

they appear as they flicker over the sparkling snow; but look up at the pines themselves; they are covered with rare crystals of frost, and each crystal glistens like a precious gem. A soft, sweet, stillness seems to wrap the whole earth; it even penetrates the heart of man, causing him to lift his eyes to the heavens above, where the waning moon is just rising from behind the rugged mountain peaks, and the great giant Orion stands ready in the south for combat with the fiery-eyed Taurus.

The deep red glitter of Aldebaran is surely reflected in the heart of Nehilakin; though all about him is still and cold, his heart is burning within his breast, and as he strains the saddle girth of "Suppelma," he scarce notices that his fingers adhere to the icy, iron ring. Why should that grumbling old Hapkin grudge him his sport? If punishment betel him, would old Hapkin feel it? Was it worse to slaughter half-starved deer in the winter and end their sufferings, than to nap beaver in the summer when they were enjoying life? Nehilakin frowned, shook his head, and urged his horse forward towards a wooded slope, where he dismounted and tied him to the limb of a tree; then, stealing stealthily along with his eyes fixed on the untrodden snow he soon discerned tracks of a herd of deer, keeping within the long shadows of the trees he eagerly followed the tracks. A crisp rustling sound soon warned him to halt and examine his rifle; the sound came nearer and as his eyes sought the direction from whence it came then he became aware of the presence of the deer. The leader, a stately buck, advanced close to where Nehilakin stood; its eyes were fixed on his, and the expression of its face was almost human. Nehilakin raised his rifle, but ere he could place his finger on the trigger a strange giddiness seized him; he could hear the sound of mocking laughter, his rifle fell from his hands and he reeled forward, stretching out his hands to save himself, and lighted not on his hands but on his hoofs—his sinewy arms and long slender fingers had undergone a strange transformation; they were no longer human, they were the limbs of a deer. His body too had changed, he was no longer a man among men, but a deer belonging to the herd he had seen. With the changed body came a change of spirit; the once fiery fearless man looked timidly around him, the very wind moaning through the waving boughs startled him, and a dim fear of hunters haunted him, and his bewildered brain was dazed. Then a sound of horror fell on his ears, like the voice of a man in anguish and misery. The whole herd seemed to recognize the cry, and with a bound darted towards the stately buck, their leader; the buck threw back his antlered head with a proud air and putting himself in the lead bounded onward, followed by the whole herd. Nehilakin tried to follow, and although his trembling heart beat loudly he managed to follow—though far behind.

The cry came nearer and nearer; the hunter was now the hunted; nearer scounded the frightful howl and Nehilakin turned his head, and he could descry a large body of wolves rapidly gaining on him. Forward bounded the unfortunate Nehilakin in hopes of catching up with the herd; his eyes stared, his tongue lolled out of his mouth, foam gathered round his lips, his flanks heaved, as he plunged wildly through the crusted snow, now breaking through the frozen crust cutting his slender limbs, now stumbling in his haste. Nearer came the wolves; he could almost feel their burning breath, as they pressed closer and closer snapping at his haunches. A large black wolf now springs forward and plunges his fierce fangs into his legs, now another is springing at his throat, and then the whole pack is on him, struggling, fighting, tearing. Nehilakin's brain swims, a darkness descends; then slowly it clears off, and he finds the wolves have left him and are devouring something close to where he is lying; he looks cautiously around, the wolves are tearing and mangling a large deer; while he looks a savage desire seizes him—he longs to join the bloody banquet; he springs to his feet, shakes himself, no not himself, not a man, not a deer, but a wolf—a wolf with a ravenous desire for blood. He darts forward among the mass of snarling, fighting wolves, and begins tearing and bolting down morsels of the slaughtered deer. He sees another wolf has succeeded in tearing off a rib—in a moment he is on him and they tumble over and over in a giddy whirl of combat, biting and tearing one another, making hair fly in every direction, whilst a third wolf daringly thrusts his nose under them, and snatches the bone of contention. The banquet of blood is ended—gorged and weary the wolves disperse, some to seek repose, some to seek more prey. Nehilakin would fain have sought shelter of a clump of bushes, but as he went thither a large eagle that had been circling about swooped down on him and burying its long talons deep in his back, began to tear off large morsels of skin and flesh; in vain the tortured wolf sought to dislodge the torturing fiend on its back, the eagle continued to tear at the quivering flesh, until the liver was exposed; then as the eagle made one fatal dab, Nehilakin felt his spirit rise from torture and enter the eagle. Then came another change of disposition, a desire to rise and mount the heavens and soar nearer the glorious Sun, he relinquished his hold of the mangled carcass, he flapped his strong wings and rose, circling gradually upwards—he went no man knows whither.

