic becomes more impressed in his mind,

because change is more visible than becoming. Thereupon he turns his attention to the contemplation of the dissolution of things (*Bhanga Nana*). He perceives that both mind and matter, which constitute this personality, are in a state of constant flux, not remaining for two consecutive moments the same. To him then comes the knowledge that all dissolving things are fearful (*Bhayatupatthana Nana*). The whole world appears to him like a pit of burning embers—a source of danger. Subsequently he reflects on the wretchedness and vanity of the fearful and wicked world (*Adinavanupassana Nana*), and feeling disgusted of it (*Nibbidanupassana Nana*) acquires the desire to escape therefrom (*Muncitukamyata Nana*).

With this object in view, he meditates again on the Three Characteristics (*Patisankhanupassana Nana*), and thereafter becomes completely indifferent to all conditioned things, (*Sankharupekkha Nana*)—harbouring neither attachment nor aversion to any worldly object. Reaching this point of mental culture, he takes for his object one of the three characteristics

that appeal to him most, and intently keeps on developing Insight in that particular direction until on one glorious day there comes to him like a flash of lightning the intuition of Nibbana for the first time in his life.

Just then a *Javana* process, which usually consists of seven thought-moments, takes place in the following order:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Parikamma	Upasara	Anuloma	Gotrabhu	Magga	Phala	Phala
Preliminary	Access	Adaptation	Adoption	Path	Fruit	Fruit

To use an illustration from the Books, the first three thought-moments correspond to three winds that disperse three clouds of darkness that overshadow the moon, Nibbana. The fourth is similar to the actual sight of the moon.

The first three thought-moments have conditioned things (*Sankharas*) as their object, and the developed Insight contained therein (*Saccanulomika Nana*—knowledge that conforms to the Truths) dispels the ignorance that hides the Four Noble Truths.

The Adoption thought-moment (*Gotrabhu*), so-called as it transcends the lineage of the worldling, has Nibbana for its object, but is powerless to extirpate the passions. This is followed by a single moment of Supramundane Path. Consciousness—the most important psychological thought-moment that performs the four-fold function of (1) clearly discerning the Truth of Suffering, (2) destroying the three Fetters:—Self-illusion (*Sakkaya-ditthi*), doubts (*Vicikiccha*), and

indulgence in (wrongful) rites and ceremonies (*Silabbataparamasa*), (3) realising Nibbana, and (4) cultivating the constituents of the Noble Eightfold Path. Immediately after which two or three Fruit thought-moments arise, as the case may be, and consciousness lapses again into the stream (*Bhavanga*). It may be remarked that the same *Javana* process occurs in the subsequent three stages of Sainthood as well, with the only difference that *Gotrabhu* receives the name *Vodana* (purification).

The above-mentioned nine modes of Insight from *Udaya Vaya Nana* upwards constitute "Purity of Mental Culture" (*6. Patipada Nanadassana Visuddhi*—purified vision as to the knowledge of the Path). The four-fold Path (*Magga*) of Sainthood, which should be reached by means of the aforesaid six kinds of "Purity", is called the "Purity of Insight" (*Nanadassana Visuddhi*), the last of the seven *Visuddhis*.

When the spiritual pilgrim realises Nibbana for the first time in his life, he is called a *Sotapanna*—one who has

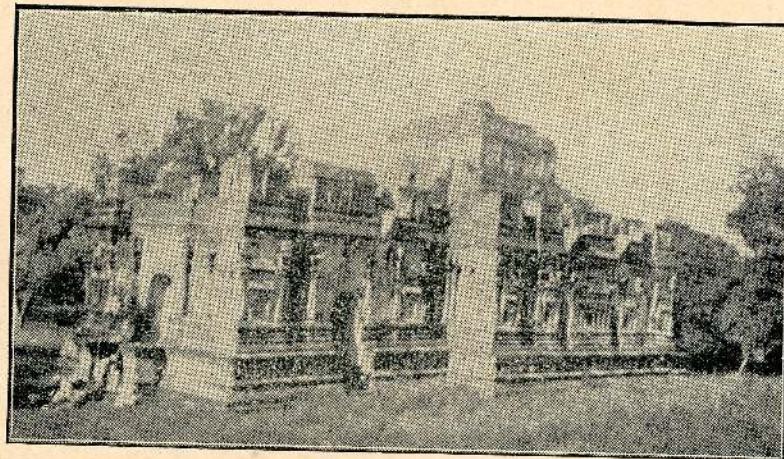


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AT POLONNARUWA.

entered the stream that leads to Nibbāna. As he has not eradicated the "will-to-live", he is reborn seven times at the most. In the second birth, since his initiation into the Path, he may or may not be aware of the fact that he is a Sotāpanna, yet he possesses the characteristic virtues of such a Saint. He gains implicit confidence in the Buddha, Dhamma and the Sangha, and can never be induced to violate any of the Five Precepts or commit any of the six heinous crimes. He is moreover absolved from states of woe, for he is destined to Enlightenment.

Summoning up fresh courage, as a result of this distant glimpse of Nibbāna, the Aryan pilgrim makes rapid progress, and perfecting his Insight, becomes a *Sakadagami*—Once-Returner—by weakening two more fetters, namely sense desires and ill-will. He is called a *Sakadagami* because he is reborn on earth only once, in case he does not attain Arahantship. It is interesting to note that the pilgrim who has attained the second stage of Sainthood is only capable of weakening these two powerful fetters with which he is bound from a beginningless past. Occasionally he may be obsessed by thoughts of lust and anger, though he may not be driven to do any deeds of violence thereby.

It is in the third stage of Sainthood, *Anagami* (Never-Returner), that he completely discards the above two fetters. Thereafter he neither returns to this world nor does he seek birth in the celestial realms, since he has no more desire for sensual pleasures. After death he is reborn in the "Pure Abodes" (*Suddhavasa*), a camping place meant exclusively for *Anagamis* and *Arahants*. Even an *Anagami*, it must be understood, has not completely got rid of his "will-to-live."

Now the earnest pilgrim, encouraged by the unprecedented success of his endeavours, makes his final advance and destroying the remaining five fetters, namely:—lust after life in Realms of Forms (*Rupaloka*) and Formless Realms (*Arupaloka*), conceit, restlessness, and ignorance,

perfected Saint by attaining Arahantship, his Ultimate Goal.

Instantly he realises that what was to be accomplished has been done, that a heavy burden of sorrow has been finally relinquished, that all forms of the "will-to-live" have been totally annihilated, and that the Path to Nibbāna has been perfectly trodden. The happy pilgrim now stands on heights more than celestial, far removed from the rebellious passions and defilements of the world, realising the unutterable Bliss of Eternal Deliverance, and like many an Arahant

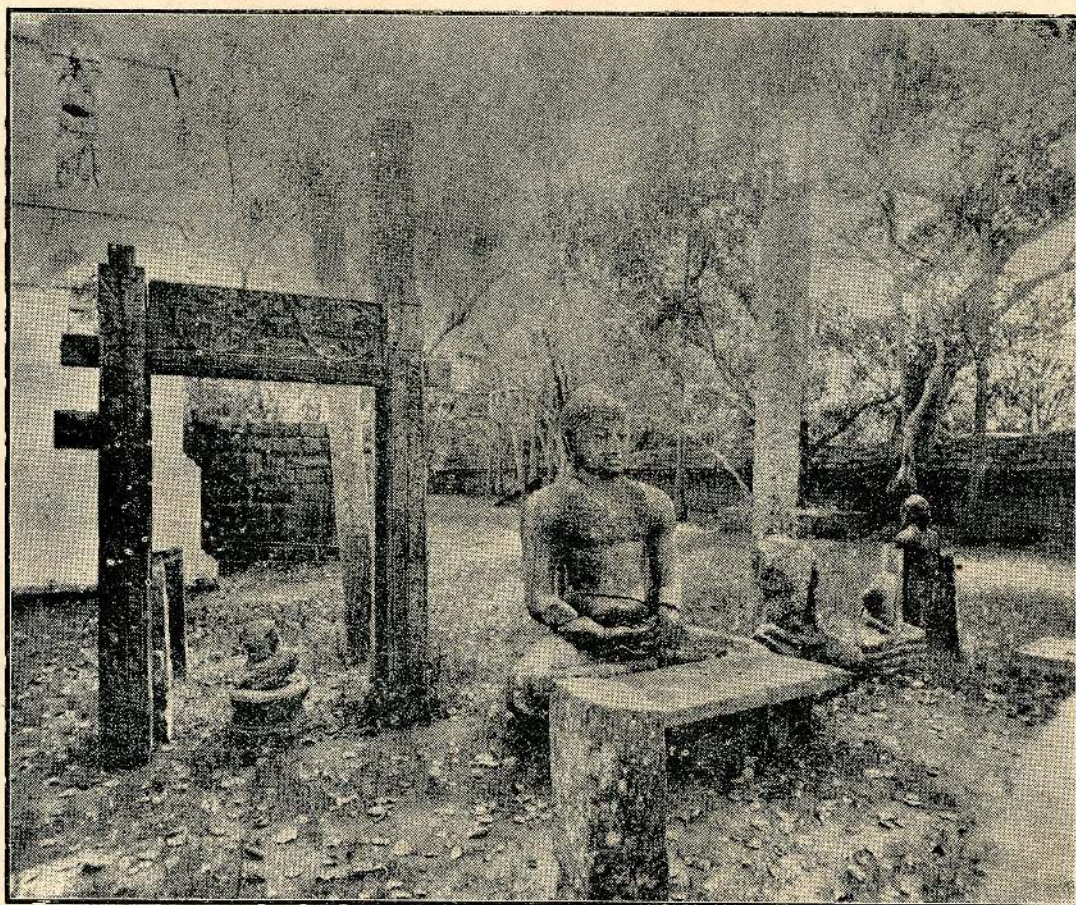


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Sedent Buddha and wooden door frame in the premises of the Sacred Bo-tree (Udamaluwa), Anuradhapura.

of old singing that psalm of joy:—

*"Goodwill and wisdom, mind by method trained,
The highest conduct on good morals based,
This maketh mortals pure, not rank nor wealth!"*

TRANSIENCY.

The king's mighty chariot of iron will rust,
And also our bodies resolve into dust;
But deeds, 'tis sure,
For aye endure.

Dhammapada, 151.

REALIZATION TO-DAY.

[BY DR. CASSIUS A. PEREIRA]

"Here, O Bhikkhus!" said the Blessed One, "are found the first Saint, the second Saint, the third Saint, and the Arahant. Elsewhere are only empty prattlers of Sainthood."



BY the word Realization, the Buddhist means, ultimately, the attainment of the Highest, the Actual, the Final Deliverance, the Hyper-cosmic Nibbana. This attainment is effected by one of three ways.

The first is the extremely difficult path of a Sammā Sambuddha, a Fully Enlightened One, who not only achieves the Highest, but is able to depict the path to It to all who have sufficient understanding.

The second is the path of the Pacceka Buddha. A Pacceka Buddha is an Enlightened One who attains the Final Deliverance alone and by his own endeavour, but who is unable to trace, for another's benefit and similar enlightenment, the details of the path that he himself has thus successfully trod. Several Pacceka Buddhas can exist at the same time, whereas a Sammā Sambuddha appears but rarely, and then only one at a time. Also, during the dispensation of a Sammā Sambuddha, —that is, during his life-time and so long as his Teaching is preserved among men, no Pacceka Buddha appears. For Pacceka Buddhas only arise in the dreary Buddha-dhamma-less intervals of time. As these arid intervals are immense and frequent, it follows that the world has seen many, many more Pacceka Buddhas than Sammā Sambuddhas.

The third and last path to the Goal is the comparatively easy one of the Arahant. While only a man may attain Sammā Sambuddhahood or Pacceka Buddhahood, the path of the Arahant is open to both women and men. The easiness of this path is only comparative. For examining it, apart from the impossible-seeming path of the Buddhas, the way of the Arahants is very long, very toilsome, and requiring indomitable resolution.

While nobody, not even a Sammā Sambuddha like our Lord Gotama the Blessed One, can give Realization to anybody else, —the Arahant owes the plan, of his path to Enlightenment, to a Sammā Sambuddha. Without the personal help of a Sammā Sambuddha, or, failing that blessing, a study of the

Dhamma he re-discovered and taught, nobody can become Arahant. What the worldly style "wisdom", and even what the other-worldly style "spiritual attainment" (that is, the gain of high concentration and ecstasy with, perhaps, the mastery of various supernormal powers), is not Ultimate Realization, nor is it sufficient for achieving that Realization. Realization is a matter of letting go, of renunciation, and not one merely of mastery of all the world's sciences, —or even the development of "spiritual" power. One who, in a period when the world knows naught of either a Buddha or the Dhamma he reveals, intuits the Final Knowledge and attains Realization, is known as a Pacceka Buddha, and not by the name of Arahant, though, in a wider sense, the name Arahant, which has the specialized meaning of "one who is worthy of the highest trust and reverence", is applied to Sammā Sambuddhas and Pacceka Buddhas also, when a Buddhist wishes to speak of their qualities.

Are there any Arahants now? Yes. There are many; many thousands perhaps; but they are not dwelling, as men, on this earth. We Buddhists believe, on the word of our Teacher, that Arahants, even from the time of Vipassi the Blessed One (who lived an immense period ago, and who was the seventh of the Buddha line, counting back from our own Sammā Sambuddha Gotama) yet exist in the state known to us as the Pure Abodes.

There are three stages of Hyper-cosmic attainment before a being gains the Utter Realization as Arahant. These are known as the Sotāpanna, the Sakadāgāmi, and the Anāgāmi stages. The Pure Abodes are exalted states where none less than Anāgāmi may enter. All who die here as Anāgāmi are reborn in the Pure Abodes. The Arahants now existing on those planes are those who developed the Final Realization while there.

Are there no Arahants now on earth? This is a question to which it is difficult to give a definite answer. Of course Arahants, from the Pure Abodes, may appear at any time, and whenever they wish, on earth. They have the power to come here, but whether they have the will depends on the potency of the incentive. It is quite likely that they keep in view the progress of the present Buddha-dispensation, and may intervene to assist wherever possible. Indeed, the possibility of a touch of manna in the wilderness, from this high source, to a deserving aspirant in any genuine difficulty on the Path of Dhamma:



Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.
Arahat Mahinda's Preaching Platform at Anuradhapura.

is a continual stimulus to every Buddhist who resolutely labours up the road of renunciation. Who can tell how often, by what subtle means, and where, such Arahant intervention yet continues to be exercised?

Are there no *human* Arahants then, in this world, at the present moment? Who can tell! It is certain that no Arahant will broadcast a claim to this highest Realization,—so that all the world may know of his attainment. It is certain that, to a Buddhist, such an indecorous claim will itself prove that the claimant is no Arahant,—or aught approaching Arahantship in the remotest way. In the long history of the present Buddha-dispensation, it is not to the layman, or even to the ordinary Bhikkhu, that Arahants have revealed themselves. Repeatedly do we read of how Arahants have dwelt, unrecognized as such, for years amidst their own following. So we do not know, for certain, whether or no there are any human Arahants today. Stories of human Arahants of old time who, by exercise of supernormal power, continue to live on earth, in the Himalayan or other regions, or “in a crystal palace in the depths of the Southern Sea”,—as in the Burmese legend of Upagutta Thera—are not at all probable. Such tales, which are common enough in the East, assign as motive for the prolonged life of such an Arahant, that he would protect the Dhamma for the good of all beings. But such a wish is one of supererogation for a human Arahant who must know that thousands of Pure Abode Arahants, whose normal span of life is not ended, can do this work just as efficiently as he. It is also expressly stated in our Books that one who has gained the Final Certainty that “anything whatsoever that has been born, or come into being, has within itself inherent the inevitability of dissolution” has “neither the wish to die immediately, nor the wish to prolong life beyond the natural span.”

When masters of the Dhamma like the great Theras Sāriputta and Mahā Kassapa, or a heart of love like the Arahant Ānanda, saw no necessity to continue living on earth beyond their normal term of life, “for the welfare of gods and men,” it is difficult to accept that lesser Arahants would attempt to do so, when the Teacher himself said—“The Truths and the Discipline for the Order that I have declared and established for you all, let these be your Teacher after I am gone.” These Truths, this Discipline, the Theravāda of Ceylon, Burma and Siam, has preserved, through a line of the Order, unbroken in descent, from the very Arahants that surrounded the person of our Great Teacher. These are the reasons why the Buddhists of these lands deem it an act of supererogation for an Arahant to prolong his life in order to continue teaching.

Can it be that these Arahants continue to live in order to protect the Dhamma itself? There is no evidence to show that such hypothetical Arahants have ever done this. The everlasting Dhamma is not a thing of Books, and needs no protection. As for the books, the *Ti-Pitaka*, these will be guarded so long as men live who can appreciate and prize them. When mankind has become so worldly and materialistic that such men cease to exist in this world, then the Books will be of no further use to the world. Besides this, every Buddhist knows that the Tathagata himself has frequently declared that “the Dhamma is a raft, to be cast adrift, not to be cared after, once Realization has been accomplished.”

Are there human Arahants alive to-day who have won their Goal but lately? Do men yet continue, in the present time, to become Arahant? We know the statement of the

Blessed One that—“So long as the Bhikkhus lead the Noble Life, thus long will the world not be bereft of Arahants.” There is a tradition in Theravāda lands that Arahantship is no longer attainable. Though nobody will deny that to-day, even in the simple-living East, humanity gets more and more worldly and pleasure-loving, and less and less inclined to strive for “spiritual” advance, this belief, based on words of difficult interpretation, and exegetical works whose authority is uncertain, has cast a damper on serious endeavour to attain the Final Realization. Once this happens, once it is believed that the very Highest is shut out, for human attainment in the present Dispensation, it is easy to understand the attitude that, although the three lower rungs of attainment may still be open, it is as well for the aspirant to await the coming of Metteyya, the next *Sammā Sambuddha*, to make, under more favourable auspices, the final endeavour for the Goal. Who can say that the wise writers of the ancient exegeses had not truth behind them when they foretold the decline of the present Buddha’s Dispensation as the

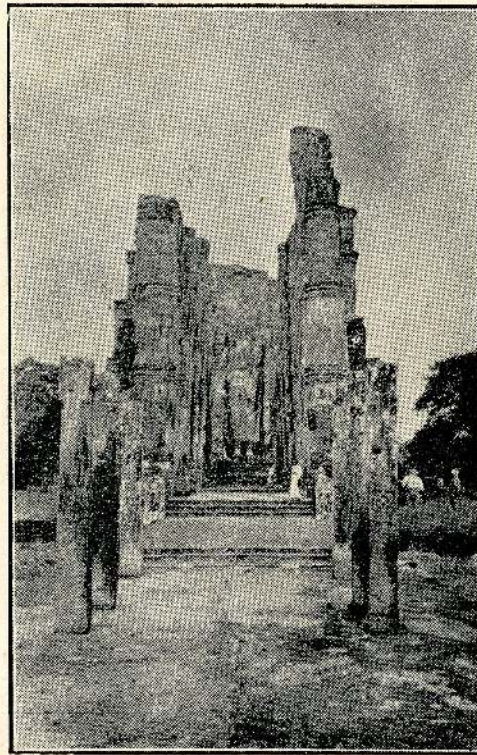


Photo by Mr. J. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.
 Lankatilaka Temple, Polonnaruwa.

years rolled on. The cream, it appears, of ripe humanity, has already been whipped off into Arahantship. Those who remain, and who may now live the Holy Life, need further development. They are not yet built in a sufficiently heroic mould. And we are told that the age itself, and all its vibratory influences, are adverse and tend towards materialism and material progress and softness, and away from that mighty resolution that irresistibly overcame all hindrances when, of yore, “young men of noble families rightly left the home for the homeless life, to realize, in this very life and by their own intuitive wisdom the consummation of the incomparable life of holiness.” These words, the refrain of many a discourse by the Master, now seem to fall on ears that are too smug, insensible, out of tune, dejected and callous to appreciate their deep import, or to feel their healthy driving force.

As far as one can see, these are the reasons why the Theravāda is inactive to-day, with reference to strenuous effort towards Realization. It cannot be gainsaid that, on the whole, its Bhikkhus and lay adherents yet live a pure, noble and thoughtful life. But this apparently is a relative matter to-day, when all humanity has gone degenerate. The equipment is there, the books, the very Words of the Master, are preserved intact; but the jungles, the lonely places, the feet of the shady trees call in vain. Patient resignation, and will merely to study and intellectually appreciate the Sacred Word, and to preserve it intact for the good of the generations to come, seem to have replaced the old-time determination to push the practice of concentration to its evident end. It is not that the practice of meditation is entirely neglected to-day. But it does not seem to be entered upon with the same old verve and confidence. In Ceylon, and in Burma, the practice of meditation holds a high place. Almost every Bhikkhu does *some* meditation, and a few even yet retire to the jungle and the mountain cave. The present writer will be the last to assert that amongst Theravādists to-day the lowest grades of attainment are entirely wanting. There are probably more individuals who have experienced ecstasy, even to the highest trances, than is generally believed. Possibly there are those who, if not attained to the Final Realization, have nevertheless reached its first, second, and third stages. The Discipline of the Theravāda has consistently opposed any declaration, except to teachers, of psychic attainment, or any parade of supernormal power. Hence, it is extremely difficult for even an ordinary Bhikkhu, leaving alone a Buddhist layman, (and impossible for a stranger and a non-Buddhist) to know the actual position in these matters. Still, sufficient leaks out to enable a privileged few to know that there is yet no lack of those, in the Order of the Blessed One, who have gained the higher trance and supernormal powers. The Theravāda never prized these things, as Europeans, for instance, are inclined to prize them. To the Theravādists who appreciate the Dhamma, there is nothing "mystic", nothing "occult", nothing marvellous, in these lower attainments. They are not only not an end, but if not used only as a means to the End, are liable to dazzle the weak, lead to false views, and even wean the aspirant from the Right Path, thereby making his last state infinitely worse than his first.

While the parent stock of original Buddhism, known more definitely as the Theravāda, is thus discouraged by a tradition

and kept within bounds by its loyally upheld discipline, its several bastard offshoots, collectively known as Mahayana, luxuriate in a rank tangle of untrammelled mysticism and occultism. The most blasé hunter after the bizarre, in the shape of occultism, will find something fresh and titillating in Mahayana lands like Tibet or Mongolia, where mysticism is undisciplined, rampant and promiscuous. Many a European, chilled by the calm intellectual dignity of the Theravāda, turns with relief to the intriguing medley of mongrel Mahayana. Mahayana glibly claims to breed Arabants in abundance, Mahatmas, Masters, Gurus, Saints, and even Living-Buddhas. Mahayana turns these out as easily as, and by methods comparable to, the hatching out of chickens from a modern incubator. Every illiterate country-yokel of a Mahāyanist, so the enthusiastic want us to believe, is a Bodhisatta, or potential Buddha. The land is full of devils, banshees, ghouls and hobgoblins, and reeks with a miasma of superstition and magic. Theosophists,



Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.
VIHARA "PAVILION" No. 2, NEAR RUWANVELI SEYA.

"Esoteric" Buddhists, "Liberal" Catholics, and such peculiar people may revel in all this. But the sincere Theravādists patiently wades through the available books of the Mahayana and only stands amazed. Here indeed do mountains labour to bring forth mice. The illegitimate seed of the glorious Dhamma has become but a scurrilous caricature. Yet has this debased teaching saved these backward lands from worse things. Although the tortuosity of this tainted teaching is well-nigh inconceivable to one who knows only the pure, straightforward Dhamma of the Pali Pitakas, nevertheless meditation, meditation of a fantastic character and with grotesque motives, yet meditation, is earnestly practised in Mahayana lands. Now wherever meditation is seriously practised, results, of one kind or another, are bound to follow. And thereby hangs the tale of marvellous hypnotic power, fortune-telling, prestidigitation and magic, all things that the Blessed One condemned in plain

words, but things which will ever excite the wonder of the undeveloped and foolish, who see here the miracles of Arahants and Mahatmas, where the Theravâlist recognizes but the charlatan and vulgar magician.

Sometimes one hears it said that the free and easy Mahayana, with its liberty to take alcohol, and its common disregard of discipline and propriety, is more suited to the world of to-day, than the more austere Theravâda. One is compelled to admit, with profound regret, that this perhaps is true. The pure, stern, righteous Dhamma is distasteful, unwanted and neglected in a world that thirsts for luxury, hectic pleasure and lurid excitement. If we would cut down the grand old picture of our revered Master, to suit the contemptible shoddy frame of to-day, then we must surely scrap the everlasting Truth that our Theravâda books yet enshrine.

THE ACTIVE LIFE OF A BUDDHIST.

[BY THE HON. DR. W. A. DE SILVA]



THE real scope of the life that is enjoined on a follower of the Buddha is often misunderstood and some who have made a superficial observation of the practice of Buddhism have fallen into the error of narrowing down Buddhism to a few negative virtues or the avoidance of certain tendencies. They describe Buddhism as inculcating a passive inactivity and draw conclusions that are almost entirely opposed to the conception of living as indicated by the Buddha, and as understood and realized by his followers. The negative indications for the avoidance of certain pitfalls that are likely to retard the progress of a being are only preliminary warnings to enable one to follow the activities of life with certainty and without faltering. They are not a part of the Dhamma, or the Way to emancipation. That Way lies in energetic and unfaltering activities that alone can lead a being in his progressive path towards Nibbana, eternal peace: the living of the Noble Eight-fold Path of Right Views, Right Thoughts, Right Speech, Right Activities, Right Living, Right Energy, Right Reflection, and Right Concentration. Thus it is seen the mere avoidance of any action does not come within the activities indicated by the teaching of the Buddha. This is emphasized in the discourses and teachings in Buddhist writings. Nowhere is it stated that the mere avoidance of certain tendencies leads to any results. On the other hand the indications throughout the Buddhist Teachings are positive that progress and emancipation lie in activities. This is very tersely put in the *Alavaka Sutta*, wherein the Teacher in reply to a question states: "The temptations of life are overcome through clear understanding, the ocean of birth and rebirth is crossed through unfaltering activity, sorrow, suffering and unhappiness annihilated through energetic endeavour, and clear happiness is gained through the exercise of wisdom."

The foundation of the Buddhist ideal is the realization of the nature of being, that is that everything we feel, see or

But it is just here that the Theravâda Sangha justifies its continued existence. The obstinate faithfulness of the Theravâda order of Bhikkhus, through their steadfastness and persistent refusal to alter one jot of the Dhamma-treasure they guard, proves them to be the saving grace of a shameless world. Possibly the Theravâda now produces no Arahants, even of the pinchbeck, make-believe Mahayana type. But it yet has a mission. It is a wholesome brake to a world bent on doing itself a mischief, and training for hell-ward flight. In a mad world, its Bhikkhus nearest approach sanity; and, most important of all, whenever an exceptional man does arise, the Theravâda, and it alone, can teach him the deep, heart stirring genuine Buddha-dhamma, and point out the Gates to Realization, which *he* mayhap will have the good fortune to enter. For this reason, may the Theravâda live long! May its adherents be strong in faith justified!

conceive in our minds has the nature of continuous change, disturbance and non-independence; and unrest, unhappiness, sorrow and suffering are due to this cause, and peace and happiness come with the overcoming of *Tanha*,—desire for individual possession and attachment which is bound up with the conditions of nature. The elimination of *Tanha* brings emancipation from the thralldom of Nature.

The activities that lead to peace are known as *Kusala*. The meaning of the word itself indicates clearly its purpose. *Kusala* means that which inhibits disturbance (vibration). It is *Pin* or the elements of progress and completion. The activities of progress are classified and described under ten heads. These divisions are made merely as a convenience for description, to enable those who follow the teachings to derive a clear conception of the Dhamma. The divisions it must be borne in mind have no absolute distinction or separation from each other. The ten activities that should be pursued by a Buddhist are *charity*; *right conduct*, i.e. activities that do not harm, or act prejudicially to the interests or well-being of others; *cultivation of the mind*; *honouring* those worthy of honour; *service*; *offering good wishes*; *accepting good wishes* from others; *listening to the Good Law*, (Dhamma) preached by others; *instructing others in the Good Law* (Dhamma); and *gaining strength in one's views by realizing and honouring the Buddha, Dhamma, (teaching) the Sangha* (institution of disciples) as the guide in life.

These progressive activities counteract *Tanha*, the desire for attachment and possession for self with its concomitants passion and delusion.

Charity or *Dana* is giving to others of one's good thoughts, good words or possessions, with a clear, kind, good-will, without hesitation and with complete detachment from self-seeking motives and without any idea of deriving any benefit from the recipient either in the form of service or gratitude. If for instance one extends one's good thoughts and good words to

another, with the object of getting praise or a reward from the recipient one's act is not *Dana* in its true and effective sense. If one gives food or possessions to another, with the object of keeping him under an obligation or expecting service from him in return such act will not be *Dana* in its true and effective sense. If for instance a member of the Order of the Sangha is maintained with offerings with the object of getting him to do a service in preaching or teaching it will not be true *Dana*. For *dana* is absolute surrender of possessions, good thoughts or good words, given with a full heart.

Right Conduct is life blameless and the conduct of one's duties and activities in such a way as not to injure the interests of others. A householder has his duties clearly defined and codified for his benefit and in regard to one who enters the Order of Sangha or a life detached from the householder's life he has his own code of conduct to suit the condition of his life. A householder in all things has to be considerate and in acting thus he has among other duties to see that he does not bring pain and sorrow to other beings whether they are human or animal or otherwise, by causing through his own hands or through his directions hurt or death to them. He should not harm them by depriving them of their possessions; he should avoid causing injury through passion towards those who are bound by conjugal ties; he should always be truthful and avoid injuring others by untruthfulness; he should avoid drinks and drugs that cause intoxication and heedlessness, and make him abnormal in his conduct. He should endeavour to have from time to time fixed days of detachment from household duties, devoting his entire time on such days to meditation and good acts, and avoiding ornaments, amusements or attachments. Briefly, he should in his deeds, words and actions avoid injuring or causing hurt to others.

Meditation is the cultivation of the functions of the mind by training it in strength, so that one may be strong and mindful to avoid laxity of thought and cultivate concentration so as to further his activities. There are forty subjects for meditation indicated by the teachers,—meditations to be practised in accordance with the character and tendencies manifest in an individual. Concentration on inanimate objects, (*Kasina*)—reflections on great ones and their qualities,—such as the great qualities of the Buddha, Dhamma, Sangha,—reflections on conditions of nature such as the human body and its parts, breathing, death, etc.—reflections on virtues such as universal friendliness, kindness, compassion and quietude,—meditation on the composition of things and insight in regard to the condition

of nature such as continuous change, disturbance and non-independence (*anicca, dukkha, anatma*), etc. The details in regard to these subjects of meditation and the methods and instructions for carrying them out are described and explained at considerable length in Buddhist treatises.

