

# *Was Sir Edwin Arnold an Initiate?*



Lord Buddha excels other men as the Himalayas excel other peaks in height.

## Blavatsky praises “The Light of Asia”<sup>1</sup>

### As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist.

First published in: *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, No. 1, October 1879, pp. 20-25.

Republished in: *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (“THE LIGHT OF ASIA”) II pp. 130-35.

A timely work in poetical form, and one whose subject — perfect though the outward clothing be — is sure to provoke discussion and bitter criticisms, has just made its appearance. It is inscribed to “The Sovereign, Grand Master and Companions of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India,” and the author, Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., late Principal of the Deccan College at Poona, having passed some years in India, has evidently studied his theme *con amore*. In his Preface he expresses the hope that the present work and his “*Indian Song of Songs* will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.” The hope is well grounded, for if any Western poet has earned the right to grateful remembrance by Asiatic nations and is destined to live in their memory, it is the author of the *Light of Asia*.

The novelty, and, from a Christian standpoint, the distastefulness of the mode of treatment of the subject seems to have already taken one reviewer’s breath away. Describing the volume as “gorgeous in yellow and gold” he thinks the book “chiefly valuable as . . . coming from one who during a long residence in India imbued his mind with Buddhistic philosophy.” This, he adds, “is no criticism of a religion supposed to be false, but the sympathetic presentment of a religion so much of which is true *as from the mouth of a votary* [sic].” By many, Mr. Arnold’s “imaginary Buddhist votary” of the Preface, is identified with the author himself; who now — to quote again his critic — “comes out in his true colours.” We are glad of it; it is a rare compliment to pay to any writer of this generation, whose peremptory instincts lead but too many to sail under any colours but their own. For our part, we regard the poem as a really remarkable specimen of literary talent, replete with philosophical thought and religious feeling — just the book, in short, we needed in our period of *Science of Religion* — and the general toppling of ancient gods.

The Miltonic verse of the poem is rich, simple, yet powerful, without any of those metaphysical innuendoes at the expense of clear meaning which the subject might seem to beg, and which is so much favoured by some of our modern English poets. There is a singular beauty and a force in the whole narrative, that hardly character-

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<sup>1</sup> *The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation* (Mahābhinishkramana), being the Life and Teachings of Gautama Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism, as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist, Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Formerly Principal of the Deccan College, Poona, and Fellow of the University of Bombay. London: Trübner & Co., 1879.

[A small portion of the Manuscript of this article in the Adyar Archives is signed by H.P. Blavatsky’s initials, thus identifying her as its author. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

izes other recent poems — Mr. Browning's idyll, the *Pheidippides*, for one, which in its uncouth hero — the Arcadian goat-god, offers such a sad contrast to the gentle Hindu Saviour. Jar as it may on Christian ears, the theme chosen by Mr. Arnold is one of the grandest possible. It is as worthy of his pen, as the poet has showed himself worthy of the subject. There is a unity of Oriental colouring in the descriptive portion of the work, a truthfulness of motive evinced in the masterly handling of Buddha's character, which are as precious as unique; inasmuch as they present this character for the first time in the history of Western literature, in the totality of its unadulterated beauty. The moral grandeur of the hero, that Prince of royal blood, who might have been the "Lord of Lords," yet

. . . let the rich world slip  
Out if his grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl,

and the development of his philosophy, the fruit of years of solitary meditation and struggle with the mortal "Self," are exquisitely portrayed. Toward the end the poem culminates in a triumphant cry of all nature; a universal hymn at the sight of the World-liberating soul

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,  
Lord Buddha — Prince Siddhārtha styled on earth —  
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,  
All-honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;  
The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.<sup>1</sup>

Whatever the subsequent fate of all the world's religions and their founders, the name of Gautama Buddha, or Śākya Muni,<sup>2</sup> can never be forgotten; it must always live in the hearts of millions of votaries. His touching history — that of a daily and hourly self-abnegation during a period of nearly *eighty* years, has found favour with everyone who has studied his history. When one searches the world's records for the purest, the highest ideal of a religious reformer, he seeks no further after reading this Buddha's life. In wisdom, zeal, humility, purity of life and thought; in ardour for the good of mankind; in provocation to good deeds, to toleration, charity and gentleness, Buddha excels other men as the Himālayas excel other peaks in height. Alone among the founders of religions, he had no word of malediction nor even reproach for those who differed with his views. His doctrines are the embodiment of universal love. Not only our philologists — cold anatomists of time-honoured creeds who scientifically dissect the victims of their critical analysis — but even those who are prepossessed against his faith, have ever found but words of praise for Gautama. Nothing can be higher or purer than his social and moral code. "That moral code," says Max Müller, "taken by itself is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known."<sup>3</sup> In his

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<sup>1</sup> [This, however, is the opening of Book the First in the poem. — *Boris de Zirkoff*.]

<sup>2</sup> He belonged to the family of the Śākyas, who were descendants of Ikshvāku and formed one of the numerous branches of the Solar dynasty; the race which entered India about 2,300 years B.C. "according to the epic poems of India. *Muni* means a saint or ascetic, hence — Śākyamuni."

<sup>3</sup> "Buddhism," in *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. I, p. 217

work *Le Bouddha et sa religion*<sup>1</sup> Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire reaches the climax of reverential praise. He does not “hesitate to say” that

. . . among the founders of religions there is no figure more pure or more touching than that of Buddha. *His life has not a stain upon it.* His constant heroism equals his convictions . . . He is the perfect model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation and charity, his inalterable gentleness, never forsake him for an instant . . .

And, when his end approaches, it is in the arms of his disciples that he dies,

. . . with the serenity of a sage who practiced good during his whole life, and who is sure to have found — the truth.

So true is it, that even the early Roman Catholic saint-makers, with a flippancy unconcern for detection by posterity characteristic of the early periods of Christianity, claimed him as one of their converts, and, under the pseudonym of St. Josaphat, registered him in their *Golden Legend* and *Martyrology* as an orthodox, beatified Catholic saint.<sup>2</sup> At this very day, there stands at Palermo, a church dedicated to Buddha under the name of Divo Josaphat.<sup>3</sup> It is to the discovery of the Buddhist canon, and the *Sacred Historical Books of Ceylon* — partially translated from the ancient Pāli by the Hon. J. Turnour; and especially to the able translation of *Lalitavistara*<sup>4</sup> by the learned Babu Rājendrālala Mitra — that we owe nearly all we know of the true life of this wonderful being, so aptly named by our present author, “The Light of Asia.” And now, poetry wreathes his grave with asphodels.

Mr. Arnold, as he tells us himself in the *Preface*, has taken his citations from Spence Hardy’s work, and has also modified more than one passage in the received narrative. He has sought, he says, “to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India,” and reminds his readers that a generation ago “little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama . . .” whose “sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism . . . More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince; whose personality . . . cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent . . . in the history of Thought . . . no

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<sup>1</sup> p. 5

<sup>2</sup> [See “Gautama Buddha beatified!” in the same series.]

<sup>3</sup> See *Speculum historiale*, by Vincent de Beauvais, XIII<sup>th</sup> century. Max Müller affirms the story of this transformation of the great founder of Buddhism into one of the numberless Popish Saints. (See *Contemporary Review*, July, 1870, p. 588.) Colonel Yule tells us (*Book of Ser Marco Polo*, 1875, Vol. II, p. 308) that this story of Barlaam and Josaphat is recognized by Baronius and is to be found at p. 348 of “*The Roman Martyrology* set forth by command of Pope Gregory XIII, and revised by the authority of Pope Urban VIII, translated out of Latin into English by G.K. of the Society of Jesus . . .”

<sup>4</sup> [A Mahayana Buddhist Vaipulya Sutra]

single act or word . . . mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher.” We will now explain some of the sacred legends as we proceed to quote them.<sup>1</sup>

## Death is the penalty for Initiates divulging, even unconsciously, the Sun’s Constitution.

*Contra solem ne loquaris*<sup>2</sup> was not said by Pythagoras with regard to the visible Sun. It was the “Sun of Initiation” that was meant, in its triple form — two of which are the “Day-Sun” and the “Night-Sun.”

If behind the physical luminary there were no mystery that people sensed instinctively, why should every nation, from the primitive peoples down to the Parsis of today, have turned towards the Sun during prayers? The Solar Trinity is not Mazdean, but is universal, and is as old as man. All the temples in Antiquity were invariably made to face the Sun, their portals to open to the East. See the old temples of Memphis and Baalbek, the Pyramids of the Old and of the New (?) Worlds, the Round Towers of Ireland, and the Serapeion of Egypt. The Initiates alone could give a philosophical explanation of this, and a reason for it — its mysticism notwithstanding — were only the world ready to receive it, which, alas! it is not. The last of the Solar Priests in Europe was the Imperial Initiate, Julian, now called the Apostate.<sup>3</sup> He tried to benefit the world by revealing at least a portion of the great mystery of the *τριπλάσιος* — [threefold] and — *he died*. “There are three in one,” he said of the Sun — the central Sun<sup>4</sup> being a precaution of Nature:

The first is the universal cause of all, Sovereign Good and perfection;

The Second Power is paramount Intelligence, having dominion over all reasonable beings, *νοερούς*;

The third is the visible Sun.

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<sup>1</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (“THE LIGHT OF ASIA”) II pp. 130-35. [Here follows a lengthy summary of the poem interspersed with quoted passages.]

<sup>2</sup> [“Do not speak against the Sun.”]

<sup>3</sup> Julian died for the same crime as Socrates. Both divulged a portion of the solar mystery, the heliocentric system being only a part of what was given during Initiation — one consciously, the other unconsciously, the Greek Sage never having been initiated. It was not the real solar system that was preserved in such secrecy, but the mysteries connected with the Sun’s constitution. Socrates was sentenced to death by earthly and worldly judges; Julian died a violent death because the hitherto protecting hand was withdrawn from him, and, no longer shielded by it, he was simply left to his destiny or Karma. For the student of Occultism there is a suggestive difference between the two kinds of death. Another memorable instance of the unconscious divulging of secrets pertaining to mysteries is that of the poet, P. Ovidius Naso, who, like Socrates, had not been initiated. In his case, the Emperor Augustus, who was an Initiate, mercifully changed the penalty of death into banishment to Tomos on the Euxine. This sudden change from unbounded royal favour to banishment has been a fruitful scheme of speculation to classical scholars not initiated into the Mysteries. They have quoted Ovid’s own lines to show that it was some great and heinous immorality of the Emperor of which Ovid had become unwillingly cognizant. The inexorable law of the death penalty always following upon the revelation of any portion of the Mysteries to the profane, was unknown to them. Instead of seeing the amiable and merciful act of the Emperor in its true light, they have made it an occasion for traducing his moral character. The poet’s own words can be no evidence, because as he was not an Initiate, it could not be explained to him in what his offence consisted. There have been comparatively modern instances of poets unconsciously revealing in their verses so much of the hidden knowledge as to make even Initiates suppose them to be fellow-Initiates, and come to talk to them on the subject. This only shows that the sensitive poetic temperament is sometimes so far transported beyond the bounds of ordinary sense as to get glimpses into what has been impressed on the Astral Light. In the *Light of Asia* there are two passages that might make an Initiate of the first degree think that Mr. Edwin Arnold had been initiated himself in the Himālayan *āshrams*, but this is not so.

<sup>4</sup> A proof that Julian was acquainted with the heliocentric system.

The pure energy of solar intelligence proceeds from the luminous seat occupied by our Sun in the centre of heaven, that pure energy being the Logos of our system; the "Mysterious Word-Spirit produces all through the Sun, and never operates through any other medium," says Hermes Trismegistus. "For it is *in* the Sun, more than in any other heavenly body that the [unknown] Power placed the seat of its habitation."<sup>1</sup> Only neither Hermes Trismegistus nor Julian, an initiated Occultist, nor any other, meant by this Unknown Cause Jehovah, or Jupiter. They referred to the cause that produced all the manifested "great Gods" or Demiourgoi (the Hebrew God included) of our system. Nor was our visible, *material* Sun meant, for the latter was only the manifested symbol. Philolaus the Pythagorean, explains and completes Trismegistus by saying:

The Sun is a mirror of fire, the splendour of whose flames by their reflection in that mirror [the Sun] is poured upon us, and that splendour we call image.<sup>2</sup>



The Horses of the Sun (1668-75) Gaspard Marsy, Apollo Grotto, Versailles

<sup>1</sup> [*Quia in sole saltem et non alibi uspiam, sedem habitations suae posuit.* MINERVA MUNDI (WMS. 167; *The Theosophist*, Vol. LV, Nov. 1933, p. 145) — Boris de Zirkoff.]

<sup>2</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (WHAT THE OCCULTISTS AND KABALISTS HAVE TO SAY) XIV, pp. 221-23; [quoting *Des Esprits*, IV pp. 21-22. For H.P. Blavatsky's opinion about Sir Edwin Arnold's grasp of the fundamentals, look up THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD in her *Collected Writings*, XIII pp. 165-70.]

## Though not an Initiate, Sir Edwin may have caught some occult glimpses from the Astral Light.

The following verses from Arnold's *The Light of Asia* (Bk. 6) might be those that H.P. Blavatsky alludes to at the end of *fn.* 11, *p.* 5, of this document. *Cf.* full text of *The Light of Asia* in the same Series.

In the third watch,  
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,  
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,  
Our Lord attained samma-sambuddh; he saw  
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken  
The line of all his lives in all the worlds,  
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,  
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,  
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks  
His path wind up by precipice and crag  
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs  
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled  
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet  
Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,  
The cataract and the cavern and the pool,  
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang  
To reach the blue — thus Buddha did behold  
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low  
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher  
Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead  
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw  
How new life reaps what the old life did sow;  
How where its march breaks off its march begins;  
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;  
And how in each life good begets more good,  
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up  
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account  
In merits or demerits stamps itself  
By sure arithmic — where no tittle drops —  
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;  
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,  
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks  
Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch,  
Our Lord attained Abhidjna — insight vast  
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,  
System on system, countless worlds and suns  
Moving in splendid measures, band by band  
Linked in division, one yet separate,  
The silver islands of a sapphire sea

Shoreless, unfathomed, undiminished, stirred  
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.  
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds  
By bonds invisible, how they themselves  
Circle obedient round mightier orbs  
Which serve profounder splendours, star to star  
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life  
From centres ever shifting unto cirques  
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld  
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,  
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale  
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas — terms of time  
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count  
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,  
Measureless unto speech — whereby these wax  
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host  
Fulfils its shining life and darkling dies.  
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights be passed  
Transported through the blue infinitudes,  
Marking — behind all modes, above all spheres,  
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb —  
That fixed decree at silent work which wills  
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,  
To fullness void, to form the yet unformed,  
Good unto better, better unto best,  
By wordless edict; having none to bid,  
None to forbid; for this is past all gods  
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,  
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,  
Ruling all things accordant to the rule  
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.  
So that all things do well which serve the Power,  
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well  
Obedient to its kind; the does well  
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;  
The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,  
Globing together in the common work;  
And man, who lives to die, dies to live well  
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness  
And earnest will to hinder not but help  
All things both great and small which suffer life.  
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.





## Blavatsky criticises “The Light of the World”

**Truth alone can make us free and not fiction, however poetical.<sup>1</sup>**

First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. VIII, No. 44, April 1891, pp. 170-73.

Republished in *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD) XIII pp. 165-70.

