

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAJOR-GENERAL D. M. STRONG.

OBITUARY.

With deep regret we learn of the death of Major-General D. M. Strong, retired from the British army. In the year 1900 the editor of *The Open Court* had the privilege of meeting the General personally and being a guest for several days at his congenial home at Edinburgh. It was truly a pleasure to stay at the fireside of the worthy old soldier in the circle of his family, all of them interested in music, art, religion, and science.

General Strong was a thinker and a scholar. He had studied Pâli and took considerable interest in Buddhism. His writings in this line were so successful that he gained an honorable place among the Pâli scholars of the world. We must specially mention his translation of the *Udana*, or *The Solemn Utterances of the Buddha*, which was published by Luzac & Co., London, 1902.

We had still in hand an unpublished manuscript of his entitled *The Goal*, which he wrote in contemplation of Chapter XLI. of *The Gospel of Buddha*, and we propose to publish it in the present number.

We express our deepest sympathy with Mrs. Strong, her sons and her daughters, all of whom are now adult and have grown up to be a just pride of the gallant General, who knew so well how to combine soldierly vigor with a noble gentleness.

“THE GOAL.”¹

BY D. M. STRONG.

Why thus so long by Karma tied ?
O Bikshus, listen ! you and I
The four great truths have set aside,
Not understanding ; that is why—

Through rock and plant and heating things
Migrate the wandering souls of each,
Till they, beyond imaginings
The perfect light of Buddha reach.

Karma inexorable reigns !
E'en though you fly from star to star,

¹ Chapter XLI., *Gospel of Buddha*.

The Past on you imprest remains
And what you were is what you are.

To new births onwards you must press
Before the hill of light you see,
Where shines the Beacon Righteousness
From transmigration's bondage free.

The higher birth, I've reached, O friends,
I've found the truth, rebirth's surcease,
I've taught the noble path that wends
To kingdoms of eternal Peace.

I've showed to you Ambrosia's lake
Which all your sins will wash away,
The sight of truth your thirst will slake
And Lust's destroying strife allay.

He who has passed through Passion's fire
And climbed Nirvâna's radiant shore,
His bliss the envious gods desire,
His heart defiled by sin no more.

As lotus leaves upon the lakes
The pearly drops do not retain,
So he the noble path who takes,
Though in the world, the world disdains.

A mother will her life bestow
To safely guard her only son,
But he'll unmeasured mercy show
And give his life for any one.

Firm in this state let man remain,
Whether he stand or walk or rest,
Living or dying, sick or sane,
Of all, this state of heart is best.

If Truth's bedimmed by Lust of Sense,
Reborn, he must again o'erpass
The desert tracks of Ignorance
Illusion's mirage, sin's morass.

But when Truth holds entire sway,
With it migration's cause departs,
All selfish cravings melt away
And Truth its saving cure imparts.

O Bikshus, true deliverance this,
The only heaven to which we soar,
This is salvation's endless bliss,
Here, within sight, Nirvâna's shore