Honouring those worthy of honour is another of the progressive activities which have to be cultivated with mindfulness. Those who live a virtuous life should be honoured by worship or the expression of humility before them; they should be cherished with love and offerings, and their life and work should receive grateful appreciation. Service unstinted and wholehearted should ever be rendered to those in need, without expecting any recompense from the recipients; the weak must ever be cherished and given a helping hand and endeavours should be made to relieve their disabilities; the

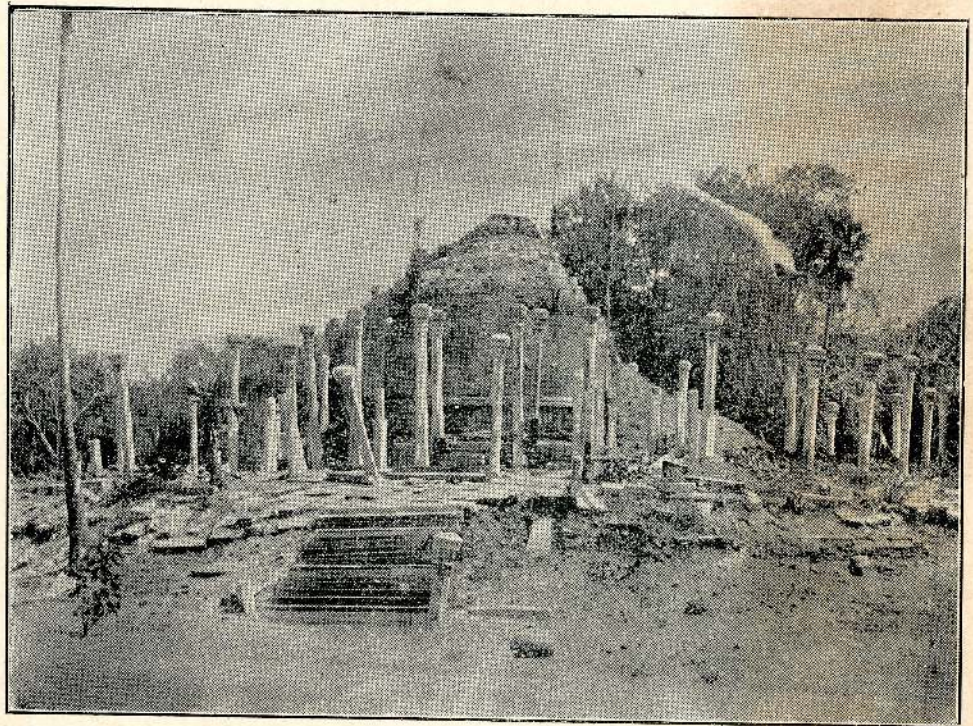


Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

LANKARAMA DAGOBA, ANURADHAPURA.

sick must be tended and their sufferings eased; and in all cases one should be ever ready to serve others and make their lives pleasant and cheerful.

Offering Good Wishes. Where one lives a pleasant life, where one feels happy in the performance of one's duties, when one's heart is full of kindness, one should take every opportunity to wish for others that they should partake of the peace and happiness one feels and the ecstasy of mind which results from one's good acts and thus stimulate thoughts of love and virtue in others.

Accepting the good wishes of others is the means of purifying one's thoughts and acts and preventing thoughts of jealousy, resentment, passion and hatred getting entrance into one's thoughts. When another offers his kind wishes, one



THE BUDDHA'S LOVING-KINDNESS.

*"Verily not by hatred do hatreds cease here ever;
 by non-hatred do they cease; this is the eternal law of
 things."—Dhammapada I. 5.*

There is a story told

In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
 And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
 With grave responses listening unto it:
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
 "O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
 The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
 In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
 Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
 To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
 Into the form and fashion of a dove;
 And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
 Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
 "Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
 "And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

—From JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S *Disarmament*.



G. S. Fernando



The Song of Queen Kuvanna.

(By George Keyt)

I.

Kinsuka blossoms petalled red
Are large and lustrous, but they shed
No fragrant breath on air,
Like to my life these flowers burn
And call to them the bees that yearn
For fragrant honey there.

II.

My body that is shaped so sweet
And pleasant from bright hair to feet,
Alluring like the moon,
There is no inner soul with this
Although to me drawn life-lust is
As languor is to noon.

III.

The secret of the subtleties
That weave illusions on the breeze
With rainbows and cool dawns,
I know this thing. My craft can turn
Cold mountains to loud fires that burn
And pards to timid fawns.

IV.

All potent alchemies, all wine
With venom'd bliss, all arts that shine
With sorcery and dark spells;
The hidden secrets in these things
Are with me. In my voice that sings
A siren sweetness dwells.

V.

Within my house of cloudy pearl
All other visions dream and whirl
With scents and tunes, but mine,
In crystal chambers, any life
Cast on my shores from worlds of strife,
That moment can divine.

VI.

With lute-like mouths my spiced hours
Cling smiling with closed eyes; on flowers
By shady streams that drowse
My languid lovers are supreme
In pleasant ease, their lives a dream,
Tranced in my magic house.

VII.

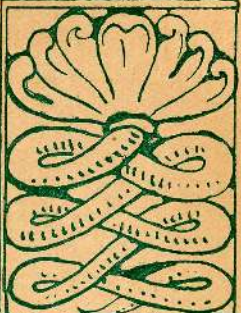
The phases of the seasons fail
To colour things or make things pale
At their own changing will.
The nights are full of stars and calm,
The days are summer, and the balm
Of winds fill vale and hill.

VIII.

The bright arms of the sleepless sea
Clasp—lying round and watching me—
My charmed and secret isle.
Safe with thrall'd ministrants I live,
Elusive pleasures fain to give
And indolence awhile.

IX.

My soles are stained with sandal-red
And noiselessly I move and tread
Cool floors with pale bare feet.
My mantle rustles like a breeze
Among tall grasses. On far seas
The while my dreams are fleet.



should accept them with a kindly feeling of happiness and friendliness. One should ever be ready to listen with attention and profit to the relation of the Dhamma or teachings, and should practise and concentrate one's mind and listen with interest and profit to such talks so that one may purify one's mind and obtain wisdom that enables one to live the right life.

In the same manner, one should take every opportunity to speak to others on things that lead to right appreciation of one's duties and lay before them one's experience and knowledge in living in accordance with right conduct of body, speech, and mind and thus increase one's own capacity for cultivating wisdom and giving others that opportunity through

which one's mind and thoughts are purified and strengthened.

One should always endeavour to gain right views and insight in regard to one's ideals and to the Teachings of the Buddha and to identify oneself in taking refuge in the Buddha, Dhamma, and Sangha as one's guide unmistakable in life.

The teaching of the Buddha is the teaching of the leading of an active and alert life, unselfish and all-absorbing, rejecting the idea of "ego" with its attendant praise, glory and self, which bring in their wake dissension, jealousy, conflict and unhappiness. It is through activity one gains peace,—Nibbana.

The Fundamental Value of the Abhidhamma.

[BY ERNST L. HOFFMANN]

(Translated from the German by J. F. McKechnie)



ALBRIGHT in the lands of the West the knowledge of Buddhism during the course of the last few decades has made considerable progress, a certain one-sidedness clings to this Occidental Buddhism, the overcoming of which ought to be one of the chief tasks of Buddhist research. The main cause of this one-sidedness lies in the mental assumptions with which the European met Buddhism, and from which he has not yet by any means freed himself. These assumptions are indicated by the world of ideas of Schopenhauer who, notwithstanding contemporary opposition, was a typical representative of the nineteenth century. Even if the result of his keen, close reasoning was rejected by the mass of the public, yet his methods were taken from the rationalistic-scientific spirit of his age, and corresponded throughout to the predominant intellectualism which he fought with its own weapons. By putting the value of life itself in question and furnishing the philosophical foundation for an ethic that was related to the Indian feeling about life, he became a pioneer of the Buddhist world-view. What, however, at the beginning was a support, in the course of time has proved itself a hindrance. Quite apart from the pessimism that was projected into Buddhism, we have become accustomed to appraise the teaching of the Buddha as a rationalistic-ethical system, and have forgotten that ethics is a matter-of-course element of every religion, and that what the Buddha has to say to us is not exhausted with the tools of logic or of conceptual-philosophical speculations. It is characteristic of this understanding of the matter that the current idea of Buddhism, also in the circles of the spiritually interested and inwardly akin, is almost exclusively founded upon a small group of Canonical Texts of Southern Buddhism, as if with this single form of outlook the whole realm of Buddhist teaching was exhausted. Of the three main divisions of the Canon, the Vinaya Pitaka (Disciplinary Rules of the Order), the Sutta Pitaka (Discourses of Instruction); and the Abhidhamma

Pitaka (Philosophy and Psychology), only the central portion exists in the German language in approximate completeness while of the other two divisions as good as nothing is to hand, namely, only the Puggala Pannatti (the Book of Characters) from the Abhidhamma, translated by Nyānatiloka.

Although, without doubt, the Discourses of Instruction are the most attractive portion of the Pali Canon, yet we ought not to forget that they represent just the *front elevation* of the structure of Buddhist teaching, and hence for the greater part are designed for the understanding of the larger body of learners. By this, however, it is not in the least meant that in them also the deepest problems are not to an equal extent to be found, but hereby attention is only drawn to the fact that here we have to do with a particular form, fashioned from certain definite points of view, knowledge of which alone, despite all their profundity, must lead to a more or less one-sided understanding of the matter.

In the days of the Buddha, which means, in the times when his teaching was in its prime, no such danger was present since the Buddha's hearers were in immediate relations with what was set before them, and stood upon a level footing both as regards language and culture. We, however, are not only lacking from the outset in all these antecedent conditions; but, on the contrary, we in addition bring with us *false* presuppositions, and may congratulate ourselves if we succeed even partially in getting rid of these obstacles.

To achieve this end there is no better means than the study of the Buddhist psychology and philosophy of the Abhidhamma Pitaka. If the Discourses are indeed the more original and primitive, it is nevertheless probable that the most essential portions of the Abhidhamma Pitaka were sketched out at the same time as the former, all the more so in that they represent the quintessence of the Discourses of Instruction. It is indeed quite thinkable that the Discourses have been edited after the Abhidhamma, for just for as long

as there was a Sangha, there was also an Abhidhamma, that is, a form in which the teaching of the Exalted One, in its deepest meaning, was concentrated, an ideal frame-work which was in a position to hold together the vast fullness of the spiritual tradition. If one scrutinises closely the Discourses of the Buddha, one becomes aware of a systematic arrangement even down to the least details which is carried out with such strictness that one cannot fit it in with the free form of discourse. And the Abhidhamma Pitaka again contains in its most important parts precisely that extraordinarily subtle fabric of ideas and mental presuppositions upon which the Discourses are built. Much that is necessarily veiled by the linguistically step-by-step unfolding, and concretising, form of the Discourse, is only solved in the formal unambiguity of the Abhidhamma; and in the greater terseness of the concepts, connections flash out whose existence else had remained concealed.

The Abhidhamma Pitaka is the foundation and key of all Buddhist philosophy, to whatever land and whatever epoch it may belong. And what importance at all times has been attached to it may be clearly seen from the fact that Thera Anuruddha, a Sinhalese scholar of the ninth century, gathered together the contents of the seven

books of the Abhidhamma Pitaka* into a compendium, so that, supported by mnemonics, it might be more easily memorised, and thus become the mental possession of a greater number of pupils.

These historical considerations, however, are by no means to be regarded as deciding the issue in the question as to the value of the Abhidhamma Texts, for even during the lifetime of the Buddha there was no "absolute" Buddhism, but only a Gotama Buddhism, an Ananda Buddhism, an Anuruddha Buddhism, and so on. And in exactly the same way, at the present day, A will experience another Buddhism than B,

and so on. But from this one cannot conclude that there has never been any true Buddhism at all, nor yet that there are no true Buddhists, but only that "truth" is not anything objectively constant, but is a perpetually derived thing. And Buddhist truth is the experience of particular relations in which it is a question not of a cognition which can be conceptually fixed and established, but of a state of cognising, ever and again to be brought about anew. The actual basis of such experience may at times be different according to conditions of time and space or the immanent qualities of the



Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.
VIHARA (PAVILION) No. 1, NEAR RUANVELI SEYA.

subject himself; the *direction*, however, the tendency, remains the same, and is that which marks out this experience as Buddhist, and distinguishes it from other forms of experience. If, thus, any one calls himself a Buddhist, this does not mean that he makes a claim for himself to *represent* the world-view of the Buddha—in that case he would himself have to be a Buddha—but only that he recognises the Buddha as his teacher, as one who has shown him a way which he himself can tread by his own strength, without disowning his individuality. And just as a person to whom another has pointed out a certain way, by the encountering of the various

* The seven books of the Abhidhamma Pitaka are:—

1. *Dhamma-Sangani*: Enumeration of psychic and material properties: the elements and objects of consciousness.
2. *Vibhanga*: Eighteen treatises upon various themes of a philosophical, psychological and ethical character.
3. *Katha-Vatthu*: Book of Disputed Questions.
4. *Puggala-Pannatti*: Book of Qualities of Character.
5. *Dhutu-Katha*: Expositions of the functions of the senses in their eighteen foundation elements; the six organs, the six classes of objects corresponding to them, and the six classes of consciousness resulting from the mutual relationship of the two.
6. *Yamaka*: Book of the Pairs of Contraries.
7. *Patthana*: Book of the Arisings of psychic and material states: Causal Connections and Mutual Dependence.

characteristic marks described to him, perceives that he is travelling on the right way, so also the Buddhist by certain characteristic marks within his own experience, can ascertain for himself as to whether he is travelling on the way of the Buddha. The subjective experience can thus be objectively checked and judged. In other words: Within our subjective experience there are at work laws that are objectively demonstrable, and the deeper we dive into the human psyche, all the more akin or uniform becomes their structure. The historically and nationally conditioned strata of the psyche belong to its periphery, not to its centre.*

Tischner very beautifully says: "One receives the impression that the sub-consciousness, expressed in terms of form and space, is not so sharply outlined against its environment, but as a psychic domain stands in connection with something psychic that is not human and individual, that is super-individual. Descending from our super-consciousness, we would come gradually into sub-conscious psychic regions which no longer belong to the individual alone, somewhat the same as a vein of water gushing forth out of a mountain, in the darkness of the mountain's recesses soon passes into the all-surrounding and all-pervading water there. These deepest strata of the sub-consciousness would then participate in something psychic that is non-individual or super-individual, and therefore conducts to knowledge about things which are inaccessible, indeed incomprehensible, to the individual life of consciousness. The rarity of this phenomenon, however, would be explicable from the difficulty of bringing this knowledge out of the depths of the sub-consciousness into the light of the super-consciousness." To remove this difficulty is one of the main tasks of the mental training of Buddhism. The disciple on the Holy Path, as it is ever and again called, is to be "clearly conscious" of every action, every bodily function, every mental motion, every psychic process. And the further his consciousness presses its way into the depths, all the more comprehensive becomes his vision, passing from

his own limited personality to the knowledge of all beings, from the narrowness of the present to the furthest stretches of time, from the circumscribed destiny of one existence to the vast rhythm of whole world-epochs. But in order to find the way into these depths we must learn to know *the nature of consciousness* and that conformity to law which is inherent in our experience. Here we are helped by the teachings of the Abhidhamma. They constitute the exposition of the *characteristic marks of the way* alluded to above, and of the *structure of the human psyche* which conditions them.

CAPRI, ITALY.



Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

DALADA MALIGAWA AT THUPARAMA, ANURADHAPURA.

THE EGO ILLUSION.

Mara the Evil One:

So long as to the things
 Called *mine* and *I* and *me*
 Thy anxious heart still clings,
 My snares thou canst not flee

The Disciple:

Naught's mine and naught of me,
 The self I do not mind!
 Thus Mara, I tell thee,
 My path thou canst not find.

Samyutta Nikaya, IV, 2-9.

* Therefore are we so much nearer to other times and cultures in experience, than we are in thought. "Experience" here, is to be understood in the deepest sense, passing beyond the intellectual, as well as the emotional, understanding of the term.

ILLUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONS.

[BY PROF. A. BRODRICK-BULLOCK]



IF we turn to consider the writings of Julius Cæsar, not so much as students of his achievements, as from a desire to discover what manner of man he was, we soon find that we have to do with an intellect of no common order. By such an intellect is here meant that rare kind which penetrates below the surface of things, which overturns every form of pretence and hypocrisy, and pierces with clear unswerving vision right down into the ultimate substratum of phenomenal existence, beyond which no human intelligence can ever pass. Among the little group on whom Nature has bestowed her highest mental gifts there need be no hesitation in assigning a place to Cæsar. It is not often that he emerges from an objective statement of facts, in his own strong incisive style; but now and then we find a phrase where it is not the consummate general who is speaking, but the acute observer of human nature.

Such a remark giving us a glimpse of the real man may be found in the eighteenth chapter of the third book *De Belli Gallico*: "fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt."*

It is interesting to compare the characteristic terse brevity of this statement with the form which the same truth takes in the words of Bacon, who with his usual acumen clearly discerned the cause, as well as the immense significance, of the part played by illusion in the lives of the vast majority of mankind, and therefore in the history of the world. In his *Essay on Truth* we read: "Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy, and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves."

This passage admirably explains why most men have always instinctively clung to their pet illusions, and shrank from contemplating whatever might confute them.

The term "illusion" is here used to denote that belief or attitude of mind which is based not on knowledge, but

on ignorance, and which, depending not on reason, but on the will or imagination, weaves fantastic shapes which soon assume the appearance of truth, though corresponding to no external reality.

Sooner or later, under the search-light of the intellect, the process of disillusion sets in, and the structure once reared on the fragile basis of desires, hopes, fears, emotions, imaginings and the like, little by little dissolves into the air. This process is too well-known in the life of the individual to require illustration. The bitterness of disappointed affection; the faithlessness of friends; "the fond-eyed hopes we bury silently"; the treacherous evanescence of all we aim at or cling to—these and many other grievous things soon destroy the shelter of our tiny world of illusions, and disclose the cold grey pitiless cycle of phenomenal existence. It needs, however, but little investigation to show that human institutions in the widest sense have always been covered by a dense overgrowth of illusion, partial clearings to let in a little bright light having been effected from time to time by the courage of intrepid spirits with no small difficulty, and at the cost of imminent danger to themselves.

"Die Wenigen die ihren vollen Sinn Dem Pöbel offenbart, hat man von je Gekreuzigt und verbrannt!"†

And these clearings have always been quickly choked by the baleful offshoots of the surrounding rank vegetation.

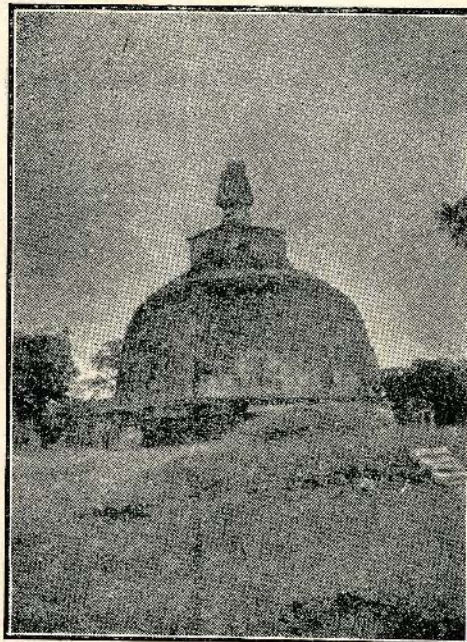


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.

KIRI VEHERA.

There can be no better illustration of the two principles of illusion and disillusion—the former the creation of the Will, the latter the work of the Intellect—than that furnished by the mythologies and cosmogonies of the world. These represent the wondering search of primitive man after his origin and his place among the living things and the unknown forces surrounding him. It is here that we find the human consciousness busily at work to account for the external world of phenomena, and the internal world of the Self. Soon the vague imaginings crystallised into forms of definite shape, which to all appearance offered the true solution of the Why, the Whence, and the Whither. Hence arose the various systems of theology‡ all alike darkening the world with their shadow, and reflecting from age to age the changing characters

* Men for the most part readily believe what they wish.

† The few that to the rabble dared to show their inmost thoughts have ever been condemned to crucifixion and the flames.

‡ The term "Theology" is here chosen instead of the more common, but less accurate, expression "religion". The latter should be kept to denote that sense of obligation *religare*, on whatever motive it may be based, which leads to the conscientious discharge of duty and to uniform attitude of unselfishness. With the exception of Buddhism, which is a philosophy, the so-called world-religions are in fact theologies.

of the men who made them. Hence the numberless rites and ceremonies in which the barbarous, the licentious, the grotesque met together. Hence the sacerdotal functions and vestments with all their sensuous splendor, well calculated to captivate and inspire with awe the simple minds of the uneducated masses. Hence the subtle disquisitions, the hair-splitting sophistry, the crude and harsh dogmas, the orthodoxies, heterodoxies, and schisms, and all the repulsive practices of fanatics and ascetics, the whole structure being stained and unutterably degraded by the indelible infamy of execrable cruelties, inflicted not less on wholly defenceless and innocent animals than on men and women; and this creation of human illusion has fixed and dominated the different customs and institutions which have prevailed from age to age, dating from the remotest past!

But in course of time the process of disillusion began. The earth, which once seemed to be the centre of all things, being regarded as a kind of flat plate, bordered by the Ocean, and arched over by a solid firmament, in which were set sun, moon and stars, gradually came to take its place as a tiny member of one of an infinite number of solar systems in an infinite universe, without beginning and without end. This, however, was only a preface to what was to come. The far-reaching researches of modern times in the realms of physics and chemistry have revealed the enormous chasm which separates that which *seems* from that which *is*, and have disclosed a kosmos totally unlike anything ever dreamt of by our forefathers, who had nothing to guide them but the testimony of their senses.

The phenomena of sound and light, with all their beauty or ugliness, are now known to be wholly subjective and non-existent, except in the brain which translates into what is called sound and light the nerve impressions which it receives, when the ear is stimulated by air-vibrations, or the eye by the pulses of energy which surge throughout the universe everlastingly; so that, apart from eyes and ears, the only reality left is a ceaseless throbbing activity in an eternal night of unbroken silence.

So much for the sense-impressions of seeing and hearing. Still more profoundly significant is the discovery that the atom is not a simple indivisible particle, but a complicated system, consisting of a positive nucleus or proton, with a swarm of negative electrons revolving round it at relatively considerable distances,—not unlike an infinitesimal solar system.* It is obvious that we are here face to face with a disillusion of the

first magnitude, leading, as it does, to the necessary conclusion that what is called matter is nothing but electricity, or force, or energy, or activity, or by whatever other name we may try to denote that which is, and will be for ever, unthinkable and therefore unnameable. To know what *that* is, we should have to get outside the forms of our intellect, that is outside ourselves. But we *are* it; or, in the words of the poet: it is "closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet".

Moreover the old distinction between Mind and Matter, which throughout the ages has given rise to much embittered strife and vacuous verbosity, now falls to the ground; and the phenomena of matter, (whether living, or non-living), no less than of mind, extending from the lowliest beginnings of plant-life up to man, (as these phenomena appear to us in terms of our consciousness), are found to be merely different forms of one and the same Energy, or Activity.† *In terms of our consciousness*: because outside these terms such differences have doubtless no existence.

It is thus that many illusions relating to the phenomenal universe, inevitable as they were in the past, have faded away before the growing light of the intellect, and we now find ourselves, literally, in presence of "a new heaven and a new earth".

But if the intellect has won a clearer knowledge of the cosmic structure, it has, unhappily, not succeeded in overthrowing the illusions which have always governed human society. This is because the latter depend on the Will, that is, on the desires and passions, which, except in a few isolated individuals, are always stronger than the intellect.

The savage, that lurks beneath man's boasted civilisation, ever ready to emerge with hands imbrued in blood; the hateful cruelty inflicted on other highly sensitive life-forms, to provide pastime for the idleness of the rich; the barbarities which in many countries the lower orders practise on the poor living things that are their helpless slaves; the feverish unrest, especially in Europe, where the little peoples, of races and customs reciprocally repugnant, building higher and yet higher their walls of partition, glare with envious eyes at their neighbours' possessions; and maddened by jealous suspicion and ambitious dreams of power and place, infused with self and vain conceits, are ready at any moment to blot each other out by a deadly rain of poison-gases; the morbid craving for sensations, excitements and amusements, which are filled with unhealthy,



Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.
Weeping Ananda at Polonnaruwa.

* The number of electrons in the atom varies from one in hydrogen to about two hundred in uranium.

† It is characteristic of human vanity to ascribe to this Power anthropomorphic and, in recent times, even friendly attributes. But apart from other considerations, the fact that all life-forms with which we are acquainted, depend for their existence on the horrible process of devouring each other alone suffices to prove the contrary.

if not repulsive, sexual suggestions; the conspicuous and growing lack of true courtesy and kindly consideration in all the manifold forms of human intercourse which are saturated with sordid vulgarity; the aggressive ugliness of female fashions and attire, which seem expressly designed to rob women of whatever charms Nature may have given them, and this, apparently, with the complaisant approval of husbands, fathers, brothers; the universal rush and strain which have fastened on all the activities, whether of business, or of pleasure, and which are largely the cause of the wide-spread nervous diseases that turn life into a curse; the fatuous mentality, which in restless dissatisfaction with things as they are, yet devoid of all clear, sane, independent and objective thinking makes no attempt to discover whether perchance there be a real remedy, but lightly turns to any new idea, method or system, however extravagant, (whether in politics or theology) as a panacea to regenerate the world:— all these evil things, for which man alone is responsible, spring from illusions. They are blind searchings in quest of imaginary satisfactions, which like the tempting fruit before the eyes of Tantalos, for ever elude the longing grasp. And, what is worse, these characteristics of human nature turn large portions of the earth into enclosures of spiteful apes, full of noise, strife, clamour and confusion, where the inmates, divided against themselves, into little chattering groups, play odious tricks upon each other, thus adding greatly to the sum of those inevitable sufferings which are the toll levied by Nature on all living things.

Is there anything, it may be asked, that is not an illusion? Amid the stormy seas of existence, is there nothing that lies wholly outside illusion, nothing that perchance might guide the ship of human destiny into smoother waters?

There is something that lies outside the region of illusion, of mythology, of superstition, and which therefore can never be subject to disillusion.

All the Sacred Books of the world contain precepts of right thinking, of right acting, of right living. These rules of life were taught by idealists of different races, at different dates, under widely different circumstances and from different points of view. Hence also the motives, whether worldly or other-worldly, adduced for their observance, show much diversity; while they all in substance agree with regard to that which constitutes the good life.

They are, it is true, counsels of perfection, and being such, the world, (in so far as it has had any knowledge of their existence), regarding their standpoint as wholly fantastic and impracticable, has of course always dismissed them with a supercilious smile of contempt, instead of at least trying to follow them, however feebly, and as it were, from afar.

The real motive lies hidden in the heart of things, outside the ken of the vast majority of mankind. We refer to the essential unity of the life-force in all its manifold appearance forms—a principle which has now been fully recognised by biologists, and which Wordsworth was unconsciously feeling after in many passages of his poetry; for instance, when he wrote:

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often
lie too deep for
tears.”

And again, in the beautiful lines addressed to the Daisy:

“Sweet silent creature

That breath'st with me
in sun and air,

Do thou, as thou art
wont, repair

My heart with gladness,
and a share

Of thy meek nature!”



The Pioneers of the Buddhist Revival in Ceylon, 1889.

But that which has now been laboriously won as a dry scientific fact, with little or no effect on the world at large, was long ago in India intuitively perceived in all its fulness, in all its significance. To those Seers of old, who lived so close to Nature, their mother, who listened to the busy forest-folk around them, and learnt and understood their ways, there came the vision of the metaphysical identity of all life-forms, which in their eyes transformed the whole aspect of the world, so that they recognised themselves again in every living thing, and every living thing in themselves. Hence it came about that counsels prompted by the light of this intuition are everywhere entwined in their Sacred Books, like threads of pure gold.

For practical purposes it matters little what motive be adduced for obeying the precepts of right thinking, of right endeavour, of right action, provided it be efficient; but the testimony of history makes it sufficiently evident that none of these motives have ever been taken seriously by mankind as a whole, and the reason is not far to seek.

To say nothing of the other theologies of the world, whose records are stained from first to last with blood and tears, and wholly excluding the Buddhist philosophy which lies altogether on a higher plane, it should not be forgotten that for twenty centuries the different Churches of Christendom have never spent their time in devotedly obeying and zealously teaching the two Commandments which according to the Evangelist were specially selected by the Christ from the Hebrew Scriptures.* Instead of this, with treacherous disloyalty to their Master,† they have always preferred to occupy themselves in formulating contradictory dogmas and articles, in wasting their energies on the barren seas of bitter hatred and strife, and in committing unnumbered acts of atrocious cruelty both physical and mental.

In view of this extraordinary, not to say, repulsive spectacle, it is not surprising that the world has always refused to attempt even the slightest approximation to those sublime precepts which, obscured by thick layers of mythology and superstition, have never been adequately presented as the one thing needful.

Nor is there much in the aspect of human affairs today to encourage the prospect of a happier morrow.

Does anyone suppose that man has changed his nature since the Great War? That the schemes of ambition and of aggrandisement at the cost of other people have lost their fascination? That there are no danger spots which may explode at any time with frightful violence? That the mediæval system of annexation and of forcibly denationalising the conquered is obsolete?

Does anyone doubt but that at the first favourable conjuncture the old deadly struggle for power and space will burst out afresh, reinforced with all the new and overwhelmingly destructive resources which Science has now placed in human hands?

These and other hitherto unimagined discoveries of the intellect cannot be said to make the course of life on this planet smoother, more peaceful or more reasonable; on the contrary, the pathological symptoms of nervous excitement are rather increasing than decreasing, and we find an exact reflection of them in the hysterical extravagances of the press, and in the spasmodic dissonances and grotesque ugliness of productions,

which, supposed to be artistic, are merely ridiculous caricatures of the real thing.

With the unique exception of scientific research, the fact remains that nearly all human happenings are still governed by illusions, and it is vain to look forward to better things unless we patiently tread the path that leads to them, and which has been clearly marked out by the great Seers. The world goes on its way—in the opposite direction, and would not be persuaded, “though one rose from the dead”.

For just as in the past the Seers have always been misunderstood and rejected by the blind multitude, just as their real teaching has been defaced and made of none effect by fantastic superstitions, so assuredly in the future, a better age will never be born through the advent of any World-Deliverer, who is to

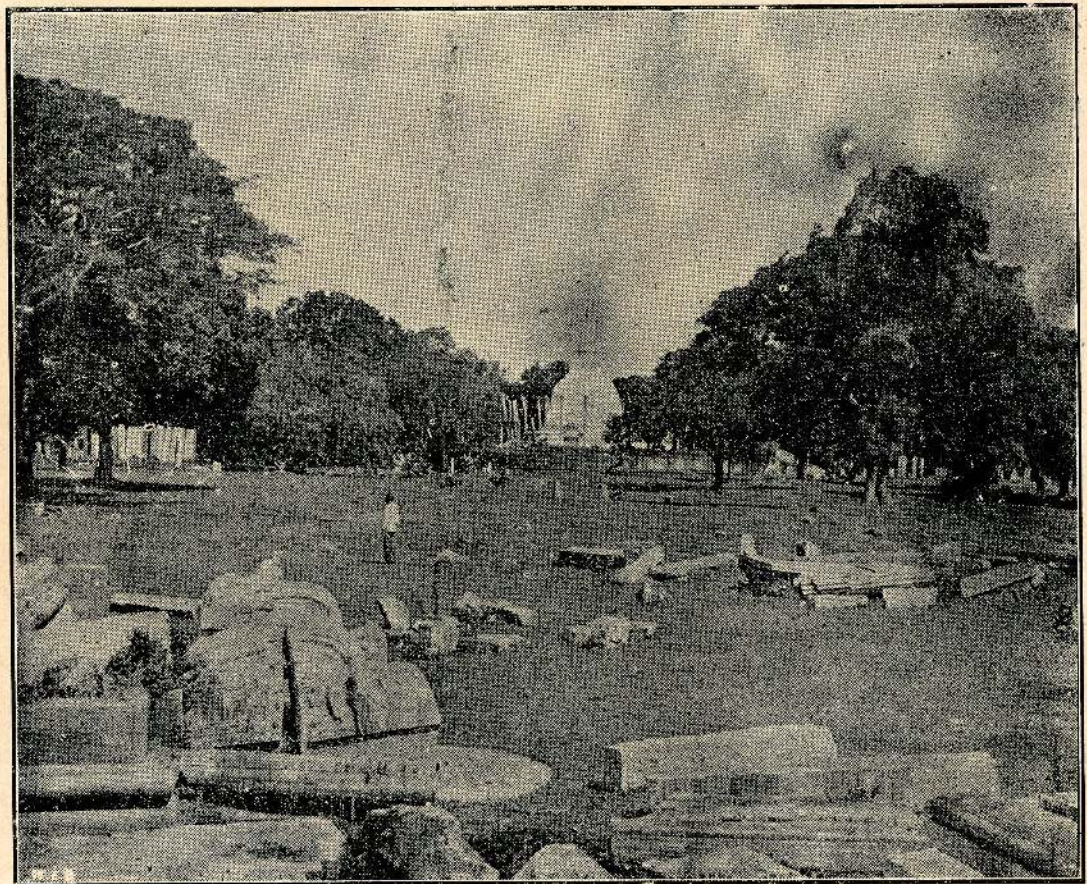


Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

Thuparama (distant view) showing surrounding ruins.

do what each individual must do for himself. “By oneself evil is done, by oneself one suffers, by oneself evil is left undone, by oneself one is purified.”

The world, if ever, must be liberated by itself. Perhaps some day, at last grown weary of the tangled webs of illusion which bring no healing to their sorrows, men may cease to “readily believe what they wish”, and turn for deliverance to that wisdom which lies far removed from the clashing discords of all Churches and all theologies, and which, looking through the veil of infinite diversity, has penetrated to the underlying eternal Unity.

* V. Deut. VI. 5 and Levit. XIX. 18

† “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” John XIII. 35.

THE HATRED OF THE QUEEN.

A STORY OF BURMA.

[BY MRS. L. ADAMS-BECK.]



MOST wonderful is the Irawadi, the mighty river of Burma. In all the world elsewhere is no such river, bearing the melted snows from its mysterious sources in the high places of the mountains. The dawn rises upon its league-wide flood; the moon walks upon it with silver feet. It is the pulsing heart of the land, living still though so many rules and rulers have risen and fallen beside it, their pomps and glories drifting like flotsam down the river to the eternal ocean that is the end of all—and the beginning. Dead civilisations strew its banks, dreaming in the torrid sunshine of glories that were—of blood-stained gold, jewels wept from woeful crowns, nightmare dreams of murder and terror; dreaming also of heavenly beauty, for the Lord Buddha looks down in moonlight peace upon the land that leaped to kiss His footprints, that has laid its heart in the hands of the Blessed One, and shares therefore in His bliss and content. The Land of the Lord Buddha, where the myriad pagodas lift their golden flames of worship everywhere, and no idlest wind can pass but it ruffles the bells below the *htees* until they send forth their silver ripple of music to swell the hymn of praise!

There is a little bay on the bank of the flooding river—a silent, deserted place of sand-dunes and small hills. When a ship is in sight, some poor folk come and spread out the red lacquer that helps their scanty subsistence, and the people from the passing ship land and barter and in a few minutes are gone on their busy way and silence settles down once more. They neither know nor care that, near by, a mighty city spread its splendour for miles along the river bank, that the king known as Lord of the Golden Palace, The Golden Foot, Lord of the White Elephant held his state here with halls of magnificence, obsequious women, fawning courtiers and all the riot and colour of an Eastern tyranny. How should they care? Now there are ruins—ruins, and the cobras slip in and out through the deserted holy places. They breed their writhing young in the sleeping chambers of queens, the tigers mew in the moonlight, and the giant spider, more terrible than the cobra, strikes with its black poison-claw and paralyzing the life of the victim, sucks its brain with slow pleasure.

But this is a story of the dead days of Pagān, by the Irawadi, and it will be shown that, as the Lotus of the Lord Buddha grows up a white splendour from the black mud of the depths, so also may the soul of a woman.

In the days of the Lord of the White Elephant, the King Pagan Men, was a boy named Mindōn, son of the second Queen and the King. So, at least, it was said in the Golden Palace, but those who know the secrets of such matters whispered that the boy was the son of an Indian trader. Furthermore it was said that she herself was a woman of the Rajputs, knowledgeable in spells, incantations and elemental spirits such as the Belooos that terribly haunt waste places and all Powers that move in the dark, and that thus she had won the King. Certainly she had been captured by the King's war-boats off the coast from a trading ship bound for Ceylon. Being captured, she was brought to the Lord of the Golden Palace. The tongue she spoke was strange to all the fighting men, but it was wondrous to see how swiftly she learnt theirs and spoke it with a sweet ripple such as is in the throat of a bird.

She was beautiful exceedingly, with a colour of pale gold upon her and lengths of silk-spun hair, and eyes like those of a jungle-deer, and water might run beneath the arch of her foot without wetting it.

Now, at Pagān, the name they called her was Dwaymenau, but her true name, known only to herself, was Sundari, and she knew not the Law of the Blessed Buddha but was a heathen accursed. In the strong hollow of her hand she held the heart of the King, so that on the birth of her son

she had risen to be the second Queen and a power to whom all bowed. The first Queen, Maya, languished in her palace, her pale beauty wasting daily, deserted and lonely, for she had been the light of the King's eyes until the coming of the Indian woman, and she loved her Lord with a great love and was a noble woman brought up in honour and all things becoming a queen. But, sigh as she would, the King never came. All day he sat beside Dwaymenau, whether at the great water pageants or at the festival when the dancing-girls swayed and postured in her gilded chambers. Even when he went

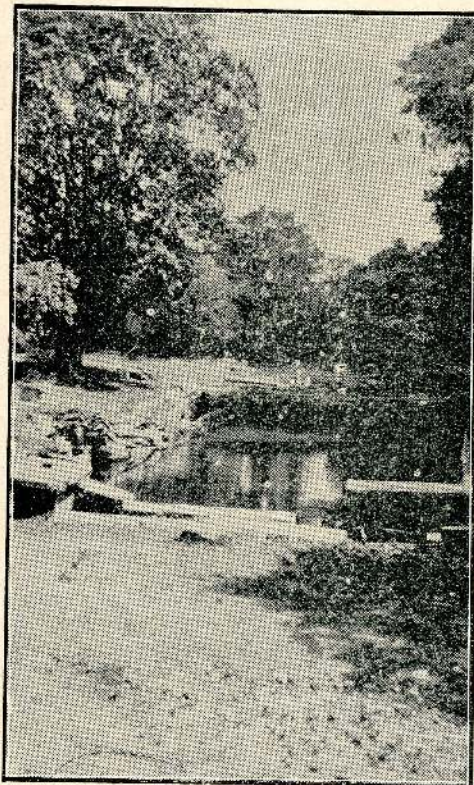


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.
Stone Bath at Anuradhapura.

forth to hunt the tiger, she went with him as far as a woman may go, and then stood back only because he would not risk his jewel, her life. So all that was evil in the man she fostered and all that was good she cherished not at all, fearing lest he should return to the Queen. At her will he had consulted the Council of the Ministers, concerning a divorce of the Queen, but this they told him could not be since she had kept all the laws of Manu, being faithful, noble and beautiful and having borne him a son.

For, before the Indian woman had come to the King, the Queen had borne a son, Ananda, and he was pale and slender and the King despised him because of the wiles of Dwaymenau, saying he was fit only to sit among the women, having the soul of a slave, and he laughed bitterly as the pale child crouched in the corner to see him pass. If his eyes had been clear, he would have known that here was no slave, but a heart as much greater than his own as the spirit is stronger than the body. But this he did not know and he strode past with Dwaymenau's boy on his shoulder, laughing with cruel glee.

And this boy, Mindōn, was beautiful and strong as his mother, pale olive of face, with the dark and crafty eyes of the Indian traders, with black hair and a body straight, strong and long in the leg for his years—apt at the beginnings of bow, sword and spear—full of promise, if the promise was only words and looks.

And so matters rested in the palace until Ananda had ten years and Mindōn nine.

It was the warm and sunny winter and the days were pleasant, and on a certain day the Queen, Maya, went with her ladies to worship the Blessed One at the Thapinyu Temple, looking down upon the swiftly flowing river. The temple was exceedingly rich and magnificent, so gilded with pure gold-leaf that it appeared of solid gold. And about the upper part were golden bells beneath the jewelled *htee* which danced very sweetly in the wind and gave forth a crystal-clear music. The ladies bore in their hands more gold-leaf, that they might acquire merit by offering this for the service of the Master of the Law, and indeed this temple was the offering of the Queen herself, who, because she bore the name of the Mother of the Lord, excelled in good works and was the Moon of this lower world in charity and piety.

Though wan with grief and anxiety, this Queen was beautiful. Her eyes, like mournful lakes of darkness, were lovely in the pale ivory of her face. Her lips were nobly set

and calm, and by the favour of the Guardian Nats she was shaped with grace and health, a worthy mother of kings. Also she wore her jewels like a mighty princess, a magnificence to which all the people *shikoed* as she passed, folding their hands and touching the forehead while they bowed down, kneeling.

Before the colossal image of the Holy One she made her offering and, attended by her women, she sat in meditation, drawing consolation from the Tranquillity above her and the silence of the shrine. This ended, the Queen rose and did obeisance to the Lord and, retiring, paced back beneath the White Canopy and entered the courtyard where the palace stood—a place of noble teak wood, brown and golden and carved like lace into strong fantasies of spires and pinnacles and branches where Nats and Tree Spirits and Beloos and swaying river-maidens mingled and met amid fruits and leaves and flowers in a wide and joyous confusion. The faces, the blowing garments, whirled into points with the swiftness of the dance, were touched with gold, and so glad was the building that it seemed as if a very light wind might whirl it to the sky, and even the sad Queen stopped to rejoice in its beauty as it blossomed in the sunlight.

And as she paused her little son Ananda rushed to meet her, pale and panting, and flung himself into her arms with dry sobs like those of an over-run man. She soothed him until he

could speak, and then the grief made way in a rain of tears.

"Mindōn has killed my deer. He bared his knife, slit his throat and cast him in the ditch and there he lies."

"There he will not lie long!" shouted Mindōn, breaking from the palace to the group where all were silent now. "For the worms will eat him and the dogs pick clean his bones, and he will show his horns at his lords no more. If you loved him, White-liver, you should have taught him better manners towards his betters."

With a stifled shriek Ananda caught the slender knife from his girdle and flew at Mindōn like a cat of the woods. Such things were done daily by young and old, and this was a long sorrow come to a head between the boys.

Sullenly, lifting the hangings of the palace gateway, before them stood the mother of Mindōn, the Lady Dwaymenau, pale as wool, having heard the shout of her boy, so that the two Queens faced each other, each holding the

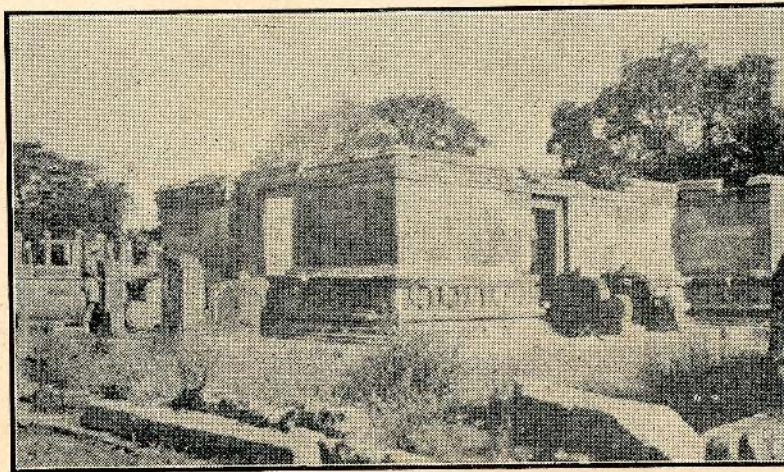


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate Kandy
AT POLONNARUWA.

shoulders of her son, and the ladies watched, mute as fishes, for it was years since these two had met.

"What have you done to my son?" breathed Maya the Queen, dry in the throat and all but speechless with passion. For indeed his face, for a child, was ghastly.

"Look at his knife! What would he do to my son?" Dwaymenau was stiff with hate and spoke as to a slave.

"He has killed my deer and mocks me because I loved him. He is the devil in this place. Look at the devils in his eyes. Look quick, before he smiles, my mother."

And indeed, young as the boy was, an evil thing sat in either eye and glittered upon them. Dwaymenau passed her hand across his brow, and he smiled and they were gone.

"The beast ran at me and would have flung me with his horns," he said, looking up brightly at his mother. "He had the madness upon him. I struck once and he was dead. My father would have done the same."

"That would he not!" said Queen Maya bitterly. "Your father would have crept up, fawning on the deer and offered him the fruits he loved, stroking him the while. And in trust the beast would have eaten and the poison in the fruit would have slain him. For the people of your father meet neither man nor beast in fair fight. With a kiss they stab!"

Horror kept the women staring and silent. No one had dreamed that the scandal had reached the Queen. Never had she spoken or looked her knowledge but endured all in patience. Now it sprang out like a sword among them, and they feared for Maya whom all loved.

Mindōn did not understand. It was beyond him, but he saw he was scorned. Dwaymenau, her face rigid as a mask, looked pitilessly at the shaking Queen, and each word dropped from her mouth hard and cold as the falling of diamonds. She refused the insult.

"If it is thus you speak of our lord and my love what wonder he forsakes you? Mother of a craven, milk runs in your veins and his for blood. Take your slinking brat away and weep together! My son and I go forth to meet the King as he comes from hunting, and to welcome him in kingly wise!"

She caught her boy to her with a magnificent gesture; he flung his little arm about her, and, laughing loudly, they went off together.

The tension relaxed a little when they were out of sight. The women knew that, since Dwaymenau had refused to take the

Queen's meaning, she would certainly not carry her complaint to the King. They guessed at her reason for this forbearance, but be that as it might, it was certain that no other person would dare to tell him and risk the fate that waits the messenger of evil.

The eldest lady led away the Queen, now almost tottering in the reaction of fear and pain. Oh, that she had controlled her speech! Not for her own sake—for she had lost all and the beggar can lose no more—but for the boy's sake, the unloved child that stood between the stranger and her hopes. For him she had made a terrible enemy. Weeping, the boy followed her.

"Take comfort, little son," she said, drawing him to her tenderly. "The deer can suffer no more. For the tigers, he does not fear them. He runs in green woods now where there is none to hunt. He is up and away. The Blessed One was once a deer as gentle as yours."

But still the child wept, and the Queen broke down utterly. "Oh, if life be a dream, let us wake, let us wake!" she sobbed. "For evil things walk in it that cannot live in the light. Or let us dream deeper and forget. Go, little son, yet stay—for who can tell what waits us when the King comes. Let us meet him here."

For she believed that Dwaymenau would certainly carry the tale of her speech to the King, and, if so, what hope but death together?

That night, after the feasting, when the girls were dancing the dance of the fairies and spirits, in gold dresses, winged on the legs and shoulders, and high gold-spired and pinnacled caps, the King missed the little Prince, Ananda, and asked why he was absent.

No one answered, the women looking upon each other, until Dwaymenau sitting beside him glimmering with rough pearls and rubies, spoke smoothly:

"Lord, worshipped and beloved, the two boys quarrelled this day, and Ananda's deer attacked our Mindōn. He had a madness upon him and thrust with his horns. But Mindōn, your true son, flew in upon him and in a great fight he slit the beast's throat with the knife you gave him. Did he not well?"

"Well," said the King briefly, "But is there no hurt? Have you searched? For he is mine."

There was arrogance in the last sentence and her proud soul rebelled, but smoothly as ever she spoke:

"I have searched and there is not the littlest scratch.

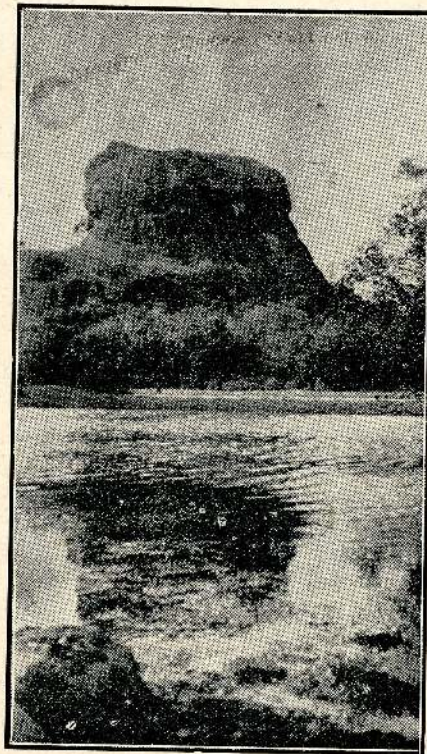


Photo by Mr. L. V. Loos, Advocate, Kandy.
SIGIRIYA.

But Ananda is weeping because the deer is dead, and his mother is angry. What should I do?"

"Nothing. Ananda is worthless and worthless let him be! And for that pale shadow that was once a woman, let her be forgotten. And now, drink, my Queen!"

And Dwaymenau drank but the drink was bitter to her, for a ghost had risen upon her that day. She had never dreamed that such a scandal had been spoken, and it stunned her very soul with fear, that the Queen should know her vileness and the cheat she had put upon the King. As pure maid he had received her, and she knew, none better, what the doom would be if his trust were broken and he knew the child not his. She herself had seen this thing done to one who had a little offended. She was thrust living in a sack and this hung between two earthen jars pierced with small holes, and thus she was set afloat on the terrible river. And not before the slow filling and sinking of the jars was the agony over and the cries for mercy stilled. No, the Queen's speech was safe with her, but was it safe with the Queen? For her silence, Dwaymenau must take measures.

Then she put it all aside and laughed and jested with the King and did indeed for a time forget, for she loved him for his black-browed beauty and his courage and royalty and the childlike trust and the man's passion that mingled in him for her. Daily and nightly such prayers as she made to strange gods were that she might bear a son, true son of his.

Next day, in the noonday stillness when all slept, she led her young son by the hand to her secret chamber, and, holding him upon her knees in that rich and golden place, she lifted his face to hers and stared into his eyes. And so unwavering was her gaze, so mighty the hard, unblinking stare that his own was held against it, and he stared back as the earth stares breathless at the moon. Gradually the terror faded out of his eyes; they glazed as if in a trance; his head fell stupidly against her bosom; his spirit stood on the borderland of being and waited.

Seeing this, she took his palm, and, moulding it like wax, into the cup of it she dropped clear fluid from a small vessel of

pottery with the fylfot upon its side and the discs of the god Shiva. And strange it was to see that lore of India in the palace where the Blessed Law reigned in peace. Then, fixing her eyes with power upon Mindōn, she bade him, a pure child, see for her in its clearness.

"Only virgin-pure can see!" she muttered, staring into his eyes. "See! See!"

The eyes of Mindōn were closing. He half opened them and looked dully at his palm. His face was pinched and yellow.

"A woman—a child, on a long couch. Dead! I see!"

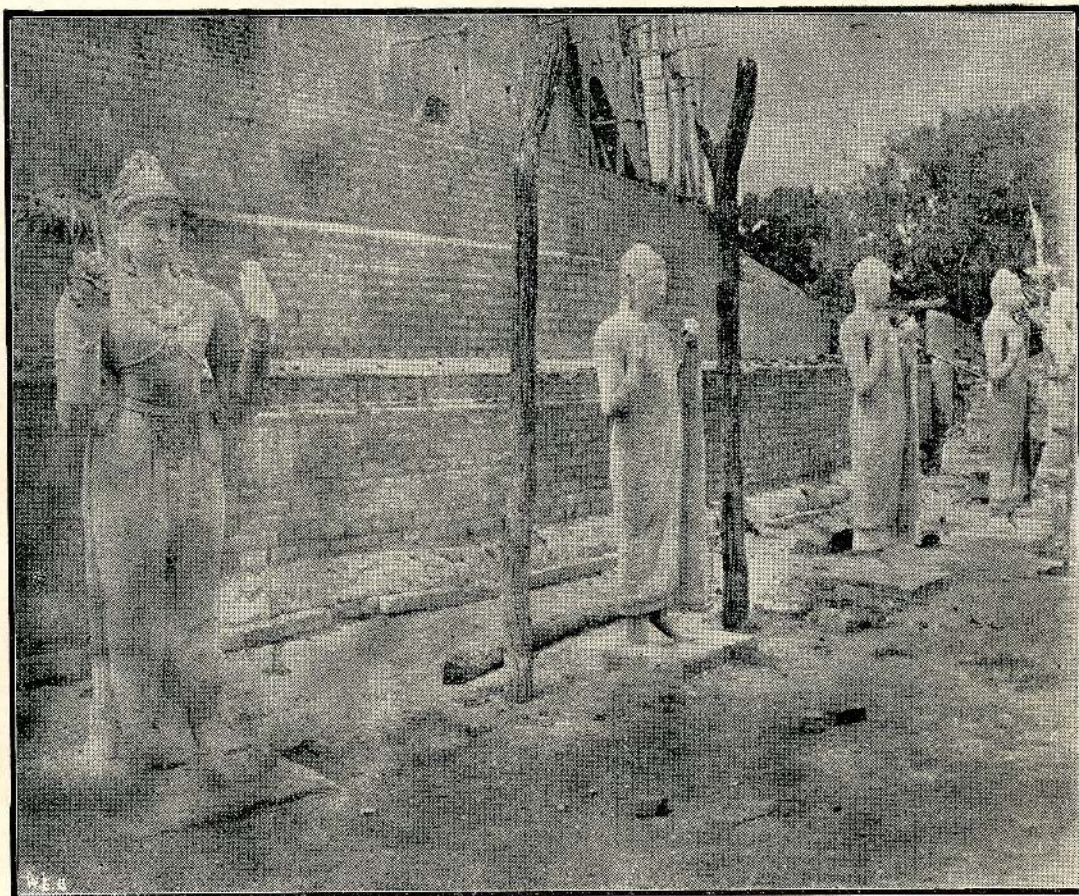


Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd. Ceylon.

MONOLITHIC STATUES AT RUANVELI DAGOBA, ANURADHAPURA.

"See her face. Is her head crowned with the Queen's jewels? See!"

"Jewels. I cannot see her face. It is hidden."

"Why is it hidden?"

"A robe across her face. Oh, let me go!"

"And the child? See!"

"Let me go. Stop—my head—my head! I cannot see. The child is hidden. Her arms hold it. A woman stoops above them."

"A woman? Who? Is it like me? Speak! See!"

"A woman. It is like you, mother—it is like you. I fear very greatly. A knife—a knife! Blood! I cannot see—I cannot speak! I—I sleep!"

His face was ghastly white now, his body cold and collapsed. Terrified she caught him to her breast and relaxed the power of her will upon him. For that moment, she was only the passionate mother and quaked to think she might have hurt him. An hour passed and he slept heavily in her arms, and in agony she watched to see the colour steal back into the olive cheek and white lips. In the second hour he waked and stretched himself indolently, yawning like a cat. Her tears dropped like rain upon him as she clasped him violently to her.

He writhed himself free, petulant and spoilt.

"Let me be. I hate kisses and women's tricks. I want to go forth and play. I have had a devil's dream."

"What did you see in your dream, prince of my heart?" She caught frantically at the last chance.

"A deer—a tiger. I have forgotten. Let me go."

He ran off and she sat alone with her doubts and fears. Yet triumph coloured them too. She saw a dead woman, a dead child, and herself bending above them. She hid the vessel in her bosom and went out among her women.

Weeks passed, and never a word that she dreaded from Maya the Queen. The women of Dwaymenau, questioning the Queen's women, heard that she seemed to have heavy sorrow upon her. Her eyes were like dying lamps and she faded as they. The King never entered her palace. Drowned in Dwaymenau's wiles and beauty, her slave, her thrall, he forgot all else but his fighting, his hunting and his long war-boats, and whether the Queen lived or died, he cared nothing. Better indeed she should die and her place be emptied for the beloved, without offence to her powerful kindred.

And now he was to sail upon a raid against the Shan Tsaubwa, who had denied him a tribute of gold and jewels and slaves. Glorious were the boats prepared for war, of brown teak and gilded until they shone like gold. Seventy men rowed them, sword and lance beside each. Warriors crowded them, flags and banners fluttered about them; the shining water reflected the pomp like a mirror and the air rang with song. Dwaymenau stood beside the water with her women,

bidding the King farewell, and so he saw her, radiant in the dawn, with her boy beside her, and waved his hand to the last.

The ships were gone and the days languished a little at Pagān. They missed the laughter and royalty of the King, and few men, and those old and weak, were left in the city. The pulse of life beat slower.

And Dwaymenau took rule in the golden palace. Queen Maya sat like one in a dream and questioned nothing, and



Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

THE KELANIYA TEMPLE, CEYLON.

Dwaymenau ruled with wisdom, but none loved her. To all she was the interloper, the witch-woman, the outland upstart. Only the fear of the King guarded her and her boy, but that was strong. The boys played together sometimes, Mindōn tyrannising and cruel, Ananda fearing and complying, broken in spirit.

Maya, the Queen, walked daily in the long and empty Golden Hall of Audience, where none came now that the King was gone, pacing up and down, gazing wearily at the carved screens and all their woodland beauty of gods that did not hear, of happy spirits that had no pity. Like a spirit herself she passed between the red pillars, appearing and reappearing with steps that made no sound, consumed with hate of the evil woman who had stolen her joy. Like a slow fire it burned in her soul and the peace of the Blessed One was hidden

from her, and she had forgotten His peace. In that atmosphere of hate her life dwindled. Her son's dwindled also, and there was talk among the women of some potion that Dwaymenau had been seen to drop into his noontide drink as she went swiftly by. That might be the gossip of malice, but he pined. His eyes were large like a young bird's; his hands like little claws. They thought the departing year would take him with it. What harm? Very certainly the King would shed no tear.

It was a sweet and silent afternoon and she wandered in the great and lonely hall, sickened with the hate in her soul and her fear for her boy. Suddenly she heard flying footsteps—a boy's, running in mad haste in the outer hall and, following them, bare feet, soft, thudding—

She stopped dead and every pulse cried—Danger!

No time to think or breathe when Mindōn burst into sight, wild with terror, and following close behind him a man—a mad man, a short bright *dah* in his grasp, his jaws grinding foam, his wild eyes starting—afire with passion to murder. So sometimes from the Nats comes pitiless fury, and men run mad and kill and none knows why.

Maya the Queen stiffened to meet the danger. Joy swept through her soul; her weariness was gone. A fierce smile showed her teeth—a smile of hate, as she stood there and drew her dagger for

defence. For defence—for the man would rend the boy and turn on her, and she would not die. She would live to triumph that the mongrel was dead, and her son the Prince again and his father's joy—for his heart would turn to the child most surely. Justice was rushing on its victim. She would see it and live content, the long years of agony wiped out in blood, as was fitting. She would not flee; she would see it and rejoice. And as she stood in gladness—these broken thoughts rushing through her like flashes of lightning—

Mindōn saw her by the pillar and screaming in anguish for the first time, fled to her for refuge.

She raised her knife to meet the staring eyes, the chalk-white face, and drive him back on the murderer. If the man failed she would not! And even as she did this a strange thing befell. Something stronger than hate swept her away like a leaf on the river. It was stronger than she. It was not the hated Mindōn—she saw him no more. Suddenly it was the eternal Child lifting dying appealing eyes to the Woman, as he clung to her knees. She did think this—she felt it, and it

dominated her utterly. The Woman answered. As if it had been her own flesh and blood she swept the panting body behind her and faced the man with uplifted dagger and knew her victory assured, whether in life or death. On came the horrible rush, the flaming eyes, and, if it was chance that set the dagger against his throat it was cool strength that drove it home and never wavered until the blood welling from the throat quenched the flame in the wild eyes, and she stood triumphing like a war-goddess, with the man at her feet. Then, strong and flushed, Maya the Queen gathered the half-dead boy in her arms, and both drenched with blood they moved slowly down the hall and outside met the hurrying crowd, with Dwaymenau whom the scream had brought to find her son.



Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

The Third Flight of Steps (top) up to Mihintale and Maha Seya Dagoba, Ceylon.

"You have killed him! She has killed him!"

Scarcely could the Rajput woman speak. She was kneeling beside him—he hideous with blood. "She hated him always. She has murdered him. Seize her!"

"Woman, what matter your hates and mine?" the Queen said slowly. "The boy is stark with fear. Carry him in and send for old Meh Shway Gōn. Woman, be silent."

When a Queen commands, men and women obey, and a Queen commanded them. A huddled group lifted the child and carried him away, Dwaymenau with them, still uttering wild threats, and the Queen was left alone.

She could not realise what she had done and left undone. She could not understand it. She had hated, sickened with loathing, as it seemed for ages, and now, in a moment it had blown away like a whirlwind that is gone. Hate was washed out of her soul and had left it cool and white as the Lotus of the Blessed One. What power had Dwaymenau to hurt her when that other Power walked beside her? She seemed to float above her in high air and look down upon her with compassion. Strength, virtue flowed in her veins; weakness, fear were fantasies. She could not understand, but knew that here was perfect enlightenment. About her echoed the words of the Blessed One: "Never in this world doth hatred cease by hatred, but only by love. This is an old rule."

"Whereas I was blind, now I see," said Maya the Queen slowly to her own heart. She had grasped the hems of the Mighty.

Words cannot speak the still passion of strength and joy that possessed her. Her step was light. As she walked her soul sang within her, for thus it is with those that have received the Law. About them is the Peace.

In the dawn she was told that the Queen, Dwaymenau, would speak with her, and without a tremor she who had shaken like a leaf at that name commanded that she should enter. It was Dwaymenau that trembled as she came into that unknown place.

With cloudy brows and eyes that would reveal no secret, she stood before the high seat where the Queen sat pale and majestic.

"Is it well with the boy?" the Queen asked earnestly.

"Well," said Dwaymenau, fingering the silver bosses of her girdle.

"Then is there more to say?" The tone was that of the great lady who courteously ends an audience.

"There is more. The men brought in the body and in its throat your dagger was sticking. And my son has told me that your body was a shield to him. You offered your life for his. I did not think to thank you—but I thank you." She ended abruptly and still her eyes never met the Queen's.

"I accept your thanks. Yet a mother could do no less."

The tone was one of dismissal but still Dwaymenau lingered.

"The dagger," she said and drew it from her bosom. On the clear pointed blade the blood had curdled and dried. "I never thought to ask a gift of you, but this dagger is a memorial of my son's danger. May I keep it?"

"As you will. Here is the sheath." From her girdle she drew it—rough silver, encrusted with rubies from the mountains.

The hand rejected it.

"Jewels I cannot take, but bare steel is a fitting gift between us two."

"As you will."

The Queen spoke compassionately, and Dwaymenau, still with veiled eyes, was gone without farewell. The empty sheath lay on the seat—a symbol of the sharp-edged hate that had passed out of her life. She touched the sheath to her lips and, smiling, laid it away.

And the days went by and Dwaymenau came no more before her, and her days were fulfilled with peace. And now again the Queen ruled in the palace wisely and like a Queen, and this Dwaymenau did not dispute, but what her thoughts were no man could tell.

Then came the end.

One night the city awakened to a wild alarm. A terrible fleet of war-boats came sweeping along the river thick as locusts—the war fleet of the Lord of Prome. Battle shouts broke the peace of the night to horror; axes battered on the outer doors; the roofs of the outer buildings were all aflame. It was no wonderful incident, but a common one enough of those turbulent days—reprisal by a powerful ruler with raids and hates to avenge on the Lord of the Golden Palace. It was indeed a right to be gainsaid only by the strong arm, and the strong arm was absent; as for the men of Pagān, if the guard failed and the women's courage sank, they would return to blackened walls, empty chambers and desolation.

At Pagān the guard was small indeed, for the King's greed of plunder had taken almost every able man with him. Still, those who were left did what they could, and the women, alert and brave with but few exceptions, gathered the children and handed such weapons as they could muster to the men, and themselves taking knives and daggers, helped to defend the inner rooms.

In the farthest, the Queen, having given her commands and encouraged all with brave words like a wise and prudent princess sat with her son beside her. Her duty was now to him. Loved or unloved, he was still the heir, the root of the House-tree. If all failed, she must make ransom and terms for him, and, if they died, it must be together. He, with sparkling eyes, gay in the danger, stood by her. Thus Dwaymenau found them.

She entered quietly and without any display of emotion and stood before the high seat.

"Great Queen"—she used that title for the first time—"the leader is Men Kyinyo of Prome. There is no mercy. The end is near. Our men fall fast, the women are fleeing. I have come to say this thing; save the Prince."

"And how?" asked the Queen, still seated. "I have no power."

"I have sent to Maung Tin, abbot of the Golden Monastery, and he has said this thing. In the Kyoung across the river he can hide one child among the novices. Cut his hair swiftly and put upon him this yellow robe. The time is measured in minutes."

Then the Queen perceived, standing by the pillar, a monk of a stern, dark presence, the creature of Dwaymenau. For an instant she pondered. Was the woman selling the child to death? Dwaymenau spoke no word. Her face was a mask. A minute that seemed an hour drifted by, and the yelling and shrieks for mercy drew nearer.

"There will be pursuit," said the Queen. "They will slay him on the river. Better here with me."

"There will be no pursuit." Dwaymenau fixed her strange eyes on the Queen for the first time.

What moved in those eyes? The Queen could not tell. But despairing, she rose and went to the silent monk, leading the Prince by the hand. Swiftly he stripped the child of the silk *pasoh* of royalty, swiftly he cut the long black tresses knotted on the little head, and upon the slender golden body he set the yellow robe worn by the Lord Himself on earth and in the small hand he placed the begging bowl of the Lord. And now, remote and holy in the dress that is of all most sacred, the Prince, standing by the monk, turned to his mother and looked with grave eyes upon her, as the child Buddha looked upon his Mother—also a queen. But Dwaymenau stood by silent and lent no help as the Queen folded the Prince in her arms and laid his hand in the hand of the monk and saw them pass away among the pillars, she standing still and white.

She turned to her rival. "If you have meant truly, I thank you."

"I have meant truly."

She turned to go, but the Queen caught her by the hand.

"Why have you done this?" she asked, looking into the strange eyes of the strange woman.

Something like tears gathered in them for a moment, but she brushed them away as she said hurriedly:

"I was grateful. You saved my son. Is it not enough?"

"No, not enough!" cried the queen. "There is more. Tell me, for death is upon us."

"His footsteps are near," said the Indian, "I will speak. I love my lord. In death I will not cheat him. What you have known is true. My child is no child of his. I will not go down to death with a lie upon my lips. Come and see."

Dwaymenau was no more. Sundari, the Indian woman, awful and calm, led the Queen down the long hall and into her own chamber, where Mindōn the child slept a drugged sleep. The Queen felt that she had never known her; she herself seemed diminished in stature as she followed the stately figure, with its still, dark face. Into this room the enemy were breaking, shouldering their way at the door—a

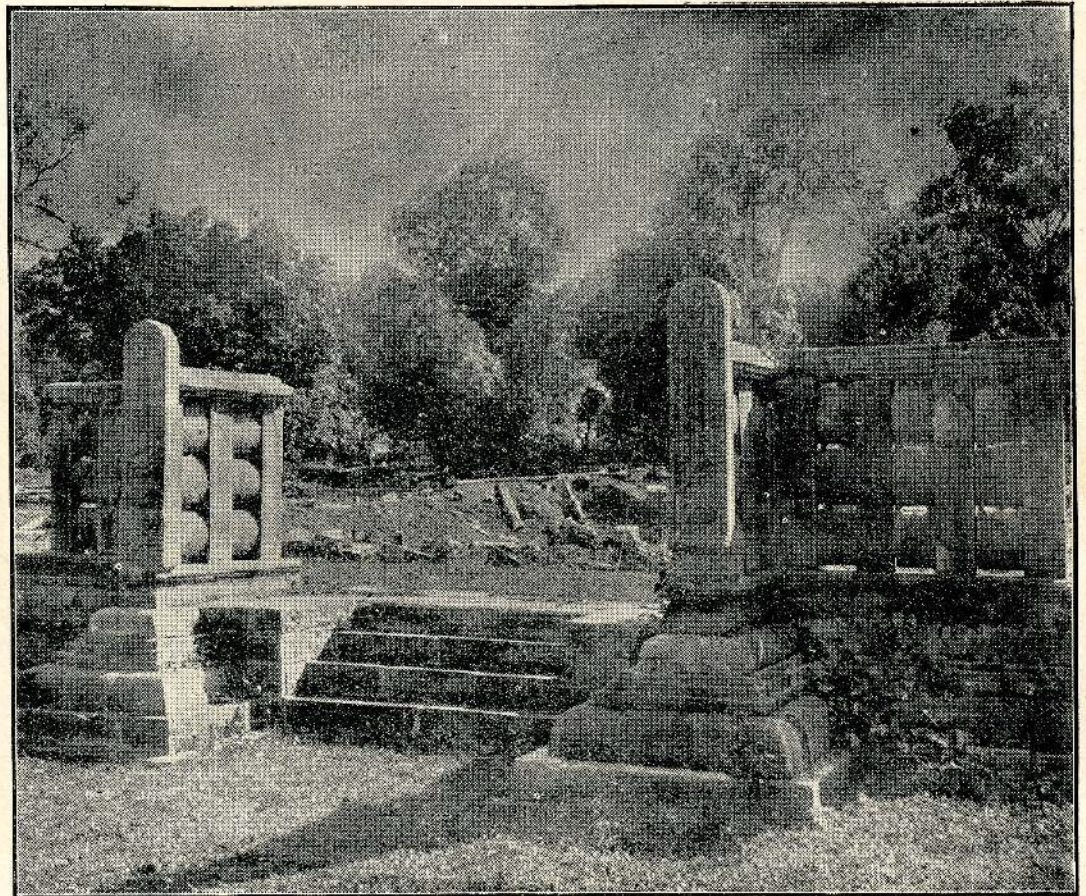


Photo by Messrs. Plate Ltd., Ceylon.

Buddhist Railing Entrance to Image House at Anuradhapura.

rabble of terrible faces. Their fury was partly checked when only a sleeping child and two women confronted them, but their leader, a grim, evil-looking man, strode from the huddle.

"Where is the son of the King?" he shouted. "Speak, women! Whose is this boy?"

Sundari laid her hand upon her son's shoulder. Not a muscle of her face flickered.

"This is his son.

"His true son—the son of Maya the Queen?"

"His true son, the son of Maya the Queen."

"Not the younger—the mongrel?"

"The younger—the mongrel, died last week of a fever."

Every moment of delay was precious. Her eyes saw only a monk and a boy fleeing across the wide river.

"Which is Maya the Queen?"

"This," said Sundari, "She cannot speak. It is her son—the Prince."

Maya had veiled her face with her hands. Her brain swam, but she understood the noble lie. This woman could love. Their lord would not be left childless. Thought beat like pulses in her—raced along her veins. She held her breath and was dumb.

"You swear it is the Prince. But why? Why do you not lie to save him if you are the King's woman?"

"Because his mother has trampled me to the earth. I am the Indian woman—the mother of the younger, who is dead and safe. She jeered at me—she mocked me. It is time I should see her suffer. Suffer now as I have suffered, Maya the Queen!"

This was reasonable—this was like the woman he had known. His doubt was gone—he laughed aloud.

"Then feed full of vengeance!" he cried, and drove his knife through the child's heart.

For a moment Sundari wavered where she stood, but she held herself and was rigid as the dead.

"*Sadhu!* Well done!" she said with an awful smile. "The tree is broken, the roots are cut. And now for us women—our fate, O master?"

"Wait here," he answered. "Let not a hair of their heads be touched. Both are fair. The two for me. For the rest draw lots when all is done."

The uproar surged away. The two stood by the dead boy. So swift had been his death that he lay as though he still slept—the black lashes pressed upon his cheek.

With the heredity of their different races upon them, neither wept. But silently the Queen opened her arms; wide as a woman that entreats she opened them to the Indian Queen, and speechlessly the two clung together. For awhile neither spoke.

"My sister!" said Maya the Queen. And again, "O great of heart!"

She laid her cheek against Sundari's and a wave of solemn joy seemed to break in her soul and flood it with life and light.

"Had I known sooner!" she said. "For now the night draws on."

"What is time?" answered the Rajput woman. "We stand before the Lords of Life and Death. The life you gave was yours, and I am unworthy to kiss the feet of the Queen. Our lord will return and his son is saved. The House can be rebuilt. My son and I were waifs washed up from the sea. Another wave washes us back to nothingness. Tell him my story and he will loathe me."

"My lips are shut," said the Queen. "Should I betray my sister's honour? When he speaks of the noble women of old, your name will be among them. What matters which

of us he loves and remembers? Your soul and mine have seen the same thing, and we are one. But I—what have I to do with life? The ship of the conqueror awaits us. Should we await it, my sister?"

The bright tears glittered in the eyes of Sundari at the tender name and the love in the face of the Queen. At last she accepted it.

"My sister, no," she said, and drew from her bosom the dagger of Maya, with the man's blood rusted upon it. "Here is the way. I have kept this dagger in token of my debt. Nightly have I kissed it, swearing that when the time came I would repay my debt to the great Queen. Shall I go first or follow, my sister?"

Her voice lingered on the word. It was precious to her. It was like clear water, laving away the stain of the shameful years.

"Your arm is strong," answered the Queen. "I go first. Because the King's son is safe, I bless you. For your love of the King, I love you. And here, standing on the verge of life, I testify that the words of the Blessed One are truth—that love is All; that hatred is Nothing."

She bared the breast that this woman had made desolate—that, with the love of this woman, was desolate no longer, and stooping, laid her hand on the brow of Mindōn. Once more they embraced, and then, strong and true, and with the Rajput passion behind the blow, the stroke fell and Sundari had given her sister the crowning mercy of deliverance.

She laid the body beside her own son, composing the stately limbs, the quiet eyelids, the black lengths of hair into majesty. So, she thought, in the great temple of the Rajput race, the Mother Goddess shed silence and awe upon her worshippers. The two lay like mother and son—one slight hand of the Queen she laid across the little body as if to guard it.

Her work done, she turned to the entrance and watched the dawn coming glorious over the river. The men shouted and quarrelled in the distance, but she heeded them no more than the chattering of apes. Her heart was away over the distance to the King, but with no passion now; so might a mother have thought of her son. He was sleeping, forgetful of even her in his dreams. What matter? She was glad at heart. The Queen was dearer to her than the King—so strange is life; so healing is death. She remembered without surprise that she had asked no forgiveness of the Queen for all the cruel wrongs, for the deadly intent—had made no confession. Again what matter? What is forgiveness when love is all?

She turned from the dawn-light to the light in the face of the Queen. It was well. Led by such a hand, she could present herself without fear before the Lords of Life and Death—she and the child. She smiled. Life is good, but death, which is more life, is better. The son of the King was safe, but her own son safer.

When the conqueror re-entered the chamber, he found the dead Queen guarding the dead child, and across her feet, as not worthy to lie beside her, was the body of the Indian most beautiful in death.

BUDDHISM AND THE MODERN WORLD.

[AN UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS BY THE LATE ANANDA METTEYYA]



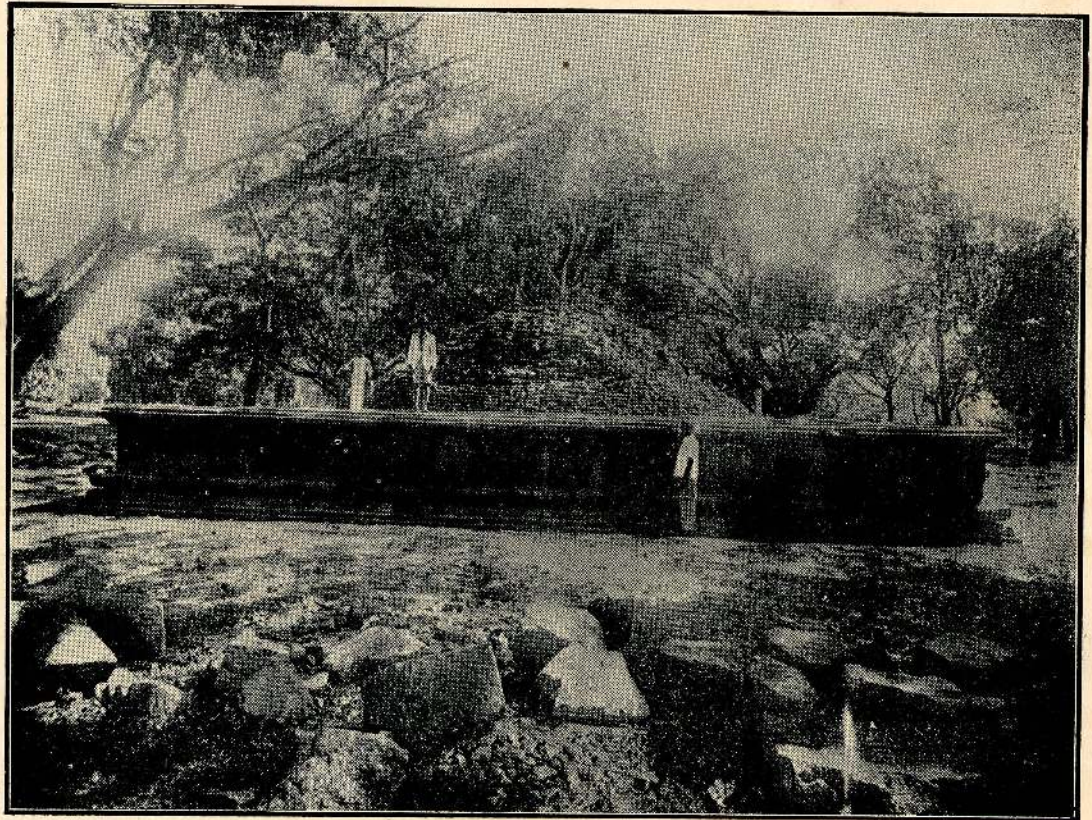
WHEN we survey what small part is known to us of all the bygone history of our human kind, we find that certain general principles—each attested by many a clear-cut instance—emerge from the apparent chaos of traditions and facts which at first sight meets our view. Among the more noteworthy of these principles is that which we may term racial integration.

We find, that is to say, that what we commonly refer to as the great races and nations of mankind, may quite properly be regarded, as in ordinary thought and speech we do regard them, as great living organisms, each having its own special character, its peculiar abilities, its modes of thought and of action, its destinies among its compeers,—its own path in life for good or ill. Just as, from one point of view, we may regard our own life as in some strange way resultant from the putting-together, in a very complex manner, of the lives of an immense number of separate, individual beings, namely, of the living cells of which our bodies are made up, so we may regard the many races of mankind, past and present, as beings of a new and higher order, resultant from the putting-together of all the human beings who are now, and who in past times have been, members of it.

Like ourselves, these greater living units, the races of mankind, are born from the union of bygone races; like us they have their youth, their prime, their decline into senility, their end in racial death; like us, as already has been said, they each have their own specific and peculiar abilities, their own achievements in the worlds of thought and action.

Herein lies one of the reasons on which is founded the belief which I and some of my colleagues hold, namely, that we of the modern Western world may find in this old Eastern Faith we now call Buddhism, a solution—and perhaps the only possible solution—to the religious problem of the Western world to-day. For, just as the special abilities of the ancient

Greeks lay in the direction of an art and a clarity of mind which made their great achievements in the realms of art and of philosophy the exemplars of the modern world in these respects; just as our own abilities and achievements in the world of science, pure and applied, have altered all the circumstances of human life in the short space of a century; so did the special genius of the ancient Indo-Aryan race lie in the realm of spiritual attainment; its greatest achievements, never since even approached by any of the races of mankind, were in the field of those matters of the interior, spiritual kingdom which we group together under the one word,



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ANURADHAPURA: SELACAITYA AFTER CONSERVATION.

Religion. Even at this day, when what remains of the old Indo-Aryan race, like some old woman drowsing in senile decay, has long since rejected the great light that once inspired her, has brought out the dollies of her childhood's days and sits adoring them, the land is still full of men who have cast aside the glories of the world to seek, ever to seek, after the Truth that lies deep buried in the inmost hearts of all of us. But in the days when our own forefathers were half-naked savages, clad in the skins of beasts and painted blue with woad, India, in the person of the Buddha, who came as the inheritor and perfecter of the results of ages of spiritual striving and attainment, won to the supreme achievement of humanity in all our knowledge of its history in

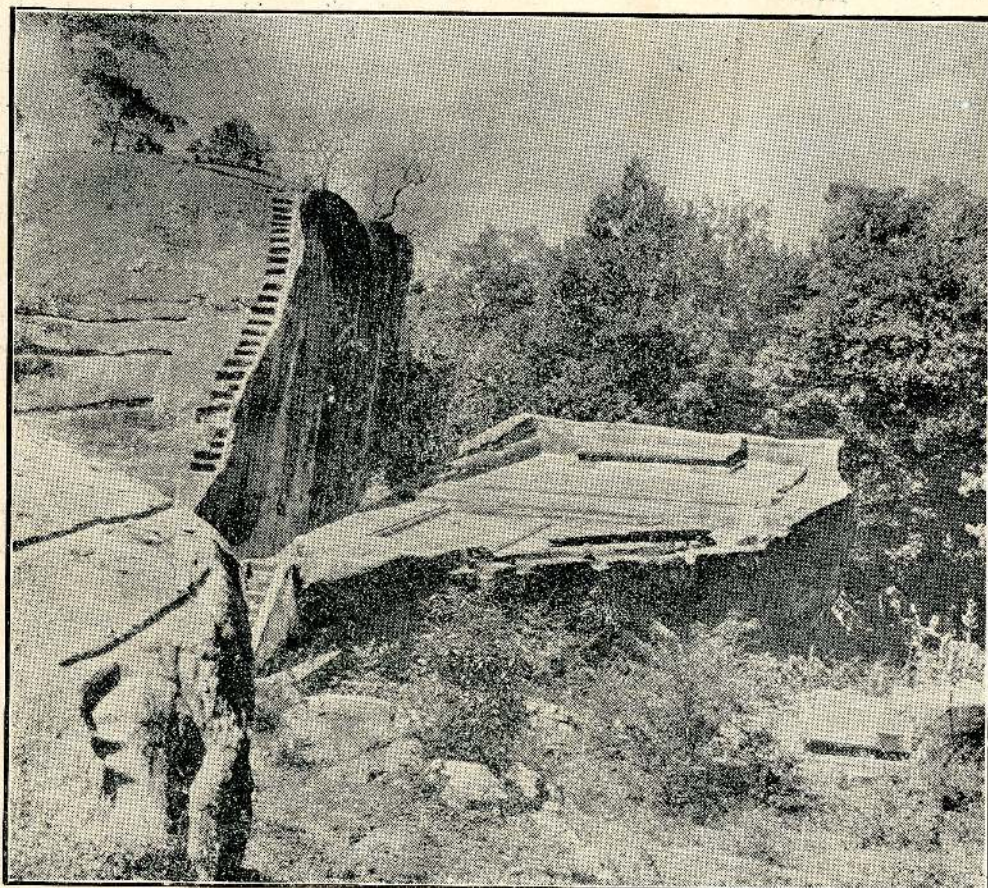
respect of religious development. Where else in all the history of mankind do we find the spectacle—presented in that early age two centuries after the great Teacher's death—of a great Emperor, in that land of absolute sovereignty, where the kings ruled as they thought fit, deprecating his own conquest of the Empire in the days before he was converted to Buddhism; and boasting in his sculptured Edicts of his conquests in the realm of Truth; of the peace which he had brought the whole vast Empire; of the charitable provision of wells and rest-houses for travellers, of state-supported doctors for the sick; above all, of the reverence and respect in which he held all teachers, and all the wise and holy, whether of his own faith or of another?

Yet once again, nations and the races of men, like all other living creatures, grow from infancy, through childhood, to their prime,—the age wherein they manifest whatever of special ability or capability with which nature may have endowed them. And so, while India has fallen into the garrulous decline of senility, albeit leaving behind to us the imperishable record of her bygone glory in this great Religion, followed to-day by a third of the human race, we of the Euro-Aryan stock have slowly grown to manhood; and, manifesting during the past two centuries our special genius for natural science, have come to be the leaders of the human race.

Now the human child, whether individual or racial, learns by faith: it does not reason concerning what its elders teach it, but takes on trust whatever they may say. Only when its mind is formed on the basis of such instruction and by its personal observation, does it, during adolescence, pass out of the age of faith into the age of reason, when the mind begins to test and sift the knowledge it has gained, and to doubt all that is not in accordance with the results of its own observation. We of the West-European stock, in respect of our more cultured members, have just passed, and in respect of the great masses of the people, even yet are passing, through that adolescent stage; and, as must naturally follow, many have been the problems, great has been the heart-burning, that has resulted from what reason has demanded,—the rejection of much of the traditional lore that has come down to us from the days of our racial infancy.

Most of all has this been felt in the domain of religious

thought; and that for a very simple reason. For we were the inheritors of a group of religions which, founded upon faith as they were, holding up the unquestioning acceptance of the little child as the great example to be followed, were suitable enough to the child stage of our racial development, but, *ipse facto*, incompatible with the dawn of the age of reason, with the epoch of trying our mental equipment, of testing our knowledge by experience and judgement. The leaders of that religious world in the past well understood this incompatibility of the faith they taught with the results of candid reasoning; and so, in the days when they practi-



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Sigiriya. View from East of the "Cistern Rock" (left) and the Audience Hall Rock (right)

cally ruled our world, they instituted a very bitter opposition to all scientific investigation and independent thought, till the records of their religion, reformed and unreformed alike, were indelibly stained with crime after crime, all committed in the name of the God they taught as attested by the declaration of their own mouths, "to the greater glory of God", wherewith they accompanied some of the most heinous of their crimes.

But—as a little greater knowledge might have shown them—they had undertaken an impossible task. It was a question of natural growth; and they might as well have tried to hold back the rising tide as to arrest the passage of our race from racial infancy to adolescence. For a while, indeed, they succeeded in damming back that rising tide,

But from the time when science passed from the laboratory to the workshop, and so into the life of every human being, their task was hopeless. They might burn alive a few men, generations in advance of the majority of their fellows; but they could not make an auto-da-fe of the masses of mankind.

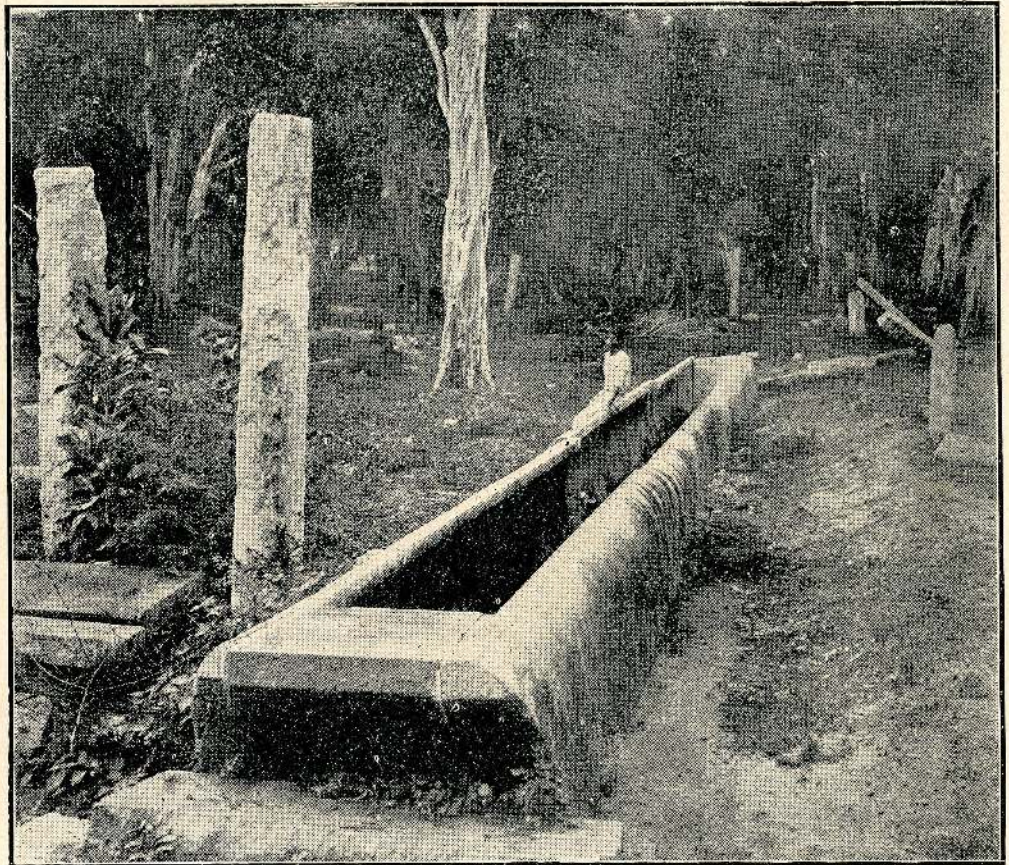
But, unhappily, that early conflict of science and religion has of necessity left its indelible impress on the thought of our modern world. It has left behind it the feeling that religion is necessarily a thing incapable of bearing investigation, opposed to human progress; and also that other feeling,—the resentment of the youth who finds that in some respects—and these relating to the most sacred and intimate and important things of life—he has been deceived.

And so it comes about, for most of us who have been brought up in households at least nominally Christian, that when we individually come to adolescence, finding how much of our earlier beliefs is incompatible with truth and with the great discoveries of modern science, we tend resentfully to reject the whole affair as the coinage of self-seeking priesthoods. So our churches daily grow more empty; and those who still adhere to the old-time beliefs daily deplore the irreligion of the age.

For myself, I do not think that in reality the modern West is really less religious than its forbears; rather, indeed, do I consider that it is actually more religious. For the very reason which makes of us agnostics in our youth, which empties our Christian churches, is this,—that we feel at heart that what is most sacred is the Truth; that if the religion to hand does not accord with what we know of truth, we were better off, even with the loss of its undoubted consolations. And it is my very firm belief that if the thoughtful of these Western lands were aware that in this ancient Buddhist Teaching they can find all the highest that Religion has to offer, freed from those bondages of dogma and the demand for blind belief which we have so rightly learned to doubt and to distrust, that they would turn to this highest product of the world's religious evolution as the new solution of the religious problem in our world.

For, in Buddhism, all mere belief is deprecated. We

are taught not to accept anything on mere faith, even the Buddha's own Teaching not excepted, but to examine and judge and compare it with what we already know of truth; and, only when it passes the reason's test, only then to accept it as true. That insoluble problem of our early days,—how, if the world and all within it has been created by an all-merciful and all-powerful God, there is yet so much of pain and evil in it, pain, alas! which falls most heavily on just those weaker creatures, human and animal, who are least easily able to bear it,—that problem is wisely altogether set aside in Buddhist teaching. For the personal Creator, Buddhism substitutes an impersonal Power, Kamma or Action,



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**CANOE-SHAPED STONE TROUGH ON THE OUTER
CIRCULAR ROAD, ANURADHAPURA.**

the resultant of each being's doing upon the universe at large. Its marvellous ethical system is based on no arbitrary fiat of an hypothesised supreme being, but on humanity, on compassion only. We are taught not to kill or lie or steal, and so forth, because these things bring suffering to others and ourselves.