Of the form of the poem we have little to say except that the author has previously written much that is superior. Theosophical criticism will have to go deeper than a merely literary review. Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the unparalleled *Light of Asia*, has tried to make his peace with the Christian world by means of a ruse which oversteps even the large licence allowed to the priests of the Muses. He has cast the honied cake to the hound of Hades, but whether Cerberus will wag his tail at the sop or not, is still a question. Surely the ethical teaching and life of Jesus, whether legendary or actual, whether of a real man or of an ideal type of manhood, were themes noble enough for the poet's skill without the transparent fiction, the unworthy *tour de passe-passe*,<sup>2</sup> which we shall have to describe! The somewhat pretentious title is not a creation of the poet's mind. Not to speak of the time honoured *Lux Mundi* of the Latin Church, we have the suggestion of the name in a certain public criticism made by Sir Monier Monier-Williams who, some two years ago, in a lecture more *against* than about Buddhism and the Lord Buddha, in order to please his audience, endeavoured to belittle the happy title given by Sir Edwin Arnold to his greatest poem. In fact the “Light of the World” was used by the lecturer as a pair of theological snuffers to put out that which was only the “Light of Asia.” We regret to see the partial success of the criticism; for the claim put forward in the title, though a pleasant tinkling in the ears of the ill-informed, is simply in a line with the modern advertisement system in the eyes of the truly learned. But we can let that go without further remarks in the pages of *Lucifer*, for the claim is not new and the Theosophical Society is a living protest against the further scattering of such seeds of dissension among the votaries of the various world-religions, of which the aggressive West has hitherto been so industrious a sower.

And now for Sir Edwin's pious subterfuge. Surely the mantle of Eusebius must have fallen upon him!

The “Light of the World” to be so must, of course, put the “Light of Asia” into the shade. How was that to be managed, and at the same time place the scenes of the poem in the orthodox pigeon-holes of chronology and geography? Happy thought! Make the Magi *Buddhists*, since Cologne has made them already Germans, and bring one of them back to be converted, after the death of the Great Teacher, by Mary

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<sup>1</sup> Review of Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of the World*. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1891

<sup>2</sup> [sleight of hand]

Magdalene. Make Mary Magdalene the hostess of a palatial house, a Galilean *châtelaine*,<sup>1</sup> and the protagoniste of the Tragedy, and bring in one or two who were raised from the dead and of whom history sayeth naught further, as chorus — and the thing is done!

But truth alone can make us free and not fiction, however poetical. We will leave the criticism of biblical names and places to those who are already busy with them, merely pointing out the following coincidences.

Let us turn to Renan’s *Vie de Jésus*, pp. 27 and 28,<sup>2</sup> and to Sir Edwin Arnold’s poem, p. 106.

### Arnold

. . . how Carmel plunged Its broad foot in  
the tideless hyacinth Sea.

Rose Tabor, rounded like a breast; . . .

Down to Megiddo with her twofold peak,  
And Gilboa, dry and smooth; and Salem’s  
slope; and, between Salen and soft Tabor,  
glimpse of Jordan’s speed.

### Renan

À l’ouest, se déploient les belles lingnes du  
Carmel, terminées par une pointe abrupte  
qui semble se plonger dans la mer.

. . . le Thabor avec sa belle forme arrondie,  
que l’antiqué comparait à un sein.

Puis se déroulent le double sommet qui  
domine Mageddo . . . les monts Gelboé . . .  
Par une dépression entre la montagne de  
Sulem et le Thabor, s’entrevoient la vallée  
du Jourdain.

Thus we find in instances more than we can enumerate, that the English poet has allowed himself to be deeply inspired by M. Renan, the “Paganini du Christianisme.” And why not? Did not the author of *La Vie de Jésus* proceed on the very identical lines of fancy as Sir Edwin? Does he not call Jesus in the same breath “le charmant Docteur” and “un Dieu ressucité” donné au monde par “la passion d’une hallucinée.”

We now turn to the Buddhist (!) Magus and his utterances. Objecting to the term “Our Father” as the naming of the unnameable, he says:

Yet is the Parabrahm unspeakable,

which is true in itself, but strange in the lips of a Buddhist. We have always learned that Buddhism was a protest against Brāhmanism and that Parabrahm was a Vedāntic term! Otherwise we might have read on drowsily into the state of dreams and heard without surprise Mary retorting: “But Allah is the only God!” But the rude shock kept us awake and we were only mollified by the following beautiful reply of the Indian Magus.

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<sup>1</sup> [A woman who owns or manages a large house.]

<sup>2</sup> [On p. 29 in 3<sup>rd</sup> ed., Paris, Calmann-Levy, n.d.]

We have a scroll which saith:

*Worship, but name no name! blind are those eyes  
Which deem th' unmanifested manifest,  
Not comprehending Me in My True Self,  
Imperishable, viewless, undeclared.  
Hidden behind My magic veil of shows  
I am not seen at all. Name not My Name!*

Also a verse runs in our Holy Writ:

*Richer than heavenly fruit on Vedas growing;  
Greater than gifts; better than prayer or fast;  
Such sacred silence is! Man, this way knowing,  
Comes to the utmost, perfect, Peace at last!*

The chief points which the fictitious Hindu Magus is made to yield by his self-constituted prosecutor, advocate, jury and judge, are now to be noticed.

Yet, truly, nowise have we known before  
Wisdom so packed and perfect, as thy Lord's,  
Giving that Golden Rule that each shall do  
Unto his fellow as he would have done  
Unto himself . . .

Let us take down from our shelves any book on comparative religion, say Moncure Conway's *Sacred Anthology* or Max Müller's *Introduction to the Science of Religion*.<sup>1</sup> On page 249 of the latter we read italics and all:

According to Buddha, the motive of all our actions should be *pity* or *love* for our neighbour.

And as in Buddhism, so even in the writing of Confucius we find again what we value most in our own religion. I shall quote but one saying of the Chinese sage:

What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do that to others.

Now of course this is no news to our readers; but the question is: is it news to Sir Edwin Arnold? If it is, he must be a culpably negligent student: if it is not, then he knows best what purpose he is serving by so flagrant a mis-statement.

Then again we are forced to query the honesty of the translator of the *Song Celestial* when he writes of the kingdom of Heaven, in his latest effort:

Likewise, that whoso will may enter in —  
Now and for ever — to full freedmanship  
Of Love's fair kingdom, having Faith, which is  
Not wisdom, understanding, creed, belief,  
Nor sinlessness — by Yogis vainly sought  
In *deedlessness* — but earnest will to stand  
On Love's side; . . .

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<sup>1</sup> [London: Longman's & Green, 1873 ed.]

In which leaving aside the rest of the debateable ground we point to the word *deedlessness*. Of course we know that the *Bhagavad-Gita* is not a Buddhist sutta, but since Sir Edwin has brought Parabrahm into court to prop up his case, we think ourselves justified in sending him to his own translation to refresh his memory about the true Yogi.

In Book the Third, Krishna (the Higher Ego) thus speaks:

No man shall 'scape from act  
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come  
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.  
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,  
Rests any actionless; his nature's law  
Compels him, even unwilling, into act;  
. . . . .  
But he who, with strong body serving mind  
Gives up his mental powers to worthy work,  
Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one  
Is honourable. Do thine allotted task!  
. . . . .  
Work is more excellent than idleness;  
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.  
There is a task of holiness to do,  
Unlike world binding toil, which bindeth not  
The faithful soul; such earthly duty do  
Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform  
Thy heavenly purpose.

And so on we might quote for pages. Is our distinguished author, then, losing his memory?

In general, the key-note of the "larger teaching" which the Magus is made to hail is "Love's tolerance fulfils the law." But surely this is no news to the mild and peaceful East; it was news perhaps to the worshippers of Javeh and the turbulent and savage tribes that Rome held under her sway, but to the followers of the Buddha such teaching was and is "familiar in their mouths as household words."

In conclusion, we can only sincerely regret that Sir Edwin Arnold has gone so far out of his way to spoil his honourable record, and cause both East and West to blush over so sad a spectacle. To one thing alone we can give our unqualified approval; *viz.*, that the poet disposes most summarily of Javeh and does not fall into the vulgar error of confounding Christianity with exoteric Judaism and its "jealous God." The volume is fitly dedicated to "The Queen's most excellent Majesty." Later on we may again refer to the matter and let our readers hear what a Buddhist has to say on the subject.