The friends of Nehilakin, finding he did not return to the camp, went in search of him. They tracked his horse to the tree where it was tied; there they found the track of his moccasins and followed on until they came to his rifle lying on the ground where he had dropped it. Then his tracks became those of a deer—still they followed; the deer

tracks ended and those of a wolf took their place, the wolf track was followed till it was lost in an eagle's; then the eagle's tracks were lost where it had flown away, for nought more could be seen save the untrodden, spotless snow.

This story was told by an Okanagan Indian. I only wish that I could repeat it as graphically as he told it to me.

SARAH LOUISA ALLISON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REMARKABLE DIFFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

DEAR SIR,—The writer of the article in THE WEEK of the 6th inst., headed "A Remarkable Difference," is in error in stating that the repeal of the Scott Act in Portland "was due to that city having become a part of St. John, which had refused to adopt the Scott Act."

As a matter of fact, when the cities of St. John and Portland became one, the Provincial License Act, which is almost identical with that of Ontario, was being very effectively administered in the old city of St. John, while in Portland the Scott Act was ignored, and tavern-keepers were selling everywhere without let or hindrance. The astuteness of the lawyers in availing themselves of technical objections, more or less serious, was the chief cause of this unhappy state of affairs, though it might be fairly claimed that this was not the only cause. After the union of the cities the liquor traffic in the wards comprised in the former city of Portland remained beyond the control of the police until eventually an election was held in those wards with a result adverse to the continuance of the Scott Act. The desirableness of having uniformity of method in dealing with the trade within the entire area of the city had great influence with many advocates of temperance in determining their votes, but it cannot be doubted that some were influenced by the provisions of the Provincial Act. For instance, it is within the power of the ratepayers under the License Act, in any district, to refuse to sign the petition of any applicant for a license in the district, who, if unable to obtain the signatures of one-third of such ratepayers, cannot obtain a license.

That this provision is effective is apparent from the fact that no license to sell liquor is issued for Carleton on the western side of the harbour in St. John.

Feb. 13, 1891.

I. ALLEN JACK.

SIR MONIER WILLIAMS ON BUDDHISM.*

THE first chapter of this book, which was originally delivered as the "Duff Lectures" at Edinburgh in 1888, and in its revised shape has come to be accepted as perhaps the most complete English book on the Buddhist religion, contains introductory observations, such as the relation of Buddhism to Brahmanism, the connection of Buddhism and Jainism, and the general statement of the many-sided task which lies before the writer who undertakes to expound the religion of Buddha to the West.

Having thus, as it were, introduced the subject, the author comes in the second chapter to the life of the Buddha himself, the personal founder of a world-religion, the teacher whose person has left as deep and permanent an impression on the belief of his followers as Mahomet left upon the believers of Islam, or as the Man Christ Jesus has left upon the Christian Church in all ages. Having thus described what may be termed the Gospels of the Buddhist New Testament, Sir Monier passes on to the "Acts and Epistles," tracing in one chapter the growth of the Buddhist Scriptures, and in the next giving us a description of the Buddhist monastic system in its origin and later developments.

These three chapters having set before us in order the three permanent things through which salvation comes to the Buddhist believer—the Buddha, the Law and the Priesthood—we are next brought to a most interesting chapter on the philosophical doctrines of Buddhism.

In this we are shown how the doctrines of the Buddha are really based on Brahmanic teaching. There are always open for the Hindu, says Williams, three ways of obtaining salvation—the way of works, the way of faith, the way of knowledge. So long as the authority of the Brahmins is left unquestioned, the Hindu may take which he likes of these ways. The Buddha took one of these ways to the exclusion of the others, and called his teaching the way of *Bodhi* ("enlightenment"), as opposed to the way of the *Veda* ("knowledge by Revelation"), as though to imply that by intuition, inner consciousness, self-enlightening intellect, man can attain to a saving knowledge of the truth. What was the path thus pointed out? There are two causes of the ubiquitous human misery (both Brahmanism and Buddhism are pessimistic), lust and ignorance; and the cure for the two-fold misery is also two-fold—the suppression of lust and the removal of ignorance. This was the Buddha's teaching, but it did not originate with him; it was the common teaching of Brahman philosophy both before and after his time, and more especially of the Vedanta and Sankhya schools of philosophy.

Intimately connected with these four great truths about misery and the removal of misery is the general

* "Buddhism in its connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism, and in its contrast with Christianity." By Sir Monier Williams, New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company.

question of causation. In this point the Buddha was an Agnostic: "It is not proved that there is a God." But in this point, too, the Buddha had had precursors, for in the Sankhya system we find the same negation as exists in Buddhism. Among the Brahmins there were two divergent schools of thought holding divergent views about the personal spirit in man and the personal spirit in the universe, and "the real fact was that the divergence of the Buddhist doctrine from the Brahmanical, as stated in the Upanishads, was not greater than was to be expected from the difference of belief between the two systems in regard to the existence of soul." We should not forget that there was an agnostic Brahmanism as well as a deistic one.

In the next chapter—which treats of the Buddhist morality, which is deservedly ranked so high as a system—Monier Williams points out its total divergence from morality as understood in the West. If there is no world spirit to impose laws of morality, there is no sin, and as an ulterior consequence no duty either to God or to one's neighbour. Man's whole aim as a moral being must be to avoid actions which will bring demerit to himself, to do such good deeds as will increase his own stock of merit and bring him gain in the end. Thus we say in the West—taught by a law higher than Buddha's—that a man who is a householder has certain duties to his family, and that he must stay in his place and do his duty by those whom he has brought into the world. The teaching and example of Buddha were not so—they taught that a man's duty was only to himself; that salvation comes, not through one's duty, but by avoiding one's duty; that salvation only comes to those who can give up all their home and national ties, and devote themselves exclusively to their own salvation.

Candour compels us to admit that some of Christ's teachings might be taken as pointing the same way. "A man," we are told, "cannot be Christ's disciple, unless he hate his father and mother and wife and children." But to this there is in the Christian morality a significant addition, "yea and his own life also." And this "hating" of one's own belongings is something very different from the selfish isolation from the world which Buddha recommends. It is tempered in the Christian teaching by the command that except a man look after his own family and provide for them, he shall be an outcast and reprobate.

With the expulsion—probably peaceful as Monier Williams thinks—of Buddhism from India, we come to a change in the doctrine. In India, Buddhism became gradually merged in the Vaishnavite and Saiva sects of Hinduism which surrounded it. In Thibet, in China, in Japan it developed by its marvellous power of adaptation to local circumstances and human needs—and from the Agnosticism of Indian Buddhism we get the theistic and polytheistic systems of the "Greater Vehicle." This "theistic and polytheistic" Buddhism he shows to have been gradually developed by a process of first canonizing and then deifying the saints, sages and great men of the Buddhist Church. But though this will account for some of the Bodhisattvas, it does not account for them all.

"Some of the Bodhisattvas of the Mahayana or Great system were merely quasi-deifications of eminent saints and teachers. Others were impersonations of certain qualities or forces; and just as in early Buddhism we have the simple triad of the Buddha, his Law and his Order, so in Northern Buddhism the worship of mythical Bodhisattvas—other than Maitreya—was originally confined to a triad, namely, (1) Manju S'ri, 'he of beautiful glory'; (2) Avalokites'vara, 'the looking down lord'; often called Padmapani, 'the lotus-handed'; (3) Vajrapani or Vajradhara, 'the thunderbolt handed.'"

Of Buddhism as it appears in Japan we have very little notice. Sir Monier Williams does indeed point out that, though Japanese Buddhism is "Great Vehicle" Buddhism, and recognizes the Scriptures of the Northern Canon, it has nothing in common with Lamaism as it appears in Thibet and in some parts of China and Mongolia. It is in some senses a peculiar development suited to the national wants and aspirations of the people among whom it came. Then there follows a short description of the Monto and the Nichiren sects. The latter half of the book contains a great deal of well-arranged information on Buddhist worship, formularies, sacred places and usages. It is too exclusively drawn from Indian sources to be of any practical service in the study of Buddhism in the Far East.

In a volume of lectures written for delivery in a Christian Church it was perhaps unavoidable that the contrasts between Christianity and Buddhism should be made especially prominent, still we should ourselves have preferred to have seen, instead of contrasts, affinities. In teaching that which is the higher truth it is not necessary to demolish the lower truth. The Christian apologist of the early days of Christianity did not destroy the teaching which he found. He came as his master came, "not to destroy but to fulfil." For the Jew, the Christianity of the New Testament was founded on the Judaism of Old. For the Greek and Roman, the splendid wisdom of the Christian philosophy was founded upon the heathen wisdom of Aristotle, Plato and the Stoics. Other men laboured, the Christian entered into their labours, and the best Western wisdom of to-day is really the result of the Spirit of Christianity working upon the substructure laid by heathen research.

To-day we come to the East, and we find around us elaborate systems of religion and philosophy. Are we to destroy or to fulfil?