

minds found support in all these grosser imaginings, the work of all the early minds of like weakness who had vainly tried to grasp the abstract, and had unconsciously built rude scaffolding in the trees when their wings refused to bear them toward the sun.

Yet in spite of these deformations, the doctrine retained something of beauty. It seems particularly to have put a higher value upon human life, and what we consider a grotesque value upon life in general. It stopped human sacrifice and softened men's hearts and manners by its insistence upon universal charity. Much—very much—remains to be done in this, the master work of Christian and of Buddhist doctrine, but surely a beginning was made among the wild people of the snows. The troublesome element in the establishment of the new faith seems to have been the monkish organisation. It at once became a rival in power-lust with the lay chiefs. Nothing shows more clearly than this the great departure which had been made from the original teaching. Buddha, even less than Christ, had imagined his followers as a sort of militant body animated by the demon of ambition.

There is nothing in Buddha's speech of the deep partisan spirit ringing in the words, "If ye are not for me ye are against me," and again, "I come to bring a sword." But he had told his followers to preach his doctrine. To this end, they had organised. Organisation carries with it the seed of contest, and we are at once led to Darwinian phrase, while making the double struggle, to know what is "fittest," and how to use it, for survival against