I will now proclaim the channel
To that fair and further isle.
As he saw it, so he told it—
Sapient, without defile,
Passionless, desirless Master—
Wherefore would he speak with guile?

I will praise the voice of Buddha.
No imposture mars his worth;
He has left behind him folly,
Arrogance, and stain of earth;
He has burst the bars of being,
Risen free from every birth.

Doubt-dispelling, deep discerning,
Everywhere his eye can see.
World-revealing, all-prevailing,
Pure and painless, calm and free.
He, the true, the glorious Buddha,
Came, O Brahmana, to me.

As the wood-bird finds the forest
From his bush-entangled nide,
As the wild-fowl quits the marshes
For the ocean, deep and wide,
I have left my trifling comrades
And have reached the boundless tide.

When in other worlds I wandered,
Many reasoned, long ago,
Reasoned of the Buddha’s doctrine.

“So it was, it shall be so.”
Their the hollow voice of hearsay,
And they made my doubting grow.

There is one alone unchanging,
From whose face the darkness flies,
High-born, luminously beaming,
Uncompared, beyond comprise—
Gotama, the far-perceiving,
Gotama, the very wise.

He has taught the saving Dhamma,
Instant, adequate, and clear,
Where our craving is extinguished,
Where we part with pain and fear.
Not a moment I forsake him—
Gotama, the perfect seer.

Vigilant, with eye of spirit,
I behold him night and day—
Clear, O Brahmana, behold him—
So I do not think I stray.
All the night I spend adoring;
Can he then be far away?

Faith and joy, within me swelling,
Argument of thought and mind,
Turn me to the wondrous Dhamma
Gotama himself divined.
Which the way the wise man goeth,
Thither is my heart inclined.
Though my flesh be worn and wasted, 
Though my carnal eye be dim, 
Though my body cannot follow, 
For I totter, weak of limb, 
Forth in mind and thought I travel 
And my heart is joined to him.

In the mire of old I struggled, 
None to save or to redeem, 
Frantic leapt from isle to island— 
Then I saw Sambuddha's gleam, 
Who has broken loose from passion 
And has crossed beyond the stream.

The Blessed One;*

Faith, Pingiya, saved Vakkali, 
Gotama-from-Alavi 
And Bhadravudha the Brahman.

So shall faith deliver thee. 
Where the further shore is waiting, 
From the Death-land thou shalt flee.

Pingiya:

I have heard the voice of Buddha; 
Happily his word I hail. 
He, the Perfectly Enlightened, 
Has removed the darkening veil. 
Never yet he spake unkindly 
And his wisdom cannot fail.

Has not pierced the origin. 
He will end the doubters' questions 
If they will but let him in.

There is nowhere in the gods' world 
That his reason has not been, 
Not a fact whereof the Master 
To the Matchless, to the Changeless, 
Straight my voyage lies before: 
I will surely reach the Refuge 
Where my doubting will be o'er 
And relinquish all returnings 
On that formless Further Shore.

WILLIAM M. BEAUCHAMP AND THE CORNPLANTER MEDAL

Prof. Frederick Starr has gone to Africa in the interest of his chosen science, anthropology. The expedition on which he has embarked is rather risky, as it leads him into parts of the dark continent hitherto untrodden by white man, and which are inhabited by cannibals. He intends to visit the pigmy tribe, specimens of which he had imported directly from their native home, and exhibited in the anthropological department at the St. Louis World's Fair.

The last communication we have from Professor Starr is dated Antwerp, Belgium, October 3, 1905, and his friends begin to be alarmed because they have had no word from him since he entered upon the more dangerous part of his journey.

Professor Starr is a congenial man who knows how to deal with savages, and so we have good reason to think that he will encounter no difficulties

* The commentator of the Sutta-Nipāta reports that at this moment Buddha Bhagavat (the Blessed One) who at the time was living at a great distance, made his miraculous appearance. The marginal note, as translated by Fausböll, reads as follows: "At the conclusion of this (i.e., the preceding) gāthā, Bhagavat, who stayed at Sāvatthī, when seeing the maturity of the minds of Pingiya and Bāvari, shed a golden light. Pingiya, who saw picturing Buddha's virtues to Bāvari, having seen the light, looked round, saying, 'What is this?' And when he saw Bhagavat standing, as it were, before him, he said to the Brāhmaṇa Bāvari: 'Buddha has come.' The Brāhmaṇa rose from his seat and stood with folded hands. Bhagavat, shedding a light, showed himself to the Brāhmaṇa, and knowing what was beneficial for both, he said this stanza while addressing Pingiya."