


THE CEYLON FRIEND.

May, 1876.

A SKETCH FROM SINHALESE HISTORY
ON THE
DEATH OF DUTUGAMUNU.

BY
J. L. DEWAR ESQ.

HE season had been exceptionally trying. For months past, no rain had fallen; wells were dry, herbage was withered, and the hard baked earth betokened too plainly how hot it had been for weeks past. We were favoured, however, as we approached the ancient city of Anurádhapuraya in having broken weather. Towards evening for days before the rain came we could see the clouds banking up and hear the grumbling of the distant thunder, and when the blast did come down, hissing and spattering, there was a general rejoicing. The air was filled with the smell of the thirsty earth, a deafening noise arose from the myriads of insect life, the breeze was refreshingly cool, and there rushed into every plant and tree a torrent of new life that turned the withering and dusty vegetation into freshness and beauty. Travelling became pleasant for both man and beast.

Reading Turnour's translation of the "*Mahawanso*" on the way, my mind was filled with the doings of the Sinhalese king, Dutugamunu. I imbibed the spirit of the old chronicler, and although I saw that the elements of Dutugamunu's greatness were those common to all barbarous ages—that of being war-like and superstitious—still I preferred to forget this, choosing rather to listen to the praises that are sung of him in the books of his people and recall to mind the famous rock-temple on the walls of which his mighty achievements have been pictured.

At Anurádhapuraya I was to see the ruins of his brazen palace, the field where he overcame the Malabar king Elála and the monument he raised to his memory, the famous water-tanks, the sacred bô-tree which he adorned and enriched, and the Ruwanwella dâgoba at the southern entrance of which he was laid when carried out to die. To me there was a perfect halo of romance around the irregularly shaped mound, with its miserable gilded top-piece, which, in the dusk of the evening while approaching the rest-house of the old capital, was pointed out as the sacred dâgoba.

The following day I went to inspect the great building, and found that although much of the structure had fallen and been worn away, it still presented a wonderful sight, a monument which must impress all with its magnificence and waste. Built of brick, it stands in its ruinous condition 182·247 feet high, the diameter at the base being 379·5 feet. Originally of a bell-shape, its rounded outline is now broken by great slips that have fallen from time to time, and the imagination is required to picture its perfect form. Round the base is a broad space enclosed by an outer wall, the abutments of which represent the fore-parts of elephants. It is said that at one time a pair of ivory tusks were supplied to each of the figures. An enterprising Buddhist priest has accepted the onerous task of repairing the work, and some small progress is being made, only it did strike one as rather ludicrous to see some three or four Tamil masons, assisted by ten or twelve coolies as the working staff. It was as if a man and two boys were employed in building a thousand-ton ship.

The clearing away of the débris round the base has revealed the original structure. In many places it is in perfect order, the chunam white and smooth, and the figures of the elephants, supposed to be bearing up the mighty edifice, often perfect. Two or three huge carved stones, on which the flower offerings of dead generations had been laid, have been uncovered and the present worshippers of Buddha have already begun to use them for the same. A yellow robed priest had a small hut erected close by, he was civil and communicative, and was superintending the repairs. It is no little contrast to turn from the ruinous and deserted spot, and picture to ourselves the founding and building in the days of the great Sinhalese king, and in re-telling the story of the dâgoba's building and the king's death, I trust that, in omitting much of the miraculous and incredible, I do not thereby diminish ought of its human interest.

B. C. 140.

Dutugamunu was declining in life, and his desire was to make a last effort to perpetuate his name and memory by building a *dágoba* of stupendous grandeur. He communicated his wish to the priests and showed his plan, and while describing the circle of the base, a prophet who was among them arrested the monarch's attention and solemnly assured him that at the completion of this work he would die. He pointed out also what a drain it would be upon the king's resources and those of his people to complete such an enormous building and persuaded him for the sake of futurity, heeding not the shortening of his own life, to circumscribe the circle to its present size.

What is now a dense forest was then the streets and thoroughfares of a great city, the hearts and hands of the inhabitants of which were centred and employed in the completion of this great religious work. Every care was taken to render the foundation firm. The elephants that had fought in the king's battle, had the peaceful employment of trampling down the stones, but in spite of all precautions the foundation sank several times. Dutugamunu was much depressed in spirit by this result and thought of giving up, but being encouraged by the priests, he proceeded again with the work. He came daily to see its progress, and as it rose "a thing of beauty" before his eyes, and tier after tier added further completeness to the rounded form, there was to him at least a melancholy interest attached to every brick that was laid. "The shadow feared by man" approached nearer and nearer the king as the building grew.

A great ceremony was held at the enshrining of the relics. It was the last public entertainment that the king gave his people. The relic receptacle was built with a cloud coloured stone, and its walls were painted with incidents in the life of Buddha. To decorate this sacred spot, the king was unsparing in his offerings. A golden representation of the *bô-tree*, a gem studded golden figure of Buddha in the attitude in which he attained his Buddhahood, a canopy of the finest fabrics fringed with the most perfect pearls, were said to be among the gifts. But these were as nothing in comparison to the relics which the priests had promised to bring from the "*Nága world*," the possession of which would ever afterwards make the structure a holy one.

When the day came for enshrining the relics, the king had the honour of carrying the golden casket which contained them, and on receiving it, he clasped his hands in adoration

and remained in that attitude all during the procession. Reaching the relic chamber, he deposited the casket on a throne of gold, and then thrice dedicated his kingdom to "the divine teacher," Buddha. Before leaving the sacred spot, Dutugamunu stripped himself of his royal ornaments and made an offering of them. His example was followed by his warriors and nobles.

Immediately after the great ceremony the king fell ill, and day by day the disease seemed to take a firmer hold of him. The numerous workmen on the *dágoba* were pressed to complete the building, for the king was unable to rest with his great work unfinished. With his sinking strength, Dutugamunu's enquiries as to the progress of the *dágoba* became more numerous, and he sent for his younger brother, hoping that under the eye of a prince of the royal blood an extra effort would be made to complete the building. "Perfect the work still left unfinished," he said to his brother, and when the prince looked upon the worn face and wasted form of the king, he saw at once that what had yet to be done must be done speedily. Leaving the palace, he went to the *dágoba*. All was ready save the plastering and spire, but the weak state of his brