

personality, it is that he may become a Saviour of men. Here the sweet Voice:

"Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the Lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

"Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hath wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

"But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."

"Kill out desire," is the key to the loftiest of morality and means the strangling of sin, and the making impotent of all vice, before entering upon the solemn journey; and that done, by various stages, the Disciple proceeds to the condition before Nirvana, until finally he becomes Master of Samadhi, the state of faultless vision.

"Behold," exclaims the Sage, "thou hast become the light, thou hast become the sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art THYSELF the object of thy search: the VOICE unbroken that resounds throughout eternities, exempt from change, from sin exempt, the seven sounds in One,

"THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE."

Fragment II. of the volume is devoted to The Two Paths, in which the Disciple—now the Teacher of Compassion—is taught to "point the Way to other men." In our day, in this material age, it is almost impossible to understand the high and sublime thoughts of this second part of the book. Briefly put, the twenty one pages of The Two Paths may be summed up thus:

"The Selfish Devotee lives to no purpose, becomes Pratyeka Buddha, and makes his obeisance but to his Self.

"The Bodhisattva who has won the battle, who holds the prize within his palm, yet says in his divine compassion:

"For others sake, this great reward I yield," and accomplishing the greater renunciation:

"A Saviour of the World is He."

Fragment III of "The Voice of the Silence," is transcendental in the extreme, and describes under the title of the "Seven Portals," the final war between the Higher and the Lower Self. We in our bustling life may comprehend and understand so far as the Third Gate, in which the body becomes the slave of the disciple; and somewhat of "the temptations which do ensnare the inner man;" but language fails in meaning here—only the Self can know. Says the Voice:

"Thou hast removed pollution from thy heart, and bled it from impure desire. But, O thou glorious combatant, thy task is not yet done.

"A sense of pride would mar the work."

Conquering this, one deems the highest reached. Not so—

"Thou hast to feel thyself ALL THOUGHT, and yet exile all thoughts from out thy soul."

The book closes with a pæan of joy:

"Hark! . . . from the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, ALL NATURE'S wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim:

"Joy unto ye, O men of Myalpa,

"A Pilgrim hath returned, back from the other shore:

"A new Arhan is born.

"Peace to all beings."

W. J. WATSON.

A BRAHMIN ON FAMILY LIFE.

An impression seems to prevail in western countries that there is no love between the Hindu wife and husband. The truth is the Hindu families are the happiest in the world. The Hindu woman, having been tied to the lot of the man early, thinks only of him. His happiness is her happiness. She loves her husband devotedly. In the western nations I observe that the man works from morning to late in the night to earn money. He has no rest. Who enjoys the benefits of his money? His wife. While he is struggling to get the almighty dollar, his wife is enjoying the luxuries and the leisure it buys. If she cannot get the newest fashion of ornaments or clothing she is often unhappy, and, consequently, if the husband cannot buy them, he, too, is made unhappy. Moreover, the women in America seem to have greater liberty than the men. The young girl is brought up by her mother to think that she is equal to man, and, in some respects, superior to him. She reads love-novels, spends much time at her toilet; she wears in her bonnet flowers, feathers, dead birds, sea weed, moss, horns, thorns, big needles, and in her dress pins, hooks, ties, iron and brass bars, clips, stitches and what not; and on her bosom I have seen her wear a living lizard fastened with a thin chain. Her waist is laced tight by a corset which makes her pant for breath. Thus equipped, she sallies forth to make conquests of young men's hearts. She seems to me (pardon me, I write without offence) to lack the mild and delicately sweet look that even the commonest Hindu woman has.—Purus-hotam Rao Telang, in the September Forum.