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late famine our philosophers felt no compassion for suf-
ferers, and did not help the needy. For why should they
help when they claimed the suffering was not real,
neither were the dying children real. The first result,
then, of the philosophy is the basest cruelty and selfish-
ness; no compassion for sufferers and supreme egoism.

WHERE TO STUDY HINDUISM.

To study Hindu philosophy it is best to visit India and
experience it. Plenty of opportunities are afforded even
if you go only to Bombay. That city is very large, and
it is very hot there; but that will make no difference to
philosophers who never experience heat at all. The peo-
ple of India and the philosophers who have studied with
the learned men ought to feel alike towards all people
and all beings; but they never show a particle of kind-
ness to the women, and their lives are made so un-
bearable that they want to kill themselves. These philo-
sophers have shown mercy towards all lower animals.
They have established hospitals for animals, but they
have never established hospitals for women. The
preachers who have come over here to preach Buddhism
to the American people have established a hospital for
animals in Bombay. In that hospital there is a ward
devoted to bugs, and a man is hired to feed those bugs on
his blood every night. They never take any thought of
the women who are dying under the weight of this
philosophy, but they just show their charity towards the
bugs. I recommend this hospital for the edification of
American students of Buddhism. Let them stay one night
in that bug ward. That will pay them for all their labors
in studying that philosophy.

The Hindu women have been made slaves, and it is the
Christian people who are now bringing the liberty of
Christianity. Our philosophers have never established
schools for our women and girls, but they have taught
that it is a religious duty to burn thousands of widows
alive. The women are very necessary in order to cook
the food and care for the husbands, but when husbands
die they are good for nothing. When I was in Calcutta
I was asked by some of the philosophers to speak on
something of the religion of the Hindu women. They
tried to make a preacher of me. If I had become a
preacher of the Hindu religion, I do not think I could
have remained a Hindu a single day. I was told, in the
first place, by our learned people, that the women must
never study the holy books of the Hindus. The men of
India think that the very study of the books gives them
salvation; but, if the women study those books, they are
lost. What is good for men is not good for women in
India. That is their belief. I just over-stepped that rule
a little, and made a study of the religion was? This
religion said, you must never read or write, and knowl-
edge is not the thing that is desirable for women.
Women are naturally wicked, and, if they get any
knowledge, they become worse and worse.—Guardian.

Vanity and Conceit.

"The vain man is desirous that people shall think well
of him; the conceited man is convinced that they do." The
definition, or words to the same effect, is from a con-
temporary. It struck me as apt, and set me ponder-
ing, passing my friends and acquaintances in review, and
sorting them into the vain and the conceited. It agrees,
too, with another remark on the subject that I have
always held to be true—that conceit is the vice of the
thick-skinned, while vanity is the weakness of the thin-
skinned.

But when all is said and done they are venial faults
both of them, as common as dandelions and as difficult to
exterminate. Most estimable people are either conceited
or vain. Many praiseworthy individuals are both.
Vanity is more easily detected than conceit. It lies in
the skin, and is as plain to be seen as the measles. You
cannot be five minutes in the room with a vain man and
not know him to be in vain. In his gestures, in his most
trivial remarks, in the expression of his face, he betrays
himself at every moment as a vain man. Conceit, lying
beneath the skin—and a thick skin at that—frequently
escapes detection. You may be days, nay weeks, in the
company of one whose interior economy is one solid mass
of conceit and not discover it. It may be your lot, as it
has been mine on more than one occasion, to be staggered
by a sudden revelation of unfathomable conceit in one
whom you have hitherto regarded as the most humble
minded of your acquaintances. For myself, being more
subject to vanity than conceit, I have more sympathy
with the vain than with the conceited. I understand
them better. But I do not underestimate the value of
conceit, and for purposes of companionship, like to
number among my acquaintances some of each. By this
means I avoid being bored by either.

The vain man is a pleasant companion in many ways.
He is eager for your good opinion, and shows you that
he thinks it worth having. He goes to meet you half
way with his intellect, and being always mentally on the
alert is quick to apprehend your meaning. You have not
to prod him with your wit, or rub you subtleties in. He
goes forward and catches them in the air before they
have well left your own brain. But he is so sensitive, so
"touchy," that you must be on your guard, or you will
be perpetually hurting his feelings or wounding his
vanity.

Long companionship with the vain tends to make one
nervous and irritable. One cannot always be minding
one's p's and q's. There are times when one must let
oneself go. When this state of mind comes upon one
there is no greater relief than to find oneself in the com-
pany of the conceited. You may say anything you please,
and rest assured that though they may not understand it,
at least they will not take offence. Even if you wish to
offend them you cannot do so with your ordinary weapons
of sarcasm and irony. In spite of all you can do or say
to the contrary they will believe that you think well of
them. How can you do otherwise, they would say to
themselves if the question arose, when they are so de-
serving of your good opinion? When their complacent
self-satisfaction becomes a source of irritation, so that
one longs to send a harpoon through their hippopotamus
hide, to wound their self-esteem, then how delightful it
is to find oneself back again and conversing with the
vain!

One thing has sometimes surprised me in the conceited.
If, carried away by the desire to pierce their impenetrable
self-esteem, one hurls unmeasured abuse at their heads,
or thrusts deep with a vicious home truth, they will
receive it with amiable humility that is almost touching.
Indeed, these thick-skinned conceited folk seem capable
at times (and under provocation) of a humility as deep
as their conceit is sublime.

My friend J. is the vainest man I know. He is also
the most gifted. He is so quick that he grasps your
meaning before you have uttered the sentiment. He has
a subtle wit and a brilliant power of expression, and is so
amusing that after an hour spent in his company you
positively ache with laughter. But he is so vain, so
"touchy," that you may make him your enemy for a
month by a frank and friendly criticism. He cannot
bear that you should think anything about him or his
works amiss. If you do but hint that you could wish
that something about him were otherwise, you will launch
him in a passion of self-defence, or, worse still, plunge
him in a misery of gloomy moroseness that is as distress-
ing to you to witness as it must be to him to endure. He
is a violinist of no mean calibre—might, indeed, have
been in the first rank, but that he is too versatile to excel
in any particular line, and he has all the sensitiveness
that belongs to the artistic temperament, and more than
all the vanity. Moreover, he is not more capable of
concealing his feelings than a dog. Indeed I have seen
a look in his face when, on an occasion when he had felt
sure of an encore at a charity concert, he had met with
but faint applause, so like that of a disappointed dog,
that I could have laughed if I had not felt more inclined
to cry. He has also this fault common to the vain, that
he cannot bear to acknowledge himself in the wrong—
even when proof that he is so appears more than positive.
He knows this to be a fault of the ignoble, and makes, I
believe, efforts to overcome it. But (perhaps it is now
allowed to become a habit in early youth, and is now
incurable) it is too strong for him. And he will tire you
with a foolish rigmarole of self-justification and excuse
for some trivial fault or folly, that you know, and he
knows, if he would but give himself a moment to consider,
it would hurt no mortal man's reputation to own up to.

When, from a wish to be complaisant, you venture to
agree with him in his self-criticism, at once, and with an
ingenuity you cannot but admire, he will change his
front and will prove to you by hook or by crook that he
is totally devoid of the fault of which five minutes before
he was deploring to you the possession. And yet, withal
he is one of the most charming persons I know.—Pall
Mall Gazette.

The Jesting Habit.

There are few more subtle maladies of the mind, or
more incurable, than that of the jesting habit. The man
who becomes a victim to the incorrigible jesting habit
refuses to take life or himself seriously, and sees to it that
he is not seriously regarded by others. He is the clown
of private life, and, failing to recognize how little such a
domestic character is needed among the changed con-
ditions of today, he continues to grimace and caper, in
the belief that he finds favor with the general audience,
because the gallery applauds him, and others are too
good-natured and well-mannered to dismiss him from the
stage. We are not suggesting that life is to be taken so
seriously as to leave no place for the exercise of occasion-
al buffoonery; the grotesque and the absurd have their
amusing side, and we have not yet arrived at such ab-
solute fastidiousness in humor that it is necessary to
strike the harlequinade out of the pantomime. But

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

and the harlequinade is out of place except at the end of
the pantomime, when we have given ourselves up to
frivolity, and are willing, in childish mood, to be
"pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." So, in
inveighing against the jesting habit, we are not asking
for the abolition of the clown, but only for his restriction
to his proper sphere. And there is no need to insist
upon the fact that his sphere in social life has now be-
come narrowed almost to a vanishing point. At a time
when, not only in courts, but in the private homes of the
wealthy, the jester was considered merely second in im-
portance to the cook as a domestic servant, it is not to be
wondered at that clowning should have been in general