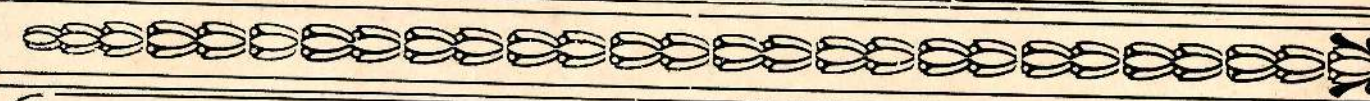
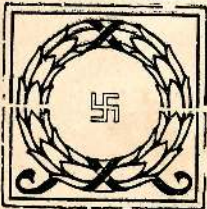
Most important also is the fact that this old Indian Teaching agrees, not in mere detail but in fundamental principle, with the teaching of that modern science which to-day is so largely bulking in the thoughts of occidental man. Its very method of study, the examination and testing of each new proposition, already referred to, is the method of science. Like science, it teaches the indestructibility of

energy, of force—not of what was formerly called “dead matter”, for we know of no such thing—but of the living stuff of thought, of sense, whereof our own lives are component. Most fundamentally of all, it teaches, as science

Devoid of the idea of God, it yet opens, for whosoever cares to follow its instructions, that inner spiritual realm, the life and light of which the minds of men have dramatised into the concept of the Godhead. Void of prayer, its medi-



HONGWANJI BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN HONŌMU
 PRIEST IN CHARGE

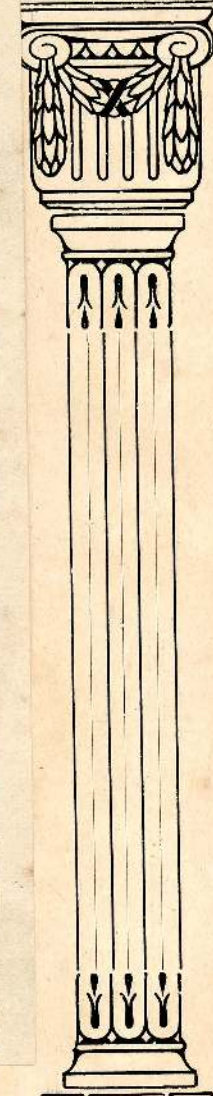
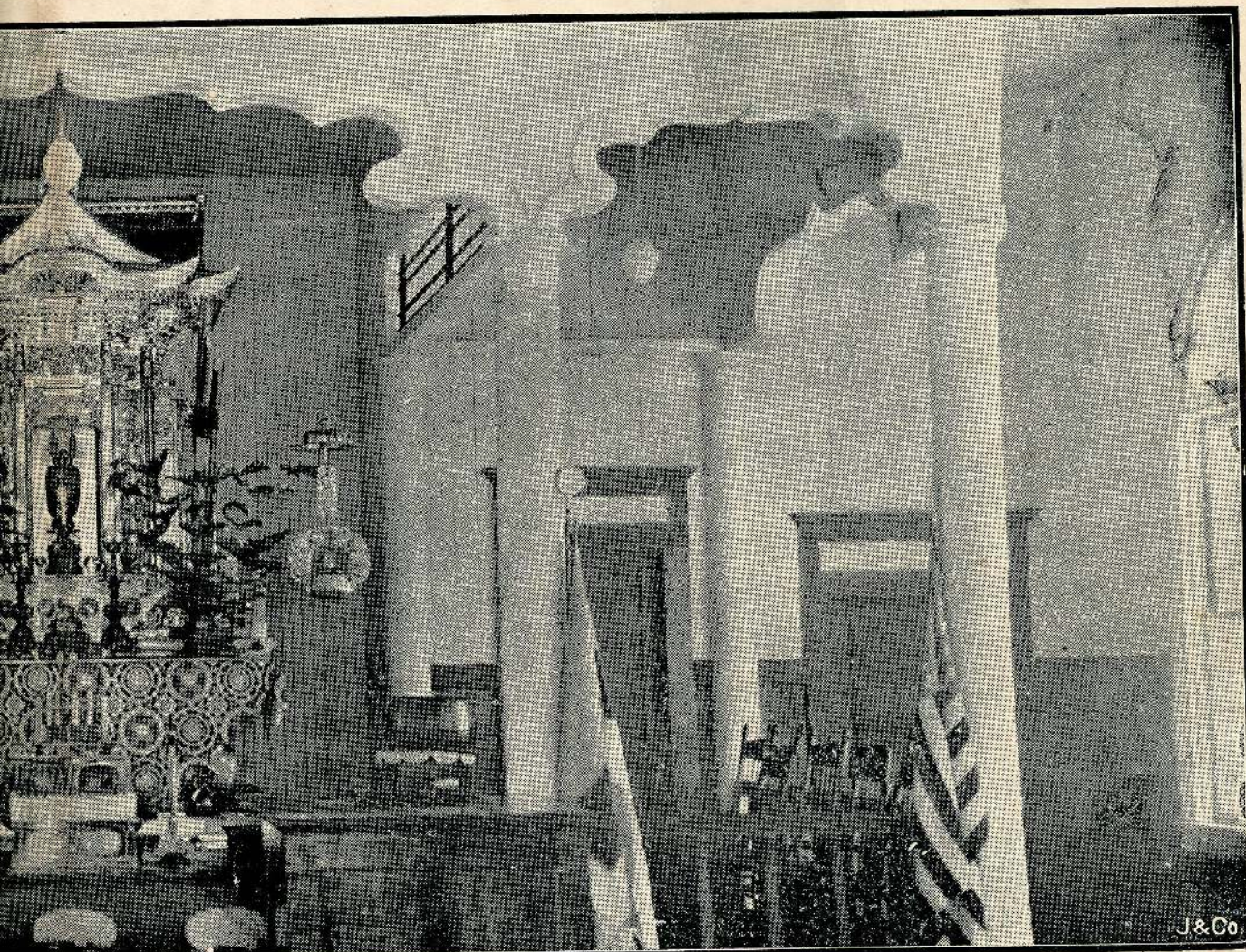


teaches, the invariability of Law. And here, once more, it brings that universal Causal Principle out of the realm of outside things, home to the very life which animates us all.

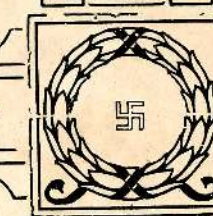
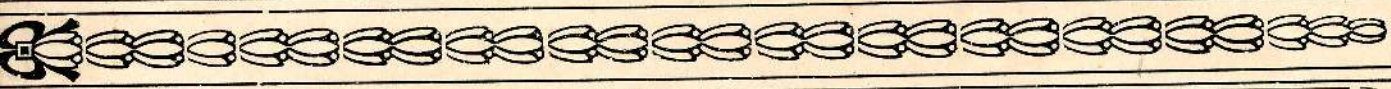
tation-practices can pave the way to states of exalted consciousness which mere prayer could never win to. Far from being, as is so generally supposed, pessimistic, it looks upon

all life as but the threshold of a state beyond,— a state so far above all that we can know of life, that we Buddhists do not dare to define it save only in negatives, in terms of what it is not. Towards that incomparable absence of conditioning,

life is growing nobler, greater, more compassionate, more wise; until at last, in some time so remote we cannot even think of it, all that was life, conditioned as we know it, and in many another unknown mode, shall have come at last to



IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
 REV. C. MIYAKAWA.



so it teaches, all life whatsoever is slowly but very surely tending. Aeon after aeon, in a million million worlds circling round a galaxy of suns uncountable, so it tells us,

that far distant Goal, the State Beyond all life, the fruition of all its striving, the fulfilment of all life's hope,—that Utter Peace to which we give the name, Nibbana. That is our hope.

KING BIMBISARA'S MEETING WITH THE BUDDHA.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE *Pabbajja Sutta* BY FRANCIS JOHN PAYNE]



THE Buddha went to Rajagaha, the mountain town of Magadha he walked through seeking food, and bore a many noble tokens.

King Bimbisara saw him from his palace roof with all these signs, and spake these words :

“Take heed, ye people, of this man, for beautiful is he, and great, and bright.

“In conduct he excelleth, and looketh not before him further than the yoking of a plough.

“He bendeth down his eyes in meditation, and cometh not from lowly stock.

“Go forth, my kingly messengers, and ask :

‘Where is the Bhikkhu going?’”.....

Straight onward moving, heeding well his door, and bridling himself, he quickly filled his bowl, the wise, the thoughtful.

When he fulfilled his begging walk, the Sage did leave the town and went to Pandava

The messengers sat down, save one who went back to the King and told the news.

“This Bhikkhu, O Great King, sitteth on the Eastern slope of Pandava, like a strong tiger, or a lion in his mountain den.”

When the Warrior heard the news, he quickly drove upon his noble chariot to Pandava Hill.

He did descend, approached on foot and greeted him and said :

“Thou art both young and tender, a boy in primal youth ; attained thy Buddhahood, come first into my kingdom.”

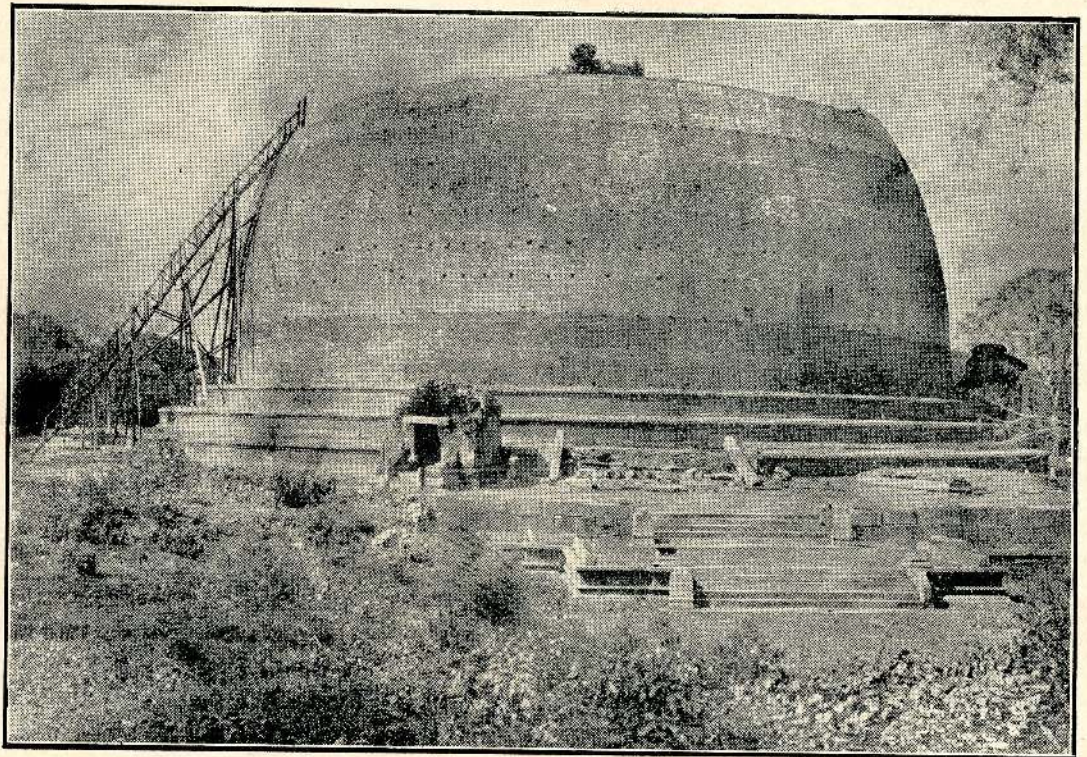
thou hast a beauteous hue, as of a highborn warrior, lighting up the army, chief among the company of leaders !

“Wealth will I give thee ; use it, and tell me thy descent.”

“By Himalaya's slope, O King, there dwells a folk endowed with wealth and power within the borders of Kosala ; in origin the kinsmen of the Sun, of Sakya race.

“Out of that clan I am become a monk, because I found no pleasure in desires.

“In pleasures I beheld but misery, and look upon forsaking



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ANURADHAPURA: MIRISAVETIYA DAGOBA.

of the world as peace.

“I will go forth to strive, for herein doth my mind delight.”

Although the King did ask him many ways, he could not win consent and thereon said :

“Verily, thou wilt become a Buddha, and when thou hast

SARANATH.

[BY H. SRI NISSANKA]



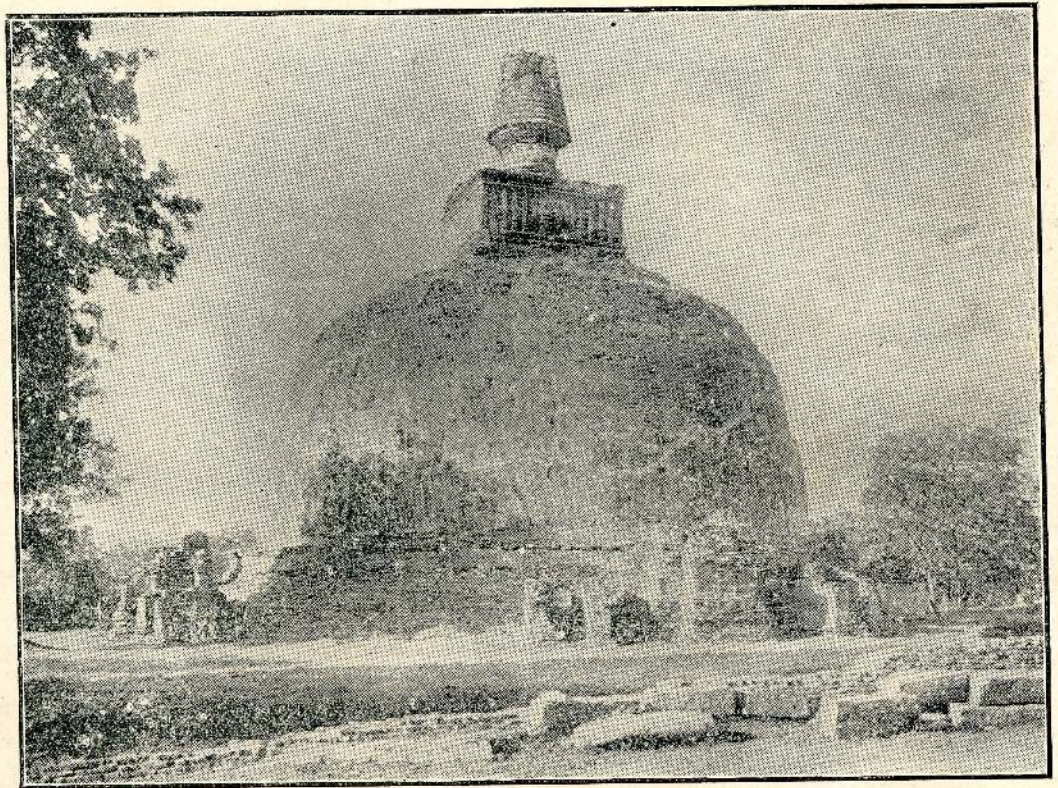
ABOUT four miles to the north of the City of Benares lies the deer park where the Lord set the Wheel of the Law in motion. Here was delivered the First Sermon which was to lay the foundations of a world civilization. The road to Saranath is dry and dusty, and one wonders whether 2,600 years ago this historic spot was as uninviting and abandoned as it is to-day. It could not have been so. Rishipatana! Migadaya! the abode of the saints and the deer, Saranganatha the Lord of the Herd, are names history has juggled with for centuries. Alas! all that is left to-day of a stupendous past are the foundations in brick and mortar of a vast Buddhist monastery, a silent sentinel of the past.

The Prince of the Sakyas, having attained perfect Buddhahood at Uruvela, spent seven weeks in ecstatic contemplation, and finally all but decided not to reveal His doctrines to humanity, for He considered that the profundities of Nirvana were well-nigh beyond human conception. Brahma Sahampati thereupon, greatly moved, implored the Blessed One to have compassion on the world and begged of Him to proclaim even to the celestial beings the secret of the great discovery, in order that all creation may benefit and thus seek liberation from Samsaric bondage.

The Lord of Compassion accepted Brahma's invitation, and rising from His Diamond Throne wended His way towards Kasi, a City famous for its splendour and glory, leaving behind Him the Pipal Tree under whose benign umbrage He attained Nirvana. The Lord of the matted hair and golden complexion passed unnoticed along the banks of the Neranjara, the modern Phalgu, bowl in hand, begging for alms from house to house, until one day He met two merchants. Tapassu and Bhalluka, struck by the mendicant's arresting personality, sought audience with the mystic sage. "Who art Thou so comely of mien and dignified of deportment, and whither art Thou bound?"

asked they, to which the Lord replied, "I am He, without a Master, the one Arahat, Teacher of gods and men, the all-enlightened Buddha who has extinguished the flames of desire, and am on the way to Benares to sound a *reveille* to a drowsy world."

The merchants were greatly moved by this reply and proffered to the Lord by way of alms cakes cooked in ghee. The Blessed One accepted the offering and in return presented the merchants with a lock of His hair as a memento of this meeting, and hoary legend has it that these two brothers



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POLONNARUWA: KIRI VEHERA, VIEW FROM SOUTH-WEST.

built the Shwe Dagon Pagoda wherein is enshrined this precious relic, in the land of "The Soul of a People".* After many days of wandering the Lord reached the deer park where he met Kondannyo the youngest of His five disciples, Bhaddyo, Vappo, Mahanamo, and Assaji. At first, it is said, they would not recognise Him, but eventually they begged Him to make known to them what He had to say. So to an audience of five laymen and to a heavenly host of Devas and Brahmas the Lord of gods and men proclaimed for the first time the Four Aryan Truths. That sermon sounded a new note in human history and the music of that voice still reverberates through

* *i.e.* Burma. The allusion is to Fielding Hall's "The Soul of a People" a very interesting and sympathetic book on Burma.—*Ed.*

the centuries as the sure clarion call to millions of His devoted followers all the world over.

It was here that Isipatanarama was built, the ruins of which are still extant, immense, massive, and imposing, an apt memorial to a stupendous achievement. Here was sorrow buried for ever, and over its callous cinders has arisen the Dhammekh Stupa, the symbolic emblem of Nirvana.

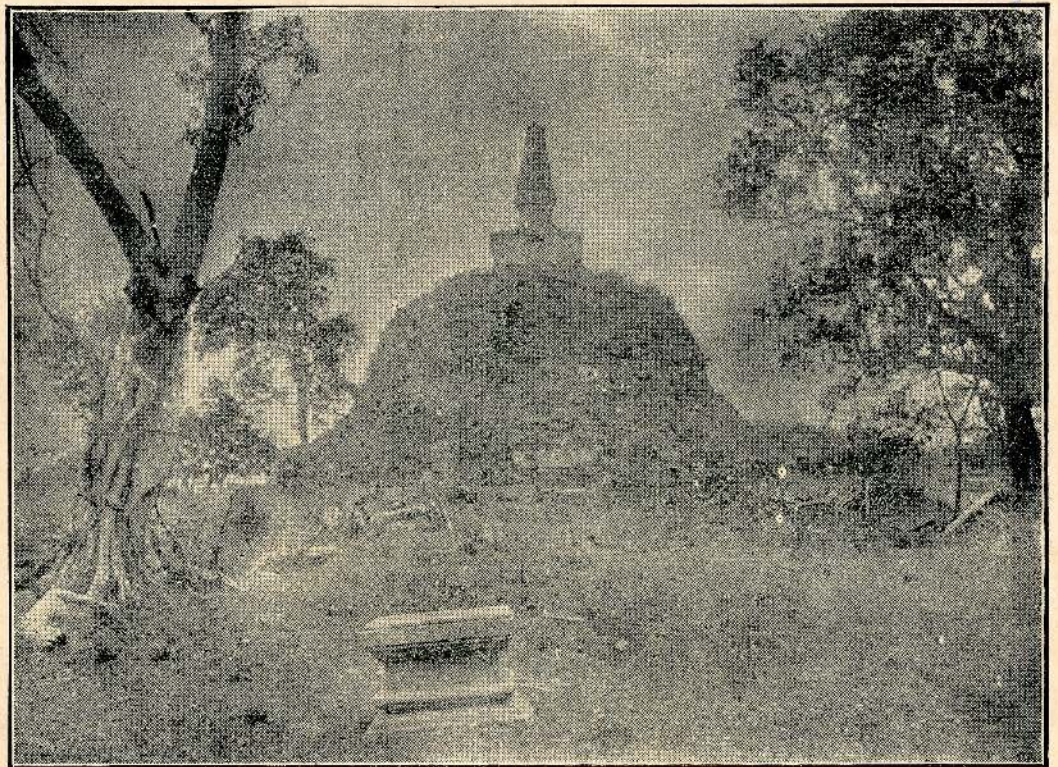
This happened in the thirty-fifth year of the Buddha's life and 528 years before the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here Kondannyo saw the Light and attained to Arahantship at the conclusion of the sermon, and millions of heavenly beings entered the Path of Liberation.

"Go forth, O monks, and preach ye the Law noble in the beginning, noble in the middle, noble in the end." And so they did, with what success time alone has shown. For three centuries after the turning of the Wheel of the Law no buildings have arisen of sufficient importance to the archaeologist. The monks lived a simple life in palm-thatched huts, known as *Panna Salas*. No images of the Master were then constructed, for they were unnecessary, and what remains to-day may fitly be considered, on available data, to be the mighty legacy left to the Buddhist world by the Father of the Faith, Asoka—King, Emperor, Beloved of the Gods. At Saranath, three Asoka columns of exquisite beauty have been unearthed. On the face of one of them is inscribed an edict celebrated through history as a warning to monks to abstain from disruption and invoking unity. From this it can be surmised that the seed of dissension sown by Devadatta even in the lifetime of the Buddha was spreading the germ of decay, and the unity of the Sangha was being perilously undermined.

Fa Hian and Huien Tsang who visited Hindostan in the 5th and 7th centuries give a vivid picture of Saranath, strangely corroborating each other. One thousand five hundred Brethren of the yellow robe resided in the sacred precincts. They say that there was a life-size image of the Master in brass in the act of turning the Wheel of the Law, in the Dhamma Rajika Jina Vihara, the ruins of which are visible even unto this day. But alas! the white Huns and Vandals destroyed some of the buildings and hostile invaders from time to time razed Isipatanarama to the dust. Muhammed Ghori completed the

work of destruction. In 1026 A. D., Mahipala, King of Benares, nine years after the Mussalman depredation, rebuilt the entire place.

One of the most important of the ruins is Monastery No. 6 (Major Kittoes' Monastery as it is called, after the famous archaeologist). From the size of the bricks and the nature of the foundations, the Major comes to the conclusion that the building was three stories high. From other discoveries it has been possible to locate the Ghanda Kuti (the sandalwood chamber used by the Buddha Himself) to this same place. This Monastery has been consumed by a conflagration, most probably the result of the incendiarism of a Hindoo iconoclast, for half-cooked wheat cakes and half-eaten rice have



Kindly lent by the Archaeological Commissioner, Ceylon.
POLONNARUWA: RANKOT VEHERA, VIEW FROM THE EAST.

been discovered by the excavator. Another relic of a historic past is a subterranean gallery, 87 feet long, 6 feet high and 9½ feet broad, more or less in a good state of preservation. This looks like a retreat for the monks to meditate in, and there is evidence of a small shrine room situated at one end of it. This passage gives one an idea as to the average height of persons in that bygone age.

The Chinese pilgrims speak of another Stupa called the Dhammarajika Stupa, but only the basement of this edifice is visible. Whether this or the Dhammekh Stupa is the exact site of the First Sermon no one has been able to discover. This latter dagoba stands 104 feet in height. Forty one feet of its foundations lie buried underground. The lower part of its basement is carved, some of the carvings being of surpassing beauty. The abundance of religious

buildings and other monuments built at this spot during many centuries have now been brought to light by the Archaeological Survey of India. But saddest of all is the disgraceful action of certain officials who were responsible for the building of the Duncan Bridge over the Barna. Rev. Sherring in his book *The Sacred City of the Hindoos* says, "in the erection of one of the bridges over the Barna 48 statues and other sculptured stones were removed from Sarnath and thrown into the river to serve as a break-water to the piers, and that in the erection of the second bridge fifty to sixty cartloads of Sarnath Buildings were employed."

"It is in the nature of all things near and dear to us that we must part, and all component things must end in decay." So spake the Lord of the Deer, and verily the scythe of time has robbed us of these ruins; nay, not even the First Sermon of the Tathagatha is available to us in all its sweetness. All that is left is a precis of the noblest of all human utterings, preached with a warmth and melody

of voice that even the timid deer listened to in the stillness of that memorable and eventful night,

Wonderful must have been that night at Saranath. Imagine the Lord of the Three Worlds seated cross-legged in the russet robe. The rising moon beams washing the brow of the Holy One with mellow light, and far away in the blue of the Indian sky visible only to Him of the Celestial Eye, tier on tier the Devas crowd in space throughout the entire firmament, to hearken unto the music of that Voice. Brahma Sahampati and Sakka Sujampati, Lord of the Heaven of the Thirty Three, with all their resplendent hosts, arrayed themselves illuminating the night, eager to listen to the Doctrine that "breathes balm to the bruised heart and peace to the soul in pain." And when they heard Him they rejoiced and raised a hosanna of joy, that shook the Universe even to the uttermost ends of space. Hail to Thee, Blessed One, Buddha Lord Supreme! Thus was the Standard of the Law unfurled. Thus was ushered in the dawn of the Light of Asia.

BOUNDLESS LOVE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE *Metta Sutta* BY FRANCIS JOHN PAYNE]



THIS is what should be done by him who is wise in seeking the good, and hath reached the state of peace:

Let him be diligent, upright and true, meek, gentle, not proud; contented and cheerful; not overwhelmed by the cares of the world, not burdened with riches, with senses at rest; wise, not haughty, not greedy

for family gifts.

Let him do naught that is mean, for which those who are wise might reprove him.

Let none deceive any other, nor despise any being at all; let him neither through anger nor hatred wish harm to another.

As a mother, at risk of her life, watches over her only child, let him cherish an infinite mind for all living things; let him have love for all the world, an infinite mind above, below and around—boundless, benevolent kindness!

All things that live, whether weak or strong, high middle or low, small or great, seen or unseen, near or afar, born or about to be born—let all beings be happy!

Let them be delighted and safe, let all beings be happy!

Standing, walking, sitting or lying, so long as he be awake, let him cherish the thought, that this way of life is the best in the world!

AT THE GRAVE.

How transient are things mortal!
 How restless is man's life!
 But Peace stands at the portal
 Of Death and ends all strife.

Life is a constant parting—
 One more the stream has crossed;
 But think you who stand smarting
 Of that which ne'er is lost.

All rivers flowing, flowing,
 Must reach the distant main:
 The seeds which we are sowing
 Will ripen into grain.

From an old Buddhist Song.

REALITY.

[BY PROF. E. J. MILLS, F.R.S., D.Sc.]



VERY early in the development of the savage, very early in the development of the infantile mind in all periods of human history, the question of what is real or true as distinguished from what is illusion comes forcibly before the court of intelligence. Deception is everywhere; animals, and even plants, can deceive. Man protects himself against deceit by a superior understanding, either his own or one that he can command. The Adulteration Acts are instances of this. But deceit is not limited to objects of sense. There are false loves, false hates, self-deceptions.

Much of the illusion has to do with natural objects. For example, we suppose we see the sun rise; in reality the earth is setting, and the first part of his disc that we notice is in reality not there. Sometimes the illusion is contagious. Thus, a few weeks since, in the North of England, there were many rumours of aerial ships voyaging at night and showing lights of various colours. Shortly after, in London, on a clear night, some jester alleged to a number of people that he could see a similar ship high up in the sky. Very soon there were not a few observers, who agreed with him and gave details of their own. They had been utterly hoaxed. Many cases of this kind might be cited, and the question naturally arises, What is the value of human testimony? What amount of evidence, what weight of evidence, is sufficient to establish any fact, especially a historical fact? For history is full of illusions, which are all the more difficult to clear up because we cannot be there. Everybody knows now that the legend of William Tell which so charmed our childhood had no foundation whatever, and "Greenland's icy mountains" have dissolved away in recent times,

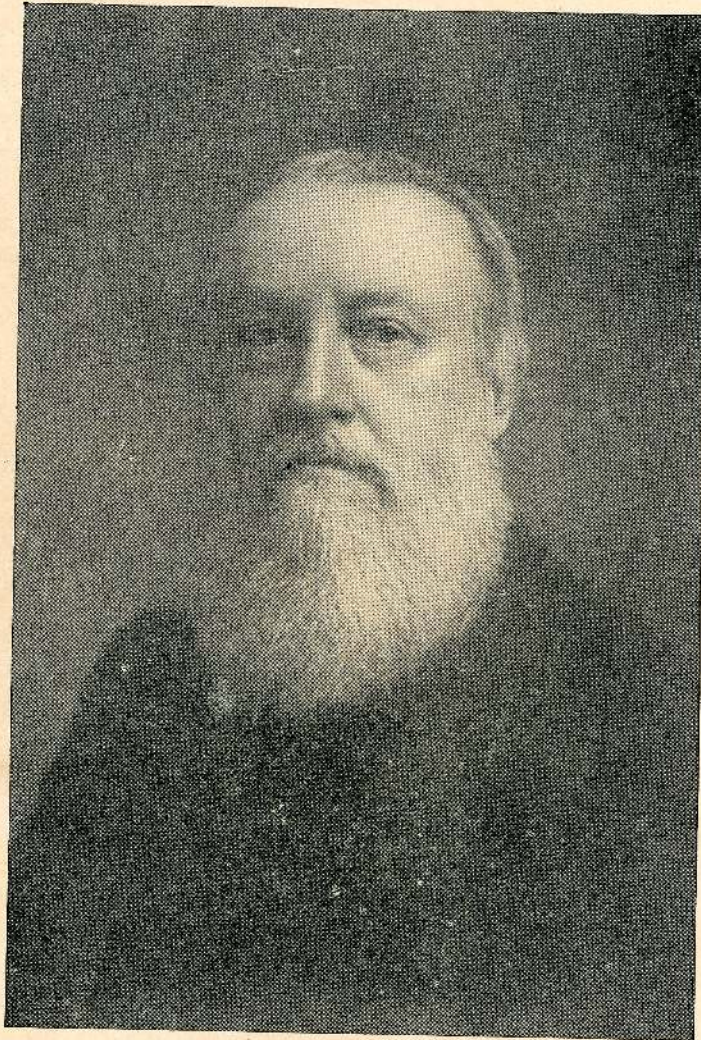
To what do we have recourse, in order to ascertain the truth? To the expert, *i.e.*, to some one with more authority and knowledge than we ourselves now possess. If we suspect our milk, we go to the public analyst; if we suspect one of our senses, we check it by the evidence of all the others that are available; if we are in doubt about a man's mind, we test it in some suitable way. But, alas! as we grow older, all these resources are discounted; we have learned that *all* human evidence is fallible; and in the long run we select the result that seems most probable, for we cannot find absolute truth. And here we are apt to be disappointed; for up to this point we had hoped to cast anchor on a certainty.

What is the origin of this state of things, and is there any cure? Let me ask a primary and necessary question. Do our senses tell us the truth? What is?

This question in a hundred different shapes has come before the philosophers of every age and clime. I propose to consider some of their views, and then revise them in the more ancient light of Buddhism.

Herakleitus, who for many years was a contemporary of the Buddha, naturally attracts our attention first. He draws attention to the apparent stability of things, and points out that this is a pure illusion due to the action of the senses, which take that which is really in flux and confer upon it a statical quality. For everything is not only in flux, but *is* flux; the uni-

verse is, in fact, a constant "becoming." He defines becoming as a ceaseless swing between two correlated opposites—positive-negative, light-dark, good-bad, attraction-repulsion, harmony-discord, and so on; and effects come about as music does by the conjunction of the bow and the lyre. The only reality is the becoming itself, if you can so term it; and this is a pure energy, extinguishing and rekindling itself



Ernest J. Mills

everlastingly. The process of extinction, which can never be more than partial, produces material "elements" as we know them, and these are continually returning to the form of process of "fire". The universe and ordinary life arise and die in this way; and Herakleitus gives no hint of ultimate fatigue. In much of this our great thinker is at one with the Buddha.

I turn to Plato. He perceives an outer world, which somehow or other we are always encountering, which is full of manifold and individual objects. In these, however, we can always find a certain number that we can group together as partaking of some property in common. This principle of inter-relation is a property of cognition; nor is it derived from experience. Plato calls it an "idea", expressing the reality or essence of things. Wherever a common name is made or a generalisation attained, there is an "idea". There are ideas of material things, of abstract things, of mathematical figures. The phenomenal world is not improbably subjective appearance, and the ideas serve to bind it to the world of thought. The actuality of matter *per se* is thus got rid of. Common matter, as the Buddhists also say, is made by mind.

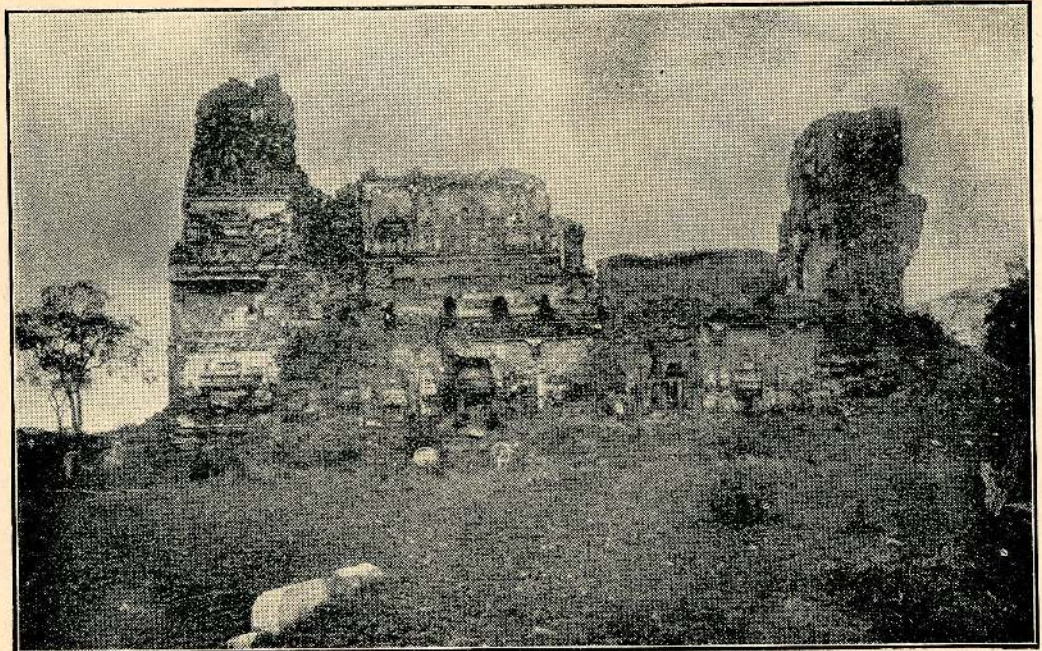
It is clear that Plato has come upon a process of generalisation. The collection of many individuals into one species means an idea. A more general and still more real idea is gained by forming a genus out of many species; out of several genera we form a class, and so on. Finally the constituents of these new ideas become fewer as we advance; and ultimately we reach—not a personal God—but our unsustained "ultimate in cognition", or "absolute good." Why the ultimate should be good is not explained. Everything, therefore, is a part in a graduated organism; and this, as a whole, is the one reality.

Plato is not entirely consistent or clear in places, and he adopts at times the doctrine of the flux, which he condemns at others. Nor can he be absolved from having to some extent fallen short of our expectations. We inherit from him no criterion of truth, no "path" of any kind; and if, as he says, the ideas are eternal, it is difficult not to infer that the world, which is involved with them, is also eternal.

There is a long and dreary interval before we reach a phase of some importance in this period of Scholasticism. For some time a keen controversy took place

between two great parties termed Nominalists and Realists. Both entertained the study of universal "notions", which were very little remote from the idea of Plato. The Nominalists held them to be empty conceptions devoid of substance or reality; they refused genera, they refused species; what really existed for them was the individual pure and simple. But the Realists, following Plato, upheld his objective world, ideas and all.

Modern Philosophy begins with the liberation of religion—or perhaps it may truly be said to emerge from concealment as religion ceases to have power to shackle it. Natural science arises, stimulating everything, questioning everything. Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo are the great names at this time. The entire set of the intellect of those days was towards experiment; all inquiry began to assume a practical tone. The universe came to be regarded



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 Polonnaruwa. Lankatilaka. View from the North.

as a region of accessible law and order. In philosophy, the first great result of the new way of thinking was Descartes who, strictly in accordance with the cult of science, declared the necessity of arraying all phenomena at the bar of a reasoned doubt. Proceeding in this manner in search of a primary postulate, he found at last that there is a certain undeniable fundamental reality, *Cogito, ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am). Find other truths as clear and stable as this and you have other realities. Thought is the cardinal principle or substance of our nature; figure, extension, are mere incidents of body; there remains mind only, apprehensible through itself alone, and the notion of a Supreme Being actually found in mind as an innate constituent. Reality occurs here. As to Spirit, it is defined as that which thinks; and its site is not the brain, but the part of that which is called the pineal

gland! God, mind, body—these three independent existences constitute us, the last two held in conjoint service by the first. Such was the stage at which this strenuous thinker arrived, with an intuition too suddenly emancipated, born in too bracing an air. His greatest service to mankind, perhaps, was a youthful sense of energy, inquiry and reform. The age had got something to do!

Spinoza started where Descartes left off. To him there is only one reality, infinite substance, which under the varied phases of thought and extension—both antagonistic to each other—encounter each other perpetually. Nothing finite, however, has an individuality of its own. All our ideas, and the things whereto they correspond, are without reality, as the waves are on the surface of the sea; they are modes of the infinite substance, perpetually arising and dying away. Being mutually conditioned, they are free only in a limited sense, not really free. Man's will is determined; sin against the deity is an impossibility. What seems "good" to us is what is useful; what is bad, any obstacle in the way. Our highest duty and felicity are to know the eternal substance. Spinoza has raised Descartes to a higher plane; but he has not eliminated the dualism, nor explained the generation of the details of the world from its infinite knowable Cause.

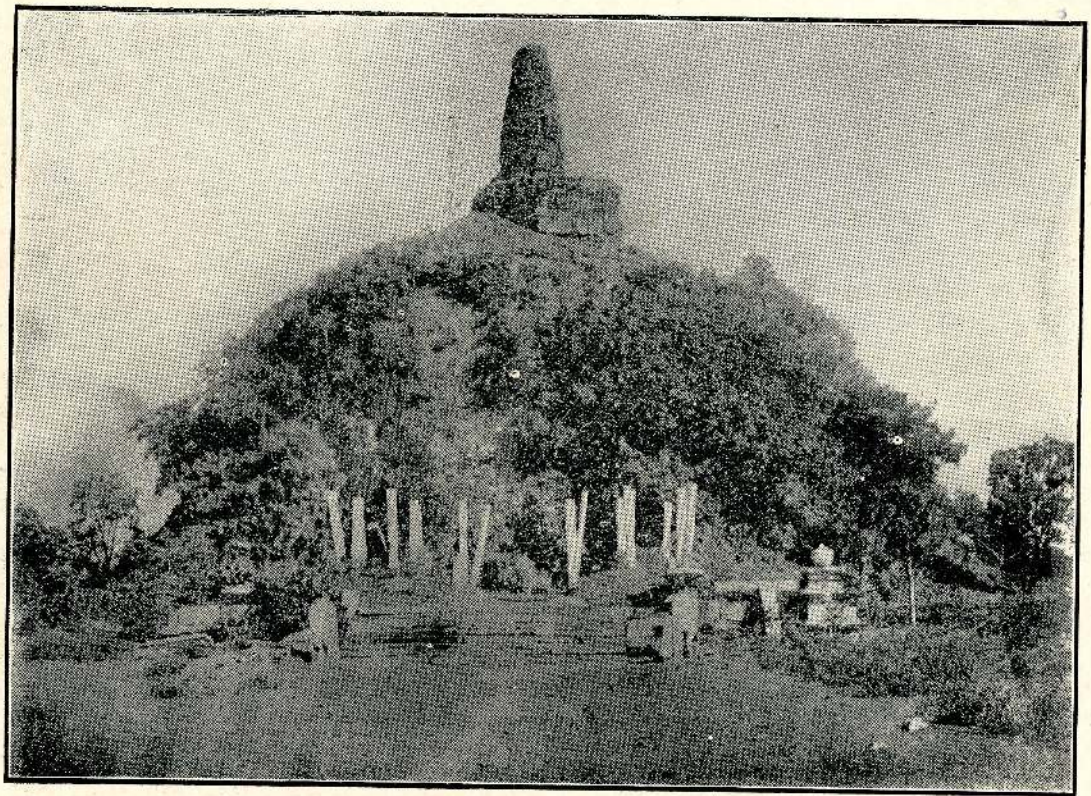
I have not space to discuss Hume at length. But I cannot pass over the immense service he did to mankind in once for all disposing of the ego as a reality. From his time we date the gradual decay of the Soul doctrine—a decay that has *pro tanto* prepared the way for Buddhism in Western Europe.

With the arrival of Berkeley, philosophy takes a new phase—but for the fact that Plato had hinted it long before—and idealism is raised almost as far as it can possibly be. Our sensations, when they indicate to us any external object, are indicators of error. Distance, form and size are not really perceived; they are inferred; and as no two senses indicate the same quality in the object, it cannot be said that we feel and see the same thing. All "objective" ideas are really only in our sensations; for what we generally describe as material things could not of their own nature produce sensa-

tions. Hence an external material would cannot be a reality. Only mind exists—nothing apart from that.

Up to this point Berkeley is in striking agreement with the Dhammapada. Unfortunately he goes on to argue (being a bishop) that some Mind or God superior to ourselves hands over our sensations to us; and here we cannot, of course, agree with him. He too has done as great a service to Buddhism as his predecessor Hume.

It would be altogether too vast an undertaking for me to embark now on the sea of the Kantian philosophy; and we must remember that we have only reality for our subject. One perceives that Kant reassumes the lost ego; he agrees



Anuradhapura. Northern Tope. View from the South.

Kindly lent by the Archaeological Commissioner, Ceylon.

with Hume that the matter of knowledge is derived only from experience, but he insists that knowledge contains an *a priori* factor, instituted in the mind for the experience. Thus knowledge is a union of the two which are equally real. But we do not know "things in themselves" (*dinge an sich*); for we necessarily change them in the act of knowing them, and we have to submit to two mental forms, time-space, cause-effect, which equally confuse the result. Appearances, therefore, only are known. Directly, again, we endeavour to approach the infinite from the finite, irreconcilable contradiction sets in, as has invariably happened in the known history of mankind. Kant never finally cleared up the problem of things in themselves; the artifice of the "practical reason" was no remedy. He remains for us an able analyst, who has nevertheless not completed his work because he has

found a large percentage of some new element which no human methods enable him to determine.

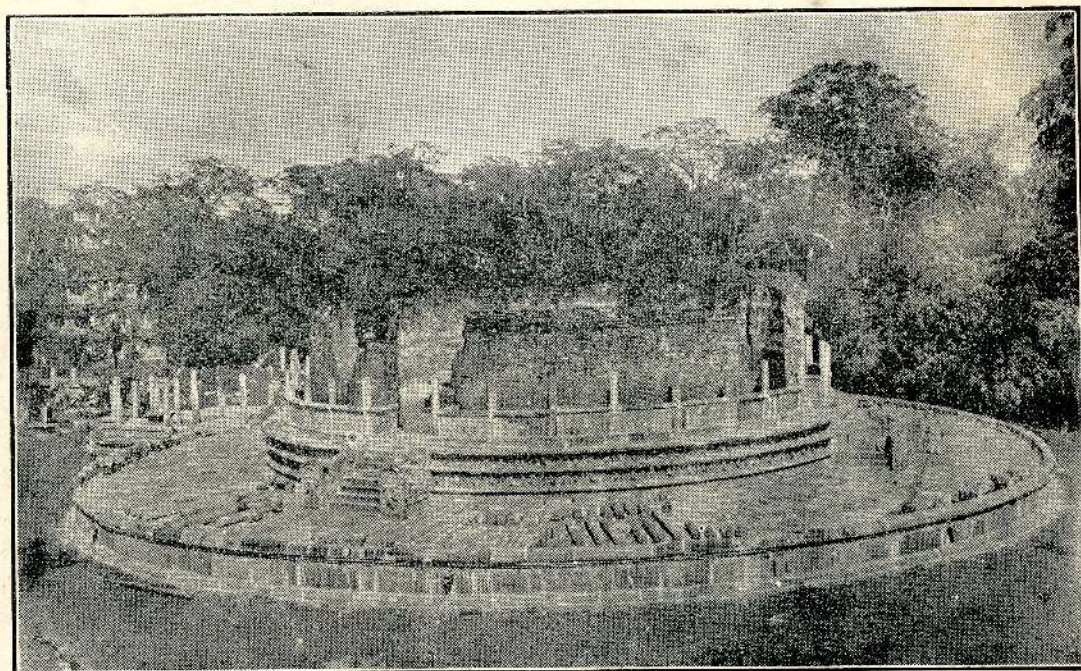
Two leading dualists, Fichte and Schelling, intervene between Kant, and Hegel, whom we now have to consider. To a great extent he is an emancipated man, with a much larger and freer scope than most of his predecessors. Behind all "reality" there exists a universal of pure activity, containing within itself a principle of inevitable difference; he terms it the "absolute idea", and the actual is the idea realised in an infinite number of forms. Thought is the idea in a concrete temporarily isolated unity, knowing itself, so to say; the natural and intellectual are essentially one. The absolute progresses from difference to difference by a strict necessity of its nature. Thus to every development there is a counter. The

universe of being is a continual swing to nothing from nothing and back again; the entire phenomenon is a Becoming. The One flows to the Many, the Many flows back to the One. But for the fact that Hegel believed in God and the soul, one might suppose that he held the only existing reality to be thought. Not impossibly his views shifted during his life and as he wrote, and his struggles to express himself most materially obscure what ought to be his clearness in particulars. Thus, one is scarcely surprised that so many thinkers find a home in some part of Hegel. He had no doubt read the little of Buddhism to which he could at that time gain access; and his principle of Becoming may have been derived thence, if not from Herakleitus.

Schopenhauer is another of those widely spread systematisers of whom very much is to be found in later philosophy. He comes before us first as the interpreter of Kant's *Dinge an sich* underlying the phenomenal world, which he declares to be simply Will. We ourselves are realities. Our will is obviously resisted by things around us; they, then, must also be real. Indeed, the universe is a dualism of "the two principles of the Will and Intellect, the active and the receptive sides of Reality." The Will is the substratum of all phenomena, of all nature—fundamentally different from the Intellect and capable of existing without it; it gives to everything without exception the power to think and act. As for life, that is a cheat, a uselessly interrupting episode in the blissful repose of nothing. Schopenhauer is

said to have been a pessimist by accident; but he was a man of unfortunate temper, and unhappy life. At a comparatively late period he came upon Buddhism, which he greatly admired and professed to have incorporated. Not much of it, however, was obtainable in those days. His Will corresponds very closely to the point where the Buddhist *tanha* (tension) merges in *cetana* (volition).

Our brief survey of these typical examples has shown us that sooner or later all the great thinkers (the Buddha alone excepted) resort to some kind of dualism—a god or absolute, perhaps—that in some inexplicable way develops differences; a process, but a divine Maintainer all the same. Can we resist the conclusion that nothing of the kind would have occurred but for the gradual development through



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 Polonnaruwa. Vatadage. View from top of Thuparama.

all the ages of a great external Power? When we are constructing our system, everybody wants to know, What have you *behind* everything? Therefore, however reasonable it may be to point to a world of experience as the only real world, we shall ultimately be urged to set up a doctrine of "something else." Even Spencer had to coin a "blessed word" for this—the Unknowable. Why could he not have remained silent? Because it is our natural habit to think in correlates.

Another source of this particular correlate is doubtless of indirect origin. Assuredly we *have* an experience, and that, to the best of our interpretation, very truly *is*, for an instant. We *are* a "becoming" process. The flow will continue long hence; it has gone on long in the past. We came here through countless lives, and we, none else, have the making of these. The reminiscence, however dim, of this long past awakens within us a corresponding memory

of it as a continuous event, and makes for us a great Other. We can see the result to have been inevitable. And this argument is of course quite independent of that which traces the evolution of the idea of God to a deceased ancestor.

Our experience comes to us through our own senses, which are now well known to be imperfect and often untrustworthy. We check our data by one another—that one sense can really check another—and proceed upon their common probability at the time. That is our working reality. Later on we have other opportunities under different or independent conditions, and improve our result, perhaps, in the sense of greater probability. In short, we *generalise in one direction*; and we hold the generalised result to be more real. But this does not amount to more than saying that there is for it a greater probability. It is not a method for arriving at absolute truth. Such is the fundamental weakness of experience.

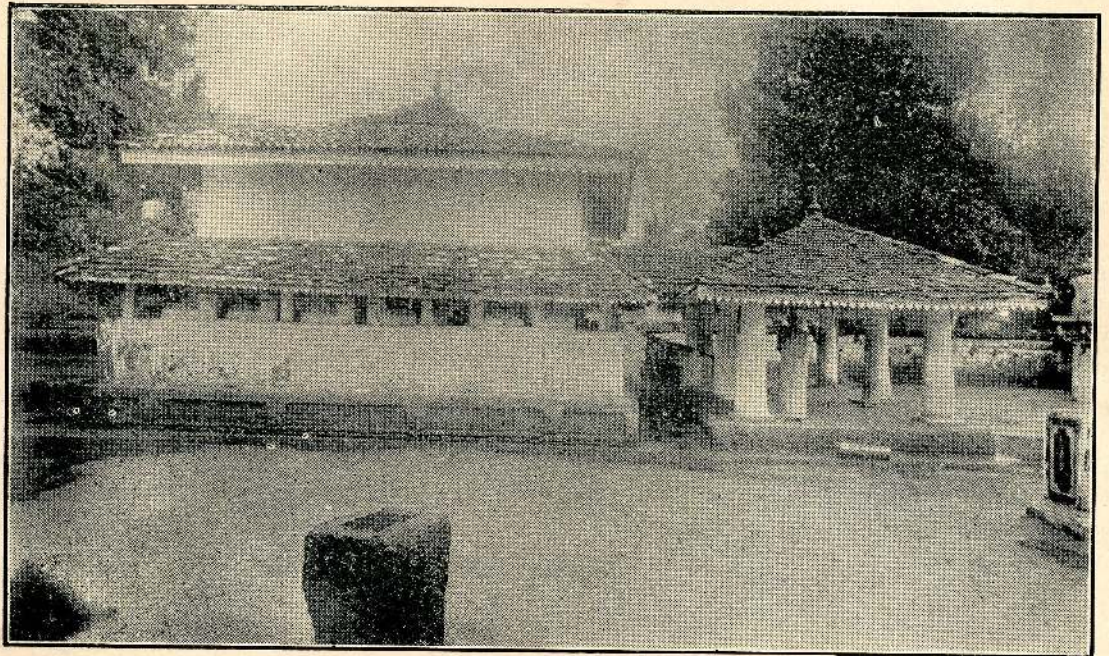
Now, in arranging our tests in experience, we can do no isolated work; everything is referred to something else for trial and measurement. It is a world of relatives, of correlates; what we attain, in fact, is the relation of one circumstance to another. Even when we think we are doing otherwise, we always prefer as more real a related to a supposed unrelated fact. Nothing can illustrate this better than an example taken from the world of mathematics. The expression $2\sqrt{-1}$ is an imaginary one, representing an impossible operation, of no inconsiderable value in certain calculations. $4\sqrt{-1}$ is another. These come into a train of reasoning and disappear from the result, itself perfectly intelligible and valid, that has been obtained by these means. Now it is clear that the relation between them is real enough: one of them, whatever else it may mean, is exactly double the other. Such are the foundations on which our "relatives" may sometimes rest. Nevertheless they may sometimes be of very great service to mankind.

Having asked various other thinkers as to the attainment of Reality, we now naturally turn to the Buddha, the great master of mental culture who preceded them.

Nothing can be more clear from the Dialogues than that he thoroughly understood the relativity of all human know-

ledge, and the tyranny these correlates exercise on thought. His scheme, shortly summarised, is the final deliverance of the human mind by way of enlightenment; and he expressly says that that eventually proceeds in a far deeper channel than mere reason. The ultimate method of enlightenment is intuition, direct apprehension. "The Tathāgatha, O monks, does not theorise." Dualism, monism and the absolute are questions he does not raise; one is delivered from God and the soul at the outset. And his system transcends time and space. For what after all are these? Not forms or conditions of consciousness or any reality; nothing but methods of measuring separateness.

There is no thought behind the thinker; no concept, but a conceiving. The common illusion of a distinct personality is due in all probability to the fact that we



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Nikaveratiya, Budumuttava Temple, View of Shrine from the South.

are accustomed from youth to compare automatically some dimension of one part of our body with another. Following the rule that the relations of things are more stable than the things themselves, we observe that these do not alter perceptibly, and so we deem the things themselves to be equally permanent. Of course, however, the great law of impermanence in the long run demonstrates itself very obviously. Strange to say, impermanence itself is impermanent; and the great life stream finally ceases to flow.

Buddhist teachers are fond of saying that mind is even less durable than matter. Mind is a composite (=thought, feeling, volition); and eventually, like all other composites, must perish. Nothing is transferred in rebirth but character, and that is the chief "reality" about us. How diligently we should strive to improve it! And to this end how necessary it is to alter for the best the *tanha* (=desire, will, tension) that leads to so many rebirths

Again, we have it in our power so to train the mind that it may advance from its early guesswork, through thinking and meditation to unlimited intuition or insight. *This is a natural development of thought*, its ultimate phase, and the condition in which all the greatest thinkers have made all their greatest discoveries; when, after a prolonged mental strain in one direction, the mind suddenly *sees* the universe face to face. It is thus that the Buddha describes his own enlightenment; thus that we ourselves, with an unshackled intentness, shall obtain our own. The road to Nibbāna, the unconditioned, is then open; the raft whereon we crossed is thrown aside, and we attain the pure end of all questions, of all correlates, of all relativities.

Meanwhile, "the whole universe is in this fathom-long body." Mind is continually in the act of making matter, and matter reverting—not quite completely—to mind. And it is open to question whether this backward and forward swing is not the sole great phenomenon of the universe. But the future is utterly at our own disposal; the Buddha path is clear.

To sum up:—

1. In our conditioned world all experience is entangled, and cannot be assumed to be true.

2. Reality up to a certain point depends on the number of senses and the amount of experience engaged.

3. Absolute reality cannot be derived from experience or created by mind.

4. In an unconditioned world (Nibbāna) the question of reality no longer arises.

5. Nibbāna can be, and ultimately must be, attained by all mankind.

As a practical result, it remains for us to accept and apply the principles of the Noble Eight-fold Path. "Right understanding" will lead to a clearer view of things, a better appreciation of what our essential wants are. "Right intention" will direct our thoughts to the improvement of our senses, and so we shall attain a safer and more assured experience. "Right meditation" will lead to that power and intuition which unfailingly reward all genuine endeavour.

THE HEART.

A hater makes a hater smart,
 The angry cause alarm,
 Yet does an ill-directed heart
 Unto itself more harm.

Parents will help their children, sure,
 And other kin-folks will;
 But well-directed hearts procure
 A bliss that's greater still.

Dhammapada, 42-43.



Kindly lent by the Archaeological Commissioner, Ceylon.
 Polonnaruwa, Sathmahal Prasadaya or Palace of the Seven Storeys.

HAPPINESS.

Happy is the Buddhist's fate
 For his heart knows not of hate.
 Haters may be all around,
 Yet in him no hate is found.

* * * *

Happy is the Buddhist's fate,
 Him no greed will agitate.
 In the world may greed abound,
 Yet in him no greed is found.

Happily then let us live,
 Joyously our service give,
 Quench all pining, hate and greed:
 Happy is the life we lead.

Dhammapada 197, 199, 200.

NIRVANA.

[BY FRANCIS J. PAYNE]



NIRVANA, called in the Pāli dialect "Nibbāna", just as the Latin "factum" becomes in Italian "fatto", is the crowning glory of the Buddha's Religion. Enemies have called it annihilation, as if attainment of absolute happiness involved violent smashing; it is the very opposite of violence or force of all kinds. Let us approach the conception from our own world. "Change and decay in all around we see"—strife, murder and unrest. Every noble deed or word or thought is the negation of that strife, and Nirvāna is the sure reward. What have we to fear? It is good to be good. Being good means serenity. Whatever that serenity is matters little—it is good.

Immanuel Kant who, next to the Buddha, was perhaps "the greatest philosophical genius that has ever dwelt upon earth", in his 'Critique of Pure Reason', "the highest achievement of human wisdom"—after that of the Buddha—clearly proved that Space, Time and Causation reside in the beholder, not in the absolute. All language is framed to describe transient things of space and time; what language therefore can we use to describe that which transcends all space and time? We can only say what it is not. "The world's words are only for this world's uses." Herbert Spencer, impressed by the transience of the world, wisely said: "The one thing permanent is the unknowable Reality hidden under all these changing shapes."

To the Buddhist, Nirvāna is the desirable goal of his efforts to attain perfection. The early saints strove to express it in words; they called it "heavenly drink, the Tranquil, the Unshakon, cessation of sorrow, absence of sin, destruction of desire, emancipation, the island of refuge, the end of craving, the state of purity, the Supreme, the Transcendent, the Uncreated, the Unchanging, the Imperishable, Ambrosia." King Milinda asked Nāgasena, "How is Nirvāna to be known?"

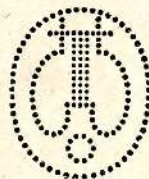
and the sage replied: "By freedom from distress and danger, by confidence, peace, calm, bliss, happiness; by delicacy, purity and freshness." The Buddha came to preach deliverance from death, and in the classic passage in the Scriptures (Udāna VIII 1, 4, 3) this is how He spoke of Nirvāna:—

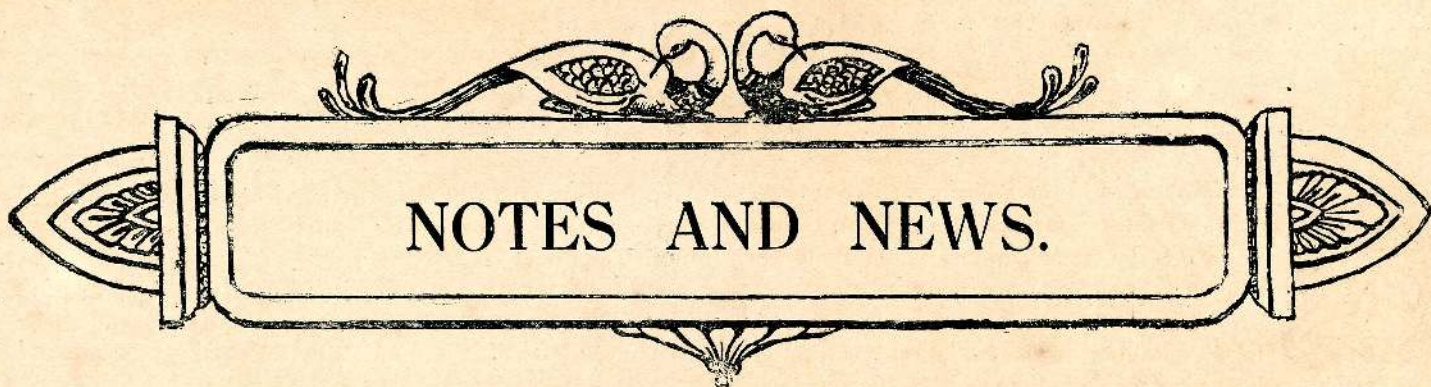
Thus I have heard. Once when the Exalted was dwelling in the Garden of Anāthapindika, in the Jeta Grove near Sāvattihī, he taught, awakened, animated, and gladdened the disciples with a religious discourse on Nirvāna. Attentively they hearkened, gave heed, considered it, impressed it on their minds; and thereupon the Exalted spake this solemn saying:—

"There is, disciples, a realm devoid of earth and water, fire and air. It is not endless space or infinite thought, nor nothingness, ideas nor no ideas. 'Tis not this world nor that, nor sun nor moon. I call it neither coming nor departing, nor standing still nor death nor birth; it is without a basis, progress or a stay; it is the end of Sorrow.

"For that which clingeth to another thing there is a fall; but unto that which clingeth not no fall can come. Where no fall cometh there is rest, and where rest is there is no keen desire. Where keen desire is not naught comes or goes, and where naught comes or goes, there is no death, no birth. Where there is neither death nor birth, there neither is this world nor that, nor in between—it is the end of Sorrow.

"There is, disciples, an unbecome, unborn, unmade, unformed; if there were not this unbecome, unborn, unmade, unformed, there would be no way out for that which is become, born, made and formed; but since there is an unbecome, unborn, unmade, unformed, there is escape for that which is become, born, made and formed.





Sabba Danam Dhamma Danam Jinati.

“The Gift of Truth Excels All Other Gifts.”

In 1909 for the first time in the history of Buddhism in the West, so far as we are entitled to speak with definiteness, a yellow-robed Bhikkhu in the person of the late Ananda Metteyya accompanied by a few of his Burmese *Dayakas* landed in England and established a mission for the propagation of the Dhamma in the West. They were welcomed by the few English Buddhists there were at the time and with their ready assistance and willing co-operation launched a mission which though outwardly has died away, yet is inwardly making itself felt in many directions in the thought of the country.

And to-day after nearly twenty years we are on the threshold of a similar movement, this time originating in Ceylon and led by a Sinhalese, who for nearly fifty years has been labouring in many lands as a Buddhist missionary. The Anagarika Dharmapala in the evening of his life—a life of varied activity and achievements—has with his usual vigour and characteristic pertinacity, decided upon planting a Buddhist *Vihara* in London, in the heart of Christendom. His mission, he says, is not to convert the West, but to spread a knowledge of the Dhamma in the West. With this object in view he has already purchased a spacious house in Gloucester Road, and here in due time will be erected a stately structure worthy of the first *Vihara* in England.

The Anagarika has already selected three Bhikkhus of high attainments in Oriental languages to reside in the *Vihara* for three years, who during their sojourn will instruct students in the Pāli language and in Buddhist doctrine, and themselves qualify for missionary activity in the West.

It is for the coming years to pass judgment on the value of this project. For the present we would heartily commend this mission to our friends in the West and invite their kindly sympathy and support to it, for it is by united and whole-hearted co-operation that any good can be achieved.

At this juncture, it will be well to ask ourselves the questions: What are the prospects of such a mission as the

one proposed? Is the West likely to sit at the feet of a Bhikkhu who in many respects leads a more austere life than a Catholic priest? In the first place a Buddhist missionary must be a man of character, of the highest principles, without which preliminary qualification no lasting results will follow from all his preaching and teaching. Secondly, he must be possessed of a good command of English, and must be able to express himself freely and to explain the difficult technical terms with lucidity and without ambiguity. And lastly he must be fired with true missionary zeal, one like unto the missionaries of old about whom we read in the Sacred Books. Otherwise the early disappointments, the rigours of the climate and changes in the way of life will soon kill his enthusiasm.

With regard to the attitude of the West to a Bhikkhu, we feel that the people of these countries are not likely to take kindly to a Bhikkhu. In the first place he is not free to move about in the company of the fair sex, to whom, paradoxical though it may seem, Buddhism is likely to have a stronger appeal than to their brothers.

What then are the prospects of Buddhism in the West? We think that the Buddhism that will find foothold in the West in any appreciable degree will not be the popular faith of the Buddhist East. It will be an embodiment of the Philosophy of the Buddha, which while not differing from the essentials and the fundamentals of the Dhamma,—which must forever remain true and acceptable to all the peoples of the whole world—for they are universal truths—must adapt itself to the environments in that country. While the solitary thinker, the meditating Bhikkhu, the ideal Buddhist of the Hinayana School of Buddhism as also of the Zen sect in the Mahayana, will and must appeal to the imagination of the cultured souls of both East and West, we feel that due to various causes the whole structure of Western society is such that it will be extremely difficult for a Bhikkhu to observe all the rules of the *Vinaya* as he would be able to do here in the East; nor is the community of Buddhists in England sufficiently numerous to warrant us of the East to expect that they will consider a Bhikkhu a necessity, a *sine qua non* for the sustenance of

their faith. We think that what the West wants to-day and for many more years to come is a missionary of a different type, one who is equipped with the culture of both the East and the West, one who is solely devoted to the Religion, who can teach and preach the religion in the spirit and in the letter to all those who are ready to learn and learning understand. He may stand a little below the ideal Bhikkhu, being not bound by the iron fetters of the disciplinary rules of the *Vinaya*. But such an one

More than ten years ago, when the teaching of English to Bhikkhus was first mooted, there was a furious uproar in the Buddhist Press, and the writers urged with much vehemence that if English were added to the curriculum of their studies it would lead to the downfall of the Sangha and spell the ruin of the *Sasana*. And today more than ever before Buddhist Ceylon has realised the crying need there is for a knowledge of

Buddhist Monks and English.

THE BUDDHIST MISSION TO MALAYA.



Seated—The Members of the Mission: Rev. Panangala Ariyawansa, Rev. Kudagama Sominda, Very Rev. Nagoda Sri Devananda, Very Rev. Dekatana Uttaradaja, Rev. Mapalagama Nanawimala.
Standing—A Few Members of the Organising Committee:
Left to Right: Messrs. D. H. S. Nanayakkara, J. D. Dharmasena, M. Piyadasa, Gate Mudaliyar W. F. Gunawarshana, Mr. P. D. Ratnatunge, Mohandram K. W. Y. Atukorala, Dr. D. B. Perera, Messrs. W. E. Bastian, P. H. Handry, A. A. Gabosingoo, S. W. G. Pragnaratne, Chandrasena, A. A. Stephen Perera, D. S. Alahendra.

will be more suited to the West and be of greater service. For just as Buddhism entering the various countries of Farther Asia adapted itself to the conditions and environments of the different peoples who embraced the religion, so will the Buddhism of the West adapt itself to the environments in which it finds itself and "acclimatise" itself to the mental outlook of the people. Then as it becomes part and parcel of their life and of their mental make-up, out of the womb of the future will take birth the future missionary, the ideal missionary to the West,

English,—and not only of English but even of German and French. For it is in Germany that some of the best brains are at work in the field of practical Buddhism and that some of the most popular books on the Dhamma have been written.

In this connection we would request the authorities of the Oriental College at Maligakanda, Colombo, to make English one of the more important subjects of their curriculum and induce the students to study it with a thoroughness

that will equip them with the ability to translate Buddhist Texts into English.

Elsewhere we publish the photograph of the five Bhikkhus who formed the Buddhist Mission to the Strait Settlements sent thither at the request of the Sasanabiwardhiwardane Society of Kuala Lumpur.

Buddhist Mission to Malaya.

This is a step fruitful of much good for the future of Buddhism.

In the olden days Buddhist missionaries were wont to go all over the world on their mission of love, preaching and teaching the Dhamma to all who would listen to them, and evidence of this fact is writ large in stone and rocky cave.

Coming to recent times we find that the Buddhist monks of the Mahayana School have been to the fore in carrying the message of the Dhamma to the remotest towns of the Pacific coast and the Pacific Islands, where Japanese have settled down in large numbers. In these places have arisen centres of Buddhist activity, and as a result temples and cathedrals costing large sums of money have been built.

In the present instance we have to thank the Sasanabiwardhiwardane Society for the enthusiasm they have displayed in inviting and promising to support the mission, and Mr. W. E. Bastian, the publisher of this Journal, for the interest he has evinced in the matter and for the wise selection he has made of the Bhikkhus.* We hope that they will acquit themselves creditably and fulfil the highest expectations of the people and justify the confidence reposed in them. We have no doubt that they will leave behind centres of Buddhist worship in Malaya.

We are also pleased to announce that another Bhikkhu in the person of the Rev. Polwatte Buddhadatta Thero has gone to Switzerland, having accepted the invitation of a Buddhist in that country. The immediate object of his visit is to teach Pāli to one or two people but we trust that with time the study of the language will tend to the understanding of that teaching which is contained in the language, and that he will set afoot a movement for the propagation of the Dhamma in that land.

Buddhist Mission to Switzerland.

Pali Text Society.

Of late a certain measure of criticism has been levelled at the Pali scholars of the West for misinterpretations of technical terms, wrong translations and the like. Although we do not share the view that such instances have been wilfully allowed to appear in works bearing the imprint of the Pali Text Society, an institution which has stood for thoroughness and sound scholarship, we think that the present Editors ought to be more careful in checking translations, introductions, prefaces and notes before they are allowed to appear in works authorized by the Society. In a recent

translation we come across a glaring instance of this unwarranted type of translation wherein the well-understood term "Bhikkhu"—a word which will soon pass into English usage—has been translated as "almsman". The latter term does not convey one tenth part of the meaning or the significance of the original word, and it is passing strange that this mis-translation should have been allowed by the Editors.

In these days, when Soviet Russia is still represented in the press of certain interested Powers as being the home of chaotic government and of unexampled barbarity, and when sustained efforts are made to malign both her rulers and her institutions, it is gratifying to note the Academy of Sciences of Leningrad, U S S R, publishing two monographs, one on the Buddhist conception of Nibbana and the other on the Soul Theory of the Buddhists—both written by Prof. Stecherbatsky. Not the least significant feature of these books is that they are written in English, though printed and published wholly in Russia. Both the essays are notable contributions to the literature of Buddhism, and go a long way to elucidate the difficult problem of the soul which has proved a stumbling-block to many a student of Buddhism. Elsewhere we publish a review of the Essay on Nibbana, which we hope will induce our readers to read the book for themselves.

The Conception of Buddhist Nirvana. The Soul Theory of the Buddhists.

This work from the pen of the well-known Buddhist authoress and explorer has already appeared in both French and English. The book is illustrated throughout, and should be of enthralling interest

My Journey to Lhasa.

not only to the student of travel and of sociology but to the general reader as well, since it is written in a style that is anything but pedantic. Judging by the English translation before us which, by the way, is published by Messrs. William Heinemann Ltd., London, we venture to say that the French version must be extremely readable. Mme. David-Neel writes to us that she is at work on another volume, which, while being a companion volume to the previous book, will also deal in greater detail with the mystic aspect of Tibetan life. Our readers will join with us in tendering to Mme. David-Neel our sincere congratulations on the unique honour that has been conferred on her by the French Government by making her a *Knight of the Legion of Honour*.

The Congress of Buddhist Associations.

This congress, which has now become an annual event, met in December last year at Anuradhapura under the presidency of the Hon. Mr. A. Francis Molamure. A varied programme was gone through and a number of useful resolutions passed. The president delivered a thoughtful and interesting address and dealt with some of the more urgent and important problems now looming large on the Buddhist horizon.

* The names of the Bhikkhus who made up the mission are:—The Very Rev. Nagoda Sri Devananda Nayaka Thero, the Rev. Dekatana Uttaradhaja Thero, the Rev. Mapalagama Nanawimala Thero, the Rev. Panangala Ariyawansa Thero, Galle, and the Rev. Kudagama Somananda Thero.—Ed.

Just as we go to press news of a depressing character has come to hand concerning this useful Society which for nearly fifty years has had in hand the education of Buddhist children in the Island. That the finances of the Society should have been placed on a firmer foundation goes without saying. It is a pity that all the schemes which were launched for the purpose of creating a reserve fund have gone aground. All these years a hand-to-mouth policy has been followed with results that are well-known to all of us. It is high time that Buddhists all over the Island took a more effective interest in the work of the Society and gave some part of their money and time to it. Our Buddhist brothers are good critics but bad workers. They would rather shirk the responsibilities than shoulder the burdens of office and bear the brunt of criticism. We appeal to all who are interested in Buddhist education to come forward and place their resources and experience at the disposal of the Society.

Readers of our last year's *Annual* will remember the reference we made to the death of **Annie Greenly**. Mrs. Greenly, wife of one of our best known contributors, Dr. Edward Greenly of Wales, England, and a sincere friend of Buddhism. We have much pleasure in printing the following tribute to her memory by Dr. Greenly:—

ANNIE GREENLY AND THE DHAMMA.

Honour paid to the East by the West is one of the happiest features of our time; and following on that, honour from the East to the West is hardly less happy. Among the latter is a request by the Editor of this *Annual* for a short account of "a very noble woman" (as a recent writer calls her), Annie Greenly, who alas! died on March 1, 1927.

According to the Dhamma, goodness of heart is very essential; so before proceeding to the other aspects of her character, it will be well to quote part of a letter written (at the news of her death) by a former servant. "My beloved Mrs. Greenly:— no kind or beautiful words are true enough about her. My beautiful Mistress! - - - never to hear her sweet voice, or see her sweet face again. Forgive my saying these things if they distress you. But I loved her so."

In the Samanna-phala Sutta, strong emphasis is laid upon "dwelling compassionate and kind to all creatures that have life." To readers of that Sutta, then, one of Annie Greenly's activities will peculiarly appeal; for during 17 years she was one of the leaders in North Wales of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, working in a manner that has elicited a glowing article from the Editor of that Society's journal.* Sometimes by railway, sometimes by bicycle, often on foot, she traversed a district 40 miles in each direction, visiting and inspiring the Local Secretaries. In organising and carrying out the work she

always displayed an inflexible determination; yet such was her personal charm and sunny sweetness of disposition that she never fell out with a single colleague. Rarely has a cause been served with such devotion and such wisdom.

Born in Bath in 1852 as Annie Barnard, she came of a family endowed with exceptional intellectual activity. Her early interests were mainly musical, and no wonder, for she was gifted with a noble contralto voice, which her musical father had trained in the severest classical manner. Its power was such that she might easily have been a public singer but for an artistic sensitive shyness, which always prevented her putting forth its full power in any assembly.



ANNIE GREENLY.

Nor did the present writer ever listen to a contralto of such tender quality: it seemed to bring out the very depths of human poetry.

Artistic natures are seldom capable of interest in Science, but she had a bent for the sciences from her girlhood. So when, in 1891, she married Dr. Greenly, then an officer of the Geological Survey of Scotland, she threw herself with all her might into his scientific work. Though she never published a line on the subject, she came to be honoured throughout British Geology for her self-effacing services to that science, and a fine tribute was paid to her at the British Association at Leeds in September, 1927.

The sweep of her mind was exceptionally wide. Not only were the leading ideas in abstract philosophy familiar to her;

* Who kindly permits us to reproduce the portrait which illustrated his article.

but she was endowed with a peculiar faculty for unification. To her, the arts and the sciences were fundamentally one: the world held nothing prosaic, so that the concrete sciences were apprehended by her with the penetrating imagination of a poet, bathing all in a sort of haze of beauty.

"And what," (the readers of this Annual may be supposed to ask) "was the attitude of this noble Englishwoman to Religion in general, and to Buddhism in particular?" The question has to be put somewhat differently. For she was not of those who go through life with a cut-and-dried set of opinions: she was growing and developing throughout her whole career.

Annie Barnard was, it is true, brought up a Christian, but not in the average Christianity of 1852, for her parents were in the fore-front of the religious progress of that time. From this already advanced position she steadily went forward until, for the last 25 or 30 years her views on such subjects had become completely transformed. And it was highly characteristic of her that one of the most powerful factors in this transformation had been the discovery that the higher ethic, far from being special to any one system, is common to all the higher races. Yet this change was devoid of the least tinge of bitterness towards what she had outgrown. All was gradual, sweet, and gentle: every year she expanded more and more to a lofty imaginative sense of

The glory of the sum of things :

life was for her an eternal hope; nay rather an eternal confidence.

Her first contact with Buddhism was in 1906, and she studied it for two years, after which the Society* was founded. She abstained from becoming a member, but the cause had few truer friends, and no wiser one. Among other things, it may be mentioned that, at a crisis, it was she who raised (with characteristic energy) a large fund, to which she herself added something like £ 80.

Most Europeans who come to the Dhamma are looking for light and a guide to life. But what drew her to it was a sense of affinity rather than of need. For though she had known two very heavy sorrows, she was one of those rare spirits over whom no clouds of uncertainty ever seem to hang, to whose modest simplicity the way seems always clear, who walk serenely through a life

Where love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.

It was partly the nobility of the Dhamma; partly the subtle intertwining of its philosophy with its ethic, that fascinated her. And she became convinced that a knowledge of it could not fail to be of the greatest value to Europe, for she had found its value to herself.

Yet she always held that to attempt to transplant an ancient system, bodily, into the soil of the modern West was an

error, certain to end in failure. The principles were what the West would assimilate. In fact, she had a rare combination of penetrative insight into the essential spirit of the Dhamma with a critical historic sense. And this was keenly appreciated in a quarter which will command the attention of every Buddhist, for thereby she won the affectionate respect of the great Rbys Davids.

We know the history of the British movement. Leader after leader failed; the Society went down in ruin. The present writer made his own blunders. Then let honour be paid where it is due. For had he at the outset listened to her voice, all would have been different. Happily, this admission was not withheld from her during her life. Ten years before she died, she and he were talking over the whole tragic failure: he took her hand and said:—"It is true: you were right. It is you who have had the real insight, all along." To-day, over her sacred ashes, he repeats that with yet greater emphasis. All through 19 years of struggle, disappointment, and disillusion, one serene and lovely spirit steadily pointed out the way:—the one and only way, in which the West can ever be brought to assimilate the Dhamma. Some day, that will be done, and then both East and West will honour with love the memory of Annie Greenly.

E. G.

OBITUARY.

By the sad and untimely death of this saintly and scholarly monk Buddhist Ceylon has lost an ideal Bhikkhu who strove hard to follow the Master. By his exemplary devotion to the cause to which he had dedicated his life and by his unremitting zeal in the cultivation of the higher virtues by meditation as set out in the Abhidhamma, he has left his foot-prints on the sands of time.

Anicca vata sankhara.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

BUDDHISM IN GERMAN POETRY.

The writings of Ernst L. Hoffmann are well known to the readers of *The Buddhist Annual*, to which he has made notable contributions. Also for several years from the German press we have been noticing able articles by him on the subject of Buddhism: at present is appearing his translation of the *Abhidhammattha-Sangaha* with lengthy commentaries by himself. From Pandoraverlag (Dresden 1927) is published his second volume of verse, entitled *Gedanken und Gesichte* (Thoughts and Vision) The character of this verse we find less abstract than the first volume, and it is to our mind richer in thought and nearer to the Buddha Dhamma in its inspiration. Underlying all these

recent verses is the conception of the overcoming of duality. But it contains much that is highly original.

The book opens with thoughtful lines concerning the purity of beginnings, of the imitative effort. The second poem we translate as follows :

THE CROSSWAY OF KNOWLEDGE.

Death is not
without knowledge of death.
Life is not
without knowledge of life.
But the knowledge of life
grows from the knowledge of death.
Mortal are all those who know
without being wise.
Deathless are all those beings
who are without knowledge of death.
But immortal alone
are those who perceive life and death.

"The Hermit and the Warrior" is a lovely tale of a Kshatriya's visit to a Brahmin and contains profound sayings on the movable and the immovable.

"Awakening" is a description of three stages of meditation called "The Labyrinth", "Breaking through Darkness", and "Liberation". The drawings which accompany these descriptions will be very interesting to those who respond to the psychic significance of pure form.

With much appeal and charm Herr Hoffmann brings out a fuller and new meaning to the story of Cain and Abel, following in form and idea more closely to the ancient text than at first sight the average reader would recognise; but our poet has drawn original, (though we think just), conclusions from the Biblical account. He sees in Abel a good, devout man, but ambitious to please and of slavish morals. Cain on the contrary is the man moved by compassion, not taking the life of animals, living from the fruits of the soil and his own labour; he is in harmony with nature. He is sorry for the animals for although they did not sin they were driven out of Eden through no fault of theirs. When he sees Abel coolly slaying them for a sacrifice he is horrified, argues with his brother to no effect, and in hot blood kills him. Cain has the power through the force of his character and his sincere repentance to cause even the god Jehova to change. Jehova renouncing his demand of revenge for Abel's death puts the mark of god upon Cain, and decrees that if Cain is killed Cain shall be revenged a sevenfold. We are asked to see in Cain the father of the inspired ones.

In another poem Cain and Prometheus are depicted as those who sacrifice themselves that fire and light may descend to man.

"The Praying One" shows that self-absorption which blinds so that truth cannot be seen.

"Meditation" is a poetical description of the four stages of Jhana, with accompanying designs called "Introspection", "Calm of the Inner Sea", "Birth of Happiness" and "The Outpouring".

The volume concludes with a very beautiful poem descriptive of an experience in an African oasis, under the Wesak Moon; this selection is called "The Well Bir Ganem": it deals chiefly with the thought of *karma*. An old man sits by the well, he tells the poet that on this night if one looks into the well he will see his fate for the coming year. Feeling both reluctance and attraction the poet looks into the black depths of the well, where later from the gloom he sees a face rising to meet him; then he discerns that it is his own face, his own *karma* that he has made and that he must meet in the coming years, but back of the face he sees reflected the stars, symbols of the eternal truth. A bit of earth falls into the well, as he gazes, and face and stars are all commingled—the seeming duality of self and not-self is overcome!

Buddhists look for the deeper realizations to come through intuition, that gift which is more characteristic of the poet than of other mortals. The BuddhaDhamma has been the inspiration of poets since the time the first Bhikkhus and Bhikkhunis composed their many songs of the *Thera-theri Gatha*. We watch with great interest the varying forms which the Dhamma inspires. It is not possible here to dwell in greater detail upon these poems of Herr Hoffmann, whose great beauty of language we have not even mentioned, but we trust that even this meagre outline will give some idea of the richness and originality of thought contained in this collection which we so heartily recommend.

E. H. BREWSTER.

THE CONCEPTION OF BUDDHIST NIRVANA.

A REVIEW.

"The Conception of Buddhist Nirvana," by Th. Stecherbatsky, Ph.D. is a large sized brochure which reaches us from the Publishing Office of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, Leningrad. It consists of a treatise on Nirvana some 62 pages long, by the learned Professor of the University of Leningrad named on the title page, followed by the Text, translated from the Sanskrit, of Nāgārjuna's *Sunyata-saptati*, happily rendered "Treatise on Relativity", and of Candrakīrti's Commentary thereon, the *Prasanna-pāda*, also in translation into English by Professor Stecherbatsky.

The considerable brochure, which runs to almost three hundred pages filled with the results of most industrious learning, is eloquent testimony to the fact that Russia to-day is not exactly the howling waste of ruined science, art and religion, which some over-zealous Russophobes would fain make it out to be. Here is evidence that those interested in the most interesting religion in the world, and its history, have the time and opportunity granted them to pursue their studies in Leningrad quite as much as in London, Berlin, Paris, or any other city in Europe.

As is natural from a city where, we understand, is established a Lamasery and a College for the study of Northern Buddhism, which is the form prevailing in the territories of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Prof. Stecherbatsky's study of the Buddhist conception of Nirvana, does not confine itself to that view of the *summum bonum* of Buddhist endeavour which obtains in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, but passes on to the consideration of the developments the Nirvana doctrine has undergone in Tibet, China, and Japan. Indeed, it is this latter which occupies most of his attention. Here he finds matter upon which to employ his industry and learning, and quotes voluminously in many notes on all his pages, the views of a vast array of Sanskrit authorities, to the ultimate effect that Nirvana and Samsara are the same!

That, of course, thus baldly put, is a conclusion to which no Sinhalese or Burmese or Siamese Buddhist could ever possibly agree, no matter how good a case for it may be made out *in words* by Nāgārjuna and his Commentators. We say deliberately, "in words", for Nāgārjuna's logic is subtle and strong in the arguments he advances in favour of this view. But in the South we are not so much concerned about logic as about truth and fact. We are not so much concerned about brain-play as about actuality, which two things are not always the same. And we hold it to be truth and fact that the real Nibbana, as distinguished from any concept of it that may be used in the play of logic and intellectual gymnastic, is altogether apart, and distinct, from the Wheel of Existence, and has nothing whatever to do with it in any way, in any conceivable kind of relation. To our view, if it had any such relation, even that of opposition, then it would not be Nibbana!

And that, of course, is just the point. What Professor Stecherbatsky and others who think with him, are speaking of all the time, what they make their various statements about, to the effect that it is the same as Samsara, and this and that and the other, is not Nibbana but only the concept of it that happens to have found a lodgment in their heads; as indeed, this is all they *can* make statements about, and discuss this way and that. What else? But ultimate reality, Nibbana, just because it is ultimate reality, and not the world of appearances, the field of operation for the reasoning intellect, is not at all subject to the laws that govern the operations of that intellect. Hence all reasoning about it is futile, as a means or supposed means of ascertaining its real nature. All that reasoning about it can do is to demonstrate more or less accurately what it is *not*; never, under any circumstances, what it is. Nevertheless, monographs such as this of Professor Stecherbatsky have an interest in showing just what the human intellect, working at its strongest and subtlest, has made of this idea of the *summum bonum* held by Buddhists, down through the centuries since the Greatly Awakened One set rolling the Wheel of his Doctrine that has gone on rolling ever since throughout all Asia, and yet may roll throughout the Western world also, setting before its men and women a goal that is a goal, firm, lasting, sure, and not a mirage of fancied perfection of conditions in Samsara, in any one of its domains, heavens high or low,

The printing and general get-up of the monograph is excellent, and the proof-reading very well done, considering that it has been set up presumably by compositors who have little or no knowledge of the language in which they are composing. Also the quality of the English of this translation, done by a Russian, though it has little oddities here and there, says much for the linguistic ability of its Russian author. How many Pali scholars of the English-speaking race could translate from Sanskrit or Pali into Russian that would be even half or quarter as good as Professor Stecherbatsky's English? It is highly questionable if there is a single one. Professor Stecherbatsky has also in his translation avoided the error of attempting to give a too close translation of his original text. Such a translation, of such a cryptic work as Nagarjuna's, would simply have been unintelligible to the vast majority of English readers. To make such translation intelligible, the translation has to be to a large extent, itself explanation as well as translation. This principle Professor Stecherbatsky has followed, and the result is a translation which can at least be read with some idea of what is being talked about, whether one agrees with all that is said or not. It certainly can be read with profit by all who take an interest in the developments of human thought, more especially, in its developments in that not unimportant section of the earth's surface, Asia.

J. F. Mc K.

THE BUDDHIST ANNUAL OF CEYLON

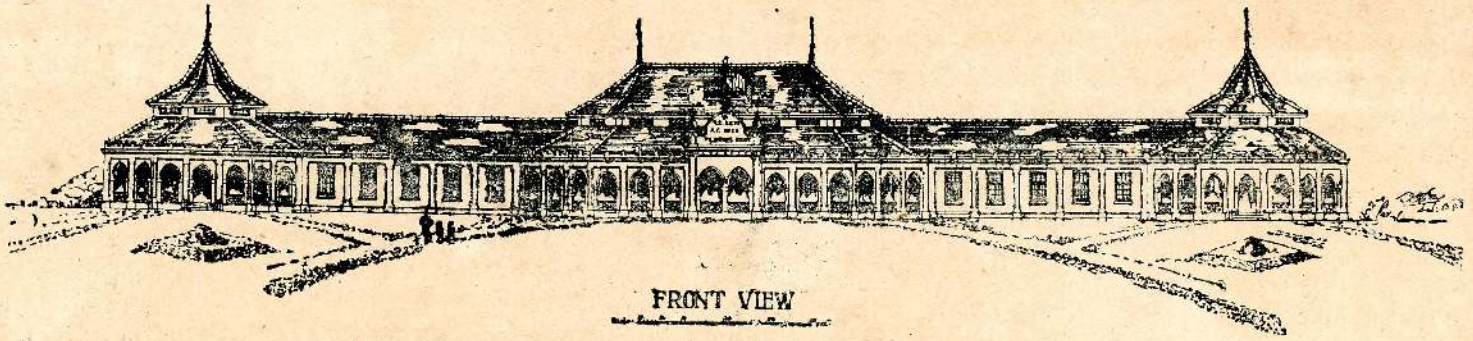
Vol. III.

No. 2.

COMPETITIONS

1. **Translation**:—Best translation from the Pali Scriptures in prose or verse.
Prize of Rs. 25-00
NOT AWARDED
2. **Poem**:—Best original poem on a Buddhist subject.
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Awarded to J. A. WIJESINGHE ESQ., Proctor, Kurunegala, Ceylon.
4. **Photograph**:—Best photograph of Buddhist shrines, etc.
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5. **Cover Design**:—Best cover design on the lines of Oriental Art.
Prize of Rs. 50-00

Awarded to G. S. FERNANDO ESQ., Colombo, Ceylon.



FRONT VIEW

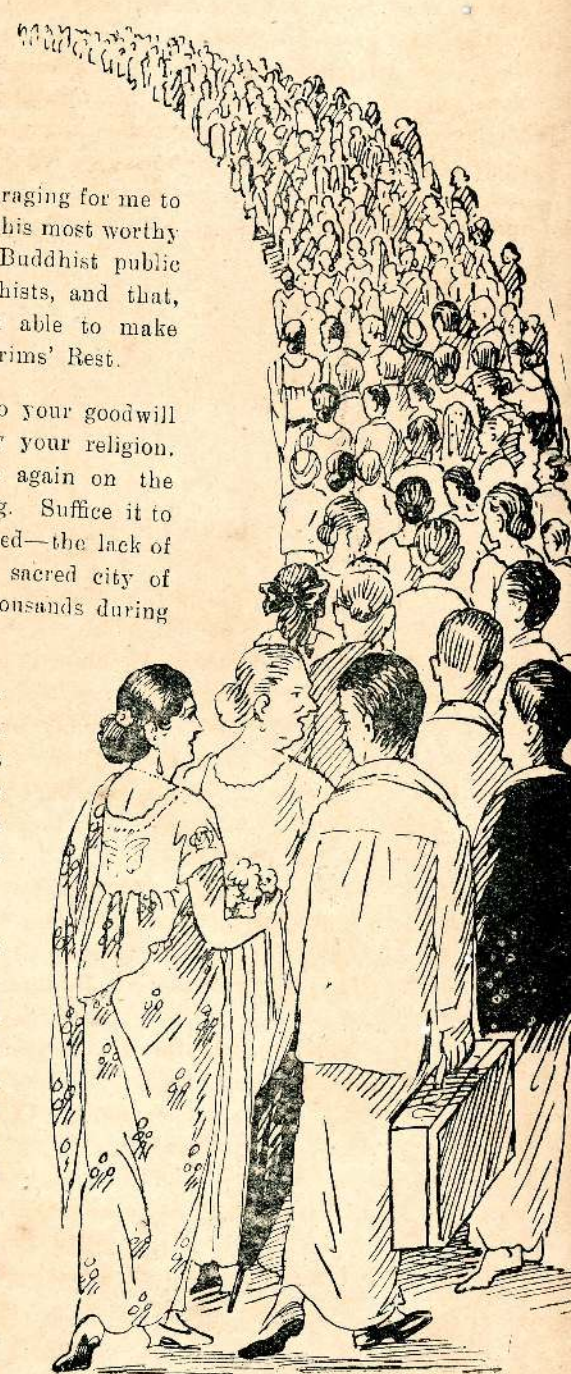
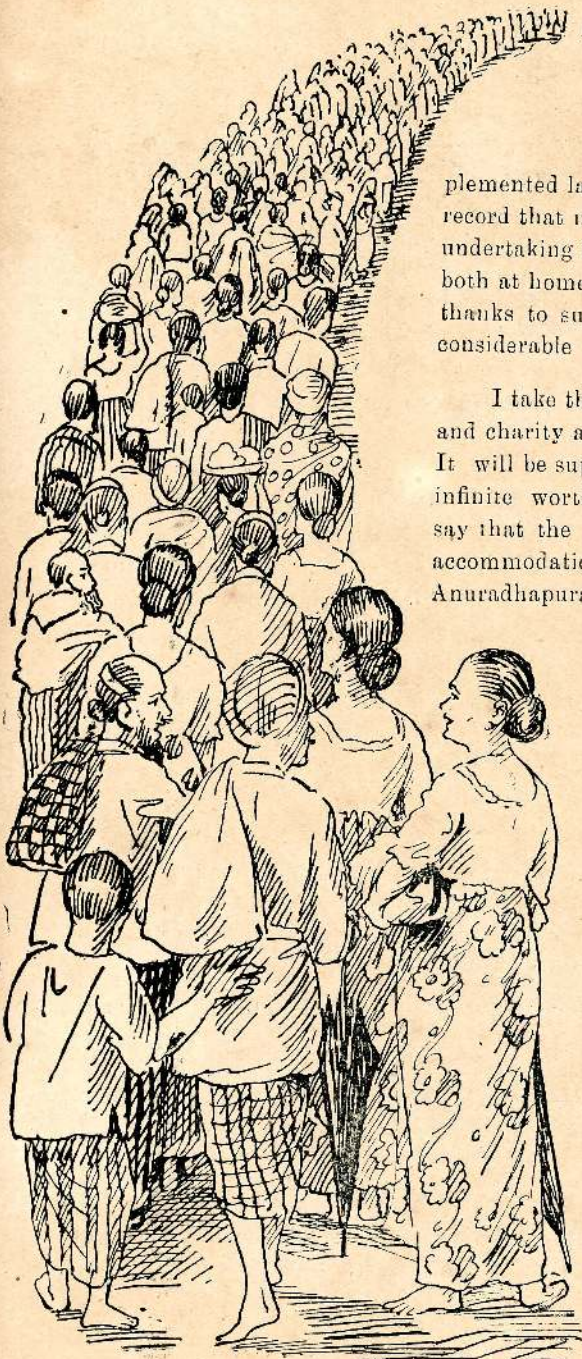
AN APPEAL TO ALL BUDDHISTS AND WELL-WISHERS.

In the last issue of *The Buddhist Annual* the readers were acquainted with the scheme of the establishment of a Buddhist Pilgrims' Rest at Anuradhapura to be supplemented later with a Free Hospital. It is encouraging for me to record that my appeal for subscriptions to further this most worthy undertaking has received a fair response from the Buddhist public both at home and abroad, and even from non-Buddhists, and that, thanks to such magnanimous support, I have been able to make considerable progress in the erection of the Pilgrims' Rest.

I take this opportunity of appealing once more to your goodwill and charity and to your sense of service and duty by your religion. It will be superfluous for me to lay emphasis once again on the infinite worth and importance of this undertaking. Suffice it to say that the project is intended to meet a crying need—the lack of accommodation on a sufficiently large scale in the sacred city of Anuradhapura for the pilgrims who go thither in thousands during the pilgrim seasons.

In the last Annual I acknowledged a sum of Rs. 22,762.67 which I had received as donations. It gives me pleasure to acknowledge here Rs. 11,983.05 which sum represents the donations I have received since the publication of the last Annual.

Moreover, there was a "Flower Day Campaign" on a fairly extensive scale during the Wesak Festival for the purpose of raising a general collection for the Pilgrims' Rest. I am organising a similar campaign to take place during the Poson Festival, chiefly at Anuradhapura. I expect to publish accounts of these collections in the next issue of the Annual. I must, however, express once more my profound appreciation of the immense assistance that was accorded to me by all those who so arduously



and so unselfishly co-operated with me to make the Flower Day campaign the success it really was.

No cause can arrest more of your sympathy and support than that devoted to the providing of shelter and comfort to the weary pilgrim. Any act done in this name is an act of charity, of social service in the real sense of the term. Those instincts of charity, ingrained in us, must, therefore, respond to this appeal—which is nothing other than the cry of the pilgrim wearied and footsore, earnestly imploring us to eliminate his suffering.

Charity is the key note of all religions; this is pre-eminently so in the case of Buddhism. What is done in the name of charity can never be undone—it is eternal, sending out ever-expanding circles of merit resulting therefrom. King nor robber nor elements can divest charity of its merits. It is charity that begets Buddhahood—for where charity exists in its fullest perfection there is no Tanha (craving); and it is this Tanha that keeps us imprisoned in Samsara. Let us therefore strive in all earnestness to promote charity by being charitable. We would thus be accruing treasures permanent and eternal—treasures that would pay the price for the attainment of that ultimate bliss—the bliss of Nirvāna.

This undertaking is undoubtedly a glorious avenue to charity, and it is my fervent hope that you will neither fail nor falter to gain entrance to it—and this could certainly be achieved by a donation to this most worthy cause—a cause synonymous with charity, upon which rest the blessings of this life and the bliss of the life to come.

DONATIONS.

		Rs.	Cts.
	Brought forward from Last Year's Issue	22,762	67
1927			
June	Mr. M. Palani Appan, Haputale, Ceylon	10	00
	„ G. R. Jayasinghe, Melton Estate, Lindula, Ceylon	5	00
	„ S. D. C. Fonseka, Uva Club, Badulla, Ceylon, (In Memory of late S. D. J. Fonseka)	5	00
	„ R. Suriarachchi, Cottagala, Gampola, Ceylon	10	00
	„ Robt. Peiris, Wickramesinghe, Wawa, Dondra, Ceylon	8	50
	„ M. Allis Fernando, Kiridiwalwatta, Bombuwela, Ceylon	50	00
	„ W. K. Jinadasa, Colombo, Ceylon	30	00
	A. Krishthinahamy, Dasasil Upasaka- Amma, Anuradhapura, Ceylon	5	00
	W. H. P. Dharmawardana, Dikwella, Ceylon	5	00
	Mudaliyar H. P. P. Samarasekera, Hunupitiya, Ceylon	5	00
	Mr. H. Ago Fernando, Kiridiwalwatta, Bombuwela, Ceylon	10	00
	Carried over	22,906	17

	Rs.	Cts.
Brought forward	22,906	17
Mr. S. D. Fernando, Tebuwana, Ceylon	10	00
„ K. D. Egonis Appuhamy, Balangoda, Ceylon	5	00
„ B. D. Punchisingho Appuhamy, Agalawatte, Ceylon	5	00
„ A. P. Aryapala, Galle, Ceylon	7	50
Donations under Rs. 5/-	63	30
Collection Lists for June 1927	807	15
Poson Coupon Sale at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	866	10
Poson Charity Box Collection Anuradhapura, Ceylon	71	83
Wangagiriya Show at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	161	70
Children's Collection for June 1927	70	95
July		
Mr. H. A. Siriwardanahamy Gam Aratchi, Ruanwella, Ceylon	5	00
„ M. D. Robert, Padukka, Ceylon	5	00
Mrs. O. L. G. A. Weerakoon, Maradana, Ceylon	5	00
Mr. G. D. Davithappu Upasaka Rala, Ruanwella, Ceylon	50	00
„ T. L. D. Maddumappuhamy, Anuradhapura, Ceylon	5	00
„ B. Janis, Puwakpitiya, Ceylon	5	00
„ D. M. Sirimana, Kadugannawa, Ceylon	10	00
A. Krishthinahamy, Dasasil Upasaka Amma, Anuradhapura, Ceylon	5	00
Mr. H. W. Allahakoon, Galle, Ceylon	10	00
„ P. M. Kira, Kankanama, Elkaduwa, Ceylon	5	00
„ D. E. Rupesinghe, Maradana, Ceylon	5	00
Messrs. Walker Sons & Co., Ltd., Colombo, Ceylon, through Sir E. J. Hayward	200	00
Mr. Paul Wyler, Basle	10	00
K. K. Welminahamy, Colpetty, Ceylon	10	00
Donations under Rs. 5/-	58	71
Collection Lists for July 1927	621	53
Esala Coupon Sale at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	479	60
Coupon Sale by A. D. Valenis, Horana, Ceylon	5	00
Esala Charity Box Collection at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	51	65
Wangagiriya Show at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	19	00
Children's Collection for July 1927	57	21
August		
Mr. W. W. Carolis Appuhamy, Kamburugamuwa, Ceylon	5	00
„ T. H. de Silva, N. P. Negombo, Ceylon	15	00
Carried over	26,617	40

An Appeal.

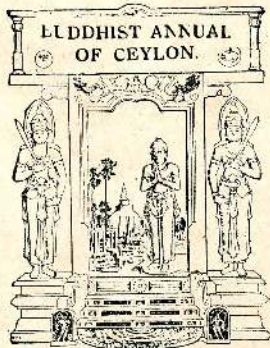
	Rs.	Cts.		Rs.	Cts.
	Brought forward	26,617	40		
Mr. Y. L. Mohottiappuhamy,					
Ginigathena, Ceylon	5	00	Mr. M. W. Thomas Silva, Kegalle,		
" K. G. Jayasinghe Appuhamy,			Ceylon	5	00
Kiriella, Ceylon	5	00	" D. V. Bastian Appu, Pussellawa,		
" J. P. Williamsingho. Mahawella,			Ceylon	5	00
Ceylon	5	00	" S. H. Singho Appu, Nuwara		
" P. B. Ratnayake, Anuradhapura,			Eliya, Ceylon	6	00
Ceylon	5	00	" U. Pe, Rice Mill Owner, Burma	10	00
" S. D. Richard, Ambalangoda,			Hon. Mr. H. R. Freeman, M. L. C.		
Ceylon	10	00	Anuradhapura, Ceylon	25	00
" B. A. Chas. Appuhamy, Colombo,			Mr. F. Kulka, London	10	00
Ceylon	5	00	Donations under Rs. 5/-	43	21
Rev. T. W. Sugatasabha,			Wap Poya Coupon Sale at		
Ukuwella, Ceylon	5	00	Anuradhapura, Ceylon	18	45
Mr. A. D. Hiniappuhamy, Balapitiya			Coupon Sale K. R. E. Ariyadasa,		
Ceylon	10	00	Kochchikadde, Ceylon	2	50
" A. H. Gunetilleke, Proctor.			Coupon Sale by Rev. W. Sarannada,		
Kalutara. Ceylon	5	00	Hakmane, Ceylon	5	00
Messrs Miller & Co.. Ltd. Colombo,			Charity Box Collection at		
Ceylon	150	00	Anuradhapura, Ceylon	9	20
Donations under Rs. 5/-	36	05	Collection Lists for October 1927	232	40
Nikini Poya Collection at			Children's Collection for October 1927	53	70
Anuradhapura, Ceylon	14	70			
Coupon Sale at Anuradhapura Ceylon	126	90	Nov.		
Children's Collection for August	49	00	Mr. D. H. Gunasekera, Wellawaya,		
Collection Lists for August 1927	161	75	Ceylon	5	00
Sept.			Mr. K. L. Sumathipala, Galle. Ceylon	5	00
Mrs. Herat, Anuradhapura, Ceylon	5	00	" Maung Hla Mg, Government		
Mr. W. R. Dasanaike, Kayts, Ceylon	5	00	High School, Burma	21	31
" T. M. Edwin, Ratnapura, Ceylon	5	00	" R. S. Dove, London	100	00
" J. W. William Silva, Maskeliya,			Donations under Rs. 5/-	29	00
Ceylon	5	00	Collection Lists for November 1927	281	10
" D. A. Tennekoon Appuhany,			Children's Collection for November 1927	28	00
Agalawatte, Ceylon	5	00	Dec.		
" W. S. Fernando, Welipenna, Ceylon	10	00	Mr. S. R. Abeyanayake,		
A. Krishthinahamy, Dasasil Upasaka			Baddegama, Ceylan	5	00
Amma. "Rickarton," Colombo			" W. R. Dasanaike, Kayts, Ceylon	5	00
Ceylon	5	00	" H. W. Dassanayake, N. P. Rakwane		
Mr. M. A. de Silva, Mahawella, Ceylon	5	00	Ceylon	5	00
" Richard Amarasekera, Klang,			" N. Porolis Fernando, Colombo,		
F. M. S.	100	00	Ceylon	125	00
Donations under Rs 5/-	37	85	" D. S. Weerakoon Wickremasinghe,		
Binera Poya Collection at			Horana, Ceylon	25	00
Anuradhapura, Ceylon	165	05	Mrs. B. J. Perera, Colombo, Ceylon	10	00
Charity Box Collection at			Mr. M. Amaratunge, Penang	7	55
Anuradhapura, Ceylon	22	30	" H. D. P. Perera, "	7	54
Collection Lists for September, 1927	155	80	Mrs. W. A. de Silva, "Sravasti"		
Children's Collection for			Colombo, Ceylon	445	00
September 1927	43	60	Mr. D. C. Senanayake, Sirimedura,		
Oct.			Colombo, Ceylon (1st Inst.)	200	00
Mr. J. D. James Appuhamy			" B. Abayaratne, Green Lodge,		
Polgahawella, Ceylon	5	00	Colombo, Ceylon	100	00
" M. S. Perera, Maskeliya, Ceylon	5	00	Donations under Rs. 5/-	16	25
" D. Amarakoon, Kotapola, Ceylon	5	00	Coupon Sale by Miss E. S. Amara-		
" T. M. S. Appuhamy, Colombo,			singhe, Badulla, Ceylon	9	50
Ceylon	5	00	Coupon Sale by D. D. Abayasekera,		
Carried over	27,800	40	Badulla, Ceylon	12	50
			Carried over	29,668	61

		Rs.	Cts.
	Brought forward	29,668	61
	Collection Lists for December 1927	117	25
	Children's Collection for December 1927	28	25
1928			
January	Messrs. Freudenberg, Colombo, Ceylon	200	00
	Mr. D. P. Wijayawardene, Dehiowita, Ceylon	5	00
	„ K D Augustine Perera, Slave Island, Ceylon	5	00
	„ A. Wijetunge, Deulapitiya, Ceylon	7	25
	„ D. L. Jayasinghe, Peradeniya, Ceylon	5	00
	„ D. P. Munasinghe, Kahawatte, Ceylon	5	00
	„ G. H. Baronsingho, Rozelle, Ceylon	6	00
	„ D. M. Gunesekera, Bogawantalawa, Ceylon	5	00
	„ S. V. D. M. Dionis Appu, Panadura, Ceylon	5	00
	Donations under Rs. 5/-	37	85
	Duruthu Poya Coupon Sale at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	60	75
	Charity Box Collection at Anuradhapura, Ceylon	20	30
	Collection Lists for January 1928	137	15
	Children's Collection for January 1928	12	00
Feb.	Mr. W. D. Perera, Moratuwa, Ceylon	5	00
	„ T. D. Byron Seneviratne, Colombo, Ceylon	10	73
	„ K. D. Banda, Undugoda, Ceylon	8	00
	„ H. D. William Singho, Welimada, Ceylon	7	05
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	„ R. Batuwantudawe, Colombo, Ceylon	50	00
	„ Walter W. Brotherton, London	20	00
	Donations under Rs. 5/-	46	77
	Coupon Sale by D. Wijesekera, Peradeniya, Ceylon	3	10
	Collection Lists for February 1928	410	28
	Children's Collection for February 1928	13	00
	Carried over	30,932	11

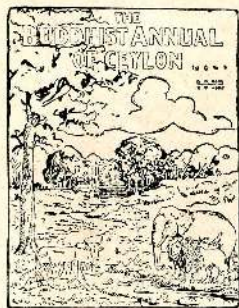
		Rs.	Cts.
	Brought forward	30,932	11
March	Mr. I. K. Wijehamy, Eheliyagoda, Ceylon	5	00
	„ W. G. Punchisingho, Talawakelle, Ceylon	5	00
	„ D. J. Jayasinghe, Loco Department, F.M.S.	6	62
	„ D. C. Wickremasinghe, Galle, Ceylon	5	00
	„ R. P. Carolis, Dodanduwa, Ceylon	5	00
	Dr. D. C. D. S. Wijesuriya, Koslande, Ceylon	5	12
	Mr. W. H. Newman, Matara, Ceylon	5	00
	„ G. Appuhamy, Waga, Ceylon	5	00
	„ W. A. Samarasekera, Wellawatte, Ceylon	25	00
	„ D. E. Ranasinha, In Blessed Memory of his wife, Mrs. D. M. Ranasinha	1000	00
	Mr. & Mrs. D. C. Pedris, Colombo Ceylon, (2nd Inst.)	200	00
	„ A. Maithreevarathana, F. M. S.	10	00
	„ K. Peiris Appuhamy, Ruanwella, Ceylon	10	25
	Mrs. Lain Choy, Kuala Lampura	3	14
	„ M. K. Freeman, Kuala Lumpur	38	68
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	Mr. Walisinghe, Wimalachandra, Katunayake, Ceylon, lsv.	13	46
	Sympathiser, Berlin, Deutschland, £ 1. 0. 0.	12	98
	Donations under Rs. 5/-	31	50
	Collection Lists for March 1928	873	01
	Children's Collection for March 1928	23	34
	Full Profits on Sale of Buddhist Pictures	500	00
	Bank Interest to December 1927	41	74
May	Miss V. Butler Burke, 11, Harcourt Terrace, Dublin, Ireland £10.0.0.	132	82
	Mr. J. Mayr, 7 Pollock St, Calcutta	50	00
	Mr. D. S. W. Wickramesinghe, Vidane Aratchie, Dumbara, Horana	25	00
	(To be Continued)	Rs. 34,745	72

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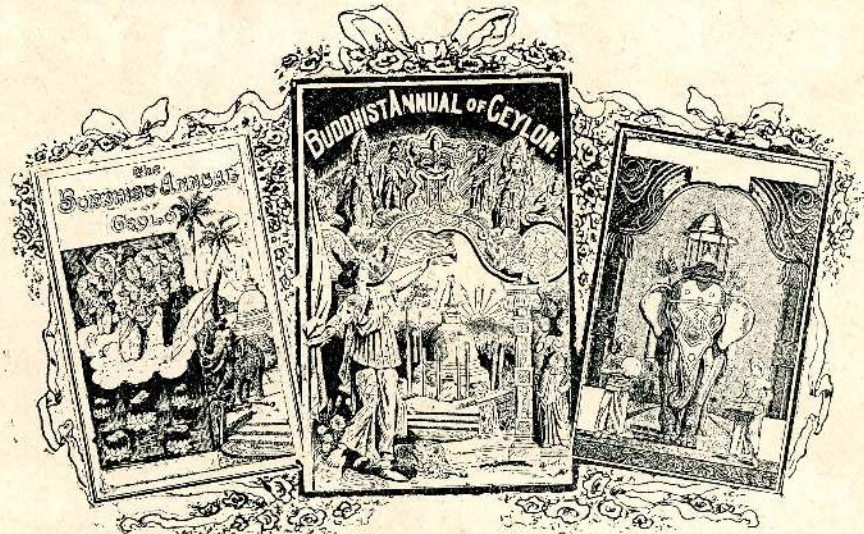
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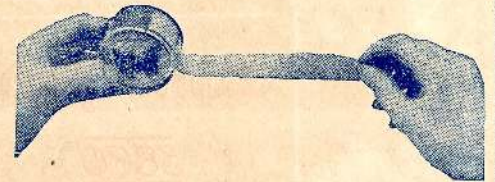
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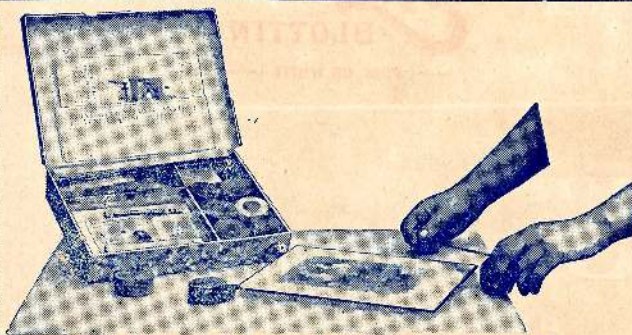
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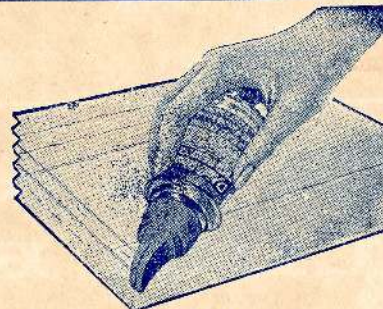
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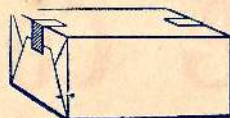
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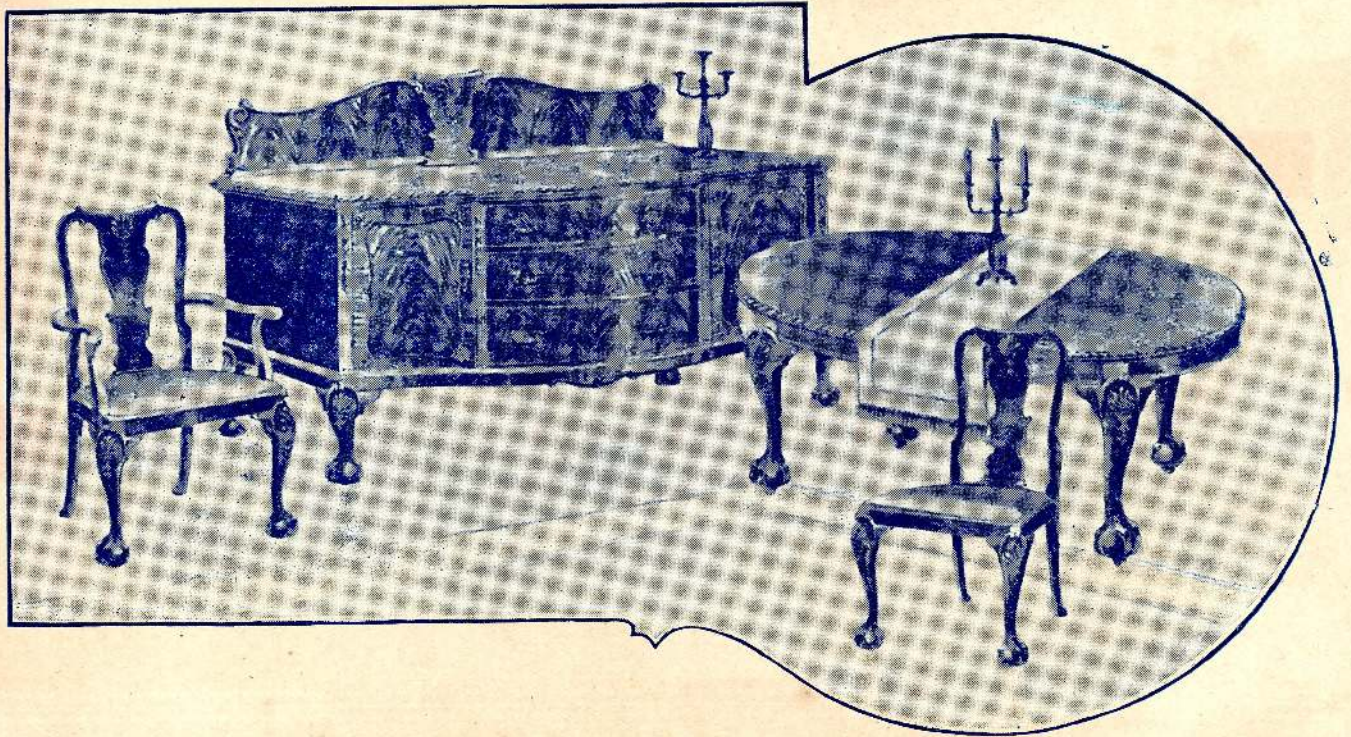
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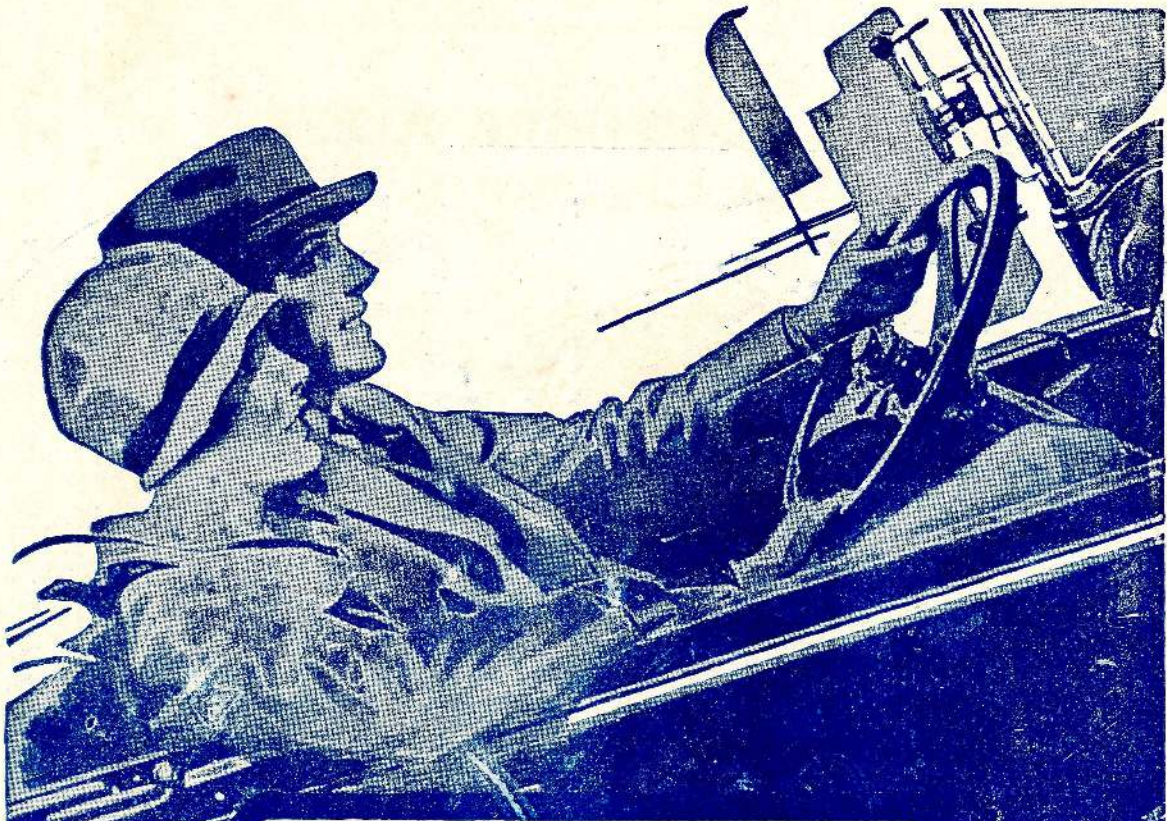


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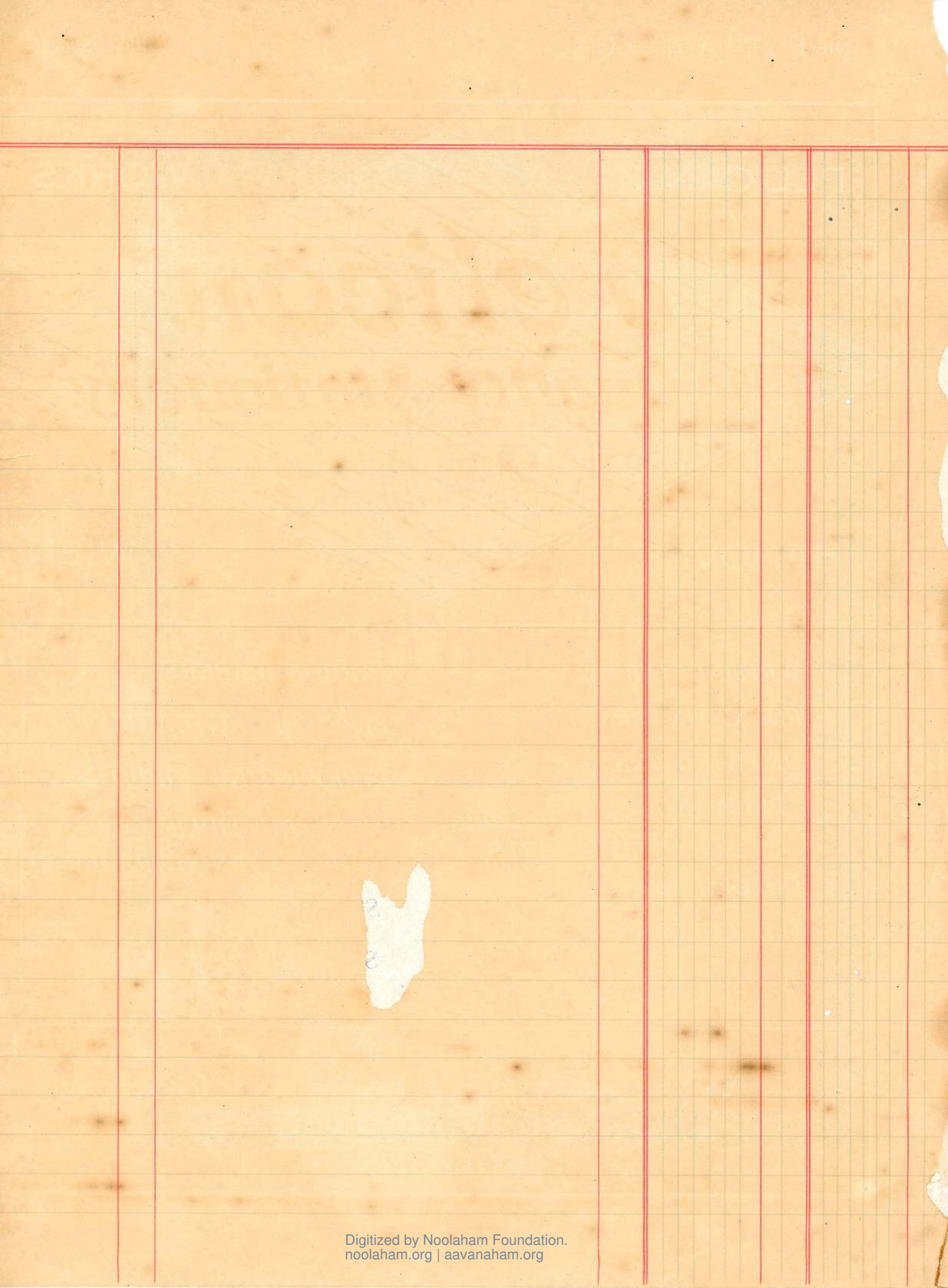
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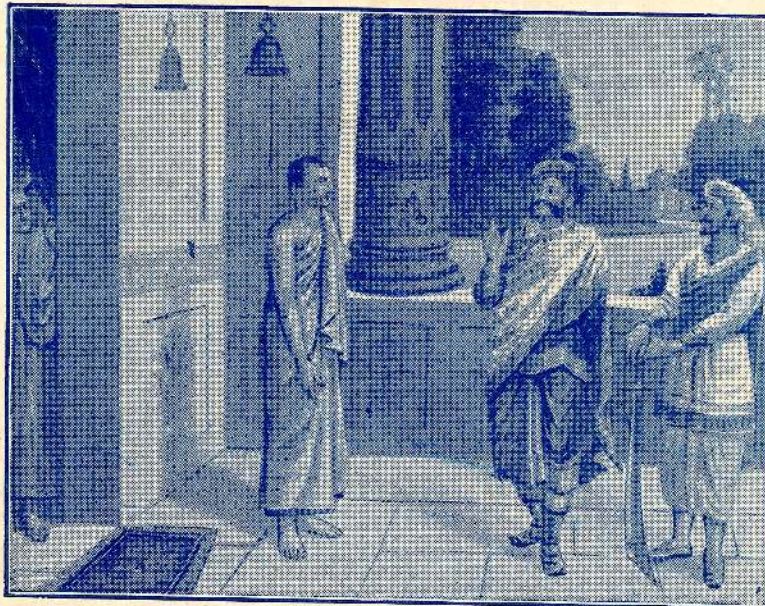
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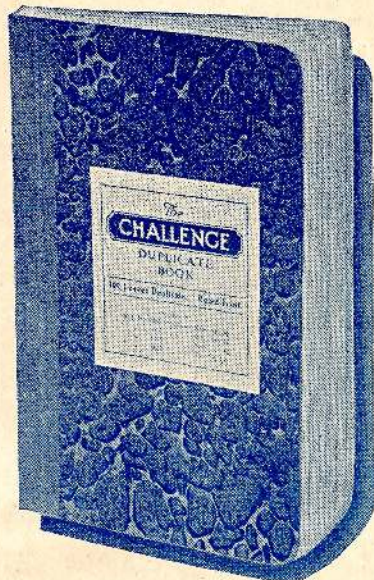
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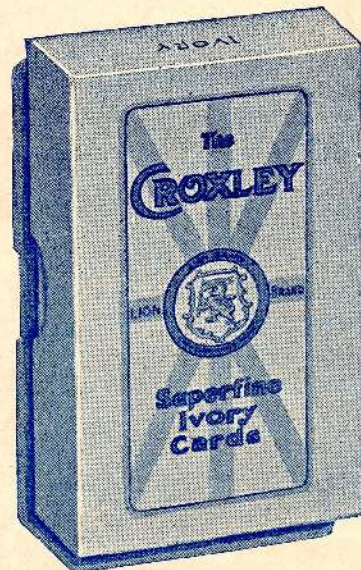
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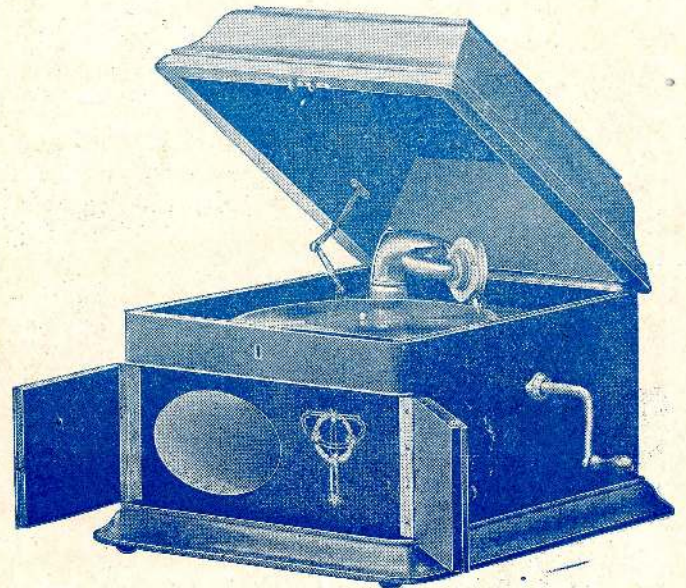
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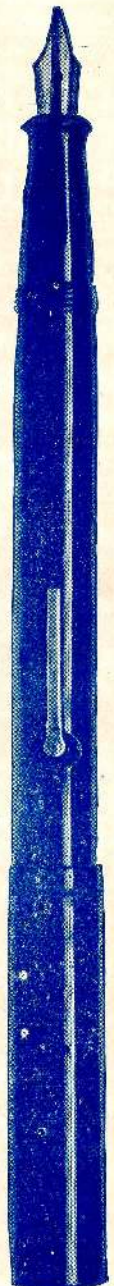
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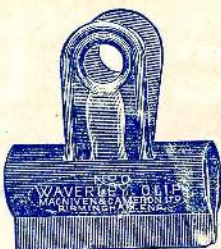


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