acceptance. Society had a taste for a certain kind of
fooling which ranked as humor, and which, no doubt,
was pleasing to the moods of the time; and being simple
of acquirement, it was widely practised by private in-
dividuals as well as by paid servants. We may, then,
take up this position that, whether rightly or wrongly,
our hearts no longer warm to those who cultivate the
jesting habit. The jest is a thing to be used sparingly or
not at all. Better perpetual seriousness than perpetual
fooling, for the former is, at most, a negative aggression.
Yet can we not all of us call to recollection—and that
without much endeavor—people of our acquaintance who
are forever assuming the light-heartedness that finds its
vent in jokes that have not the real smack of humor?
Do we not all of us know the man or woman—and men
are undoubtedly the chief offenders—who persistently
refuses to look upon life's affairs with the amount of
seriousness they demand? Do we not know those who
will forever bring spurious smartness to bear upon any
topic of conversation that presents itself—who want you,
as it were, to take life with a perpetual grin? There is
nothing that jars more on the nerves than the antics and
witticisms of a professed buffoon—the man who at a party
noisily draws attention to himself by his capering and
his labored attempts at burlesque, or who, in conversa-
tion, sees only the means of twisting ideas and words
into some grotesque suggestion, which he fondly hopes
will raise a laugh.

In taking warning by the habitual jester, we must be
careful not to confound him with two of the most delight-
ful of the types of men who ameliorate our common lot—
the cheerful and the genuinely humorous. There are
people who, by their hardy good nature, their unconquer-
able but not obtrusive vivacity, cheer us whenever we
see them, as with the warmth of a steadily glowing fire.
There are people who, by their lambent humor, irradiate
our hearts at happy moments till we thank God for their
cheerful existence—people who are always ready to read
life in a genial vein, and bring a smile to follow thought.
No greater mistake could be made than to confound
them with the jester, whose heat and light are only
those of crackling thorus under a pot—all sputter and no
peretration. It is in proportion as we value genuine
humor and a cheeriness that is not spurious that we are
made uncomfortable by the galvanic mechanical contor-
tions of the habitual jester.

We are not conscious of pillorying the habitual joker
beyond his deserts. Indeed, we have not yet done with
him. One other failing he is sure to possess—that of
egotism. It is generally the root of the mischief. The
habitual jester yearns after popularity and applause and
distinction, and seeks it in the wrong quarter. He is not
aware that the spirit is not in him. The habit of jesting
is a subtle one, and there is no class of men more obtuse
to their own shortcomings than the professed and
mechanical humorist. It is worth while for every man
who thinks himself funny to ask himself, "Am I really
amusing, or am I a bore to all except those who do not
know me well, and are easily pleased?"—The Standard
Designer.

"He that Believeth on Me hath Ever- lasting Life."

JOHN 6:37.

In this word our Master tells us all that man can ever do
To escape from condemnation and the life with God renew.
All the rest was done by Jesus many centuries ago,
Done by Jesus King of Heaven, while He served on earth
below.

All the rest was done to save us in the Saviour's mighty
love,
And the way was fully opened to His glorious home above,
To believe the Word of Jesus with a true and loving heart,
In securing free salvation is the sinner's only part.

He that on the Lord believeth, howsoever poor his lot,
When believing gains the blessing ne'er with earthly
values bought,

And this life that has no ending, by the life of Jesus won,
At the moment of believing in the convert is begun.

At this moment, oh my brother, on the Lord of life
believe,
And from Jesus, blessed Jesus, everlasting life receive.
Life, that holds the purest pleasure that may crown our
mortal days;
Life, including brightest treasure immortality displays!

North River, Oct. 22. ADDISON F. BROWNE.

Our Departed Friend.

BY W. H. PORTER.

Another bird has flown on freedom's wing,
But left behind, alas, an empty cage.
Another voice has ceased on earth to sing,
To join the chorus of the eternal age.

Another flower we almost deemed too sweet,
And far too bright and beautiful to die,
Like morning glory glad the day did greet,
And then ere noon laid all its beauties by.

Another star that lighted up our ways,
Has in its zenith vanished from our sight;
While to our weary longing, tear-dimmed gaze,
No ray relieves the cheerless gloom of night.

Around the scenes familiar to her feet,
A sweetly solemn sadness seems to steal,
Till all love's fervent longings spring to greet
The fancied form to memory so dear.

The home, the church, her friends, and kindred all,
Will keenly feel her absence many a year,
And oft as they her virtues rare recall,
Will heave a sigh, or wipe away the tear.

Yet generous love would not recall again,
One who has so much more than earth can give;
But seek to quell its murmuring sorrows vain,
In view of pleasures that forever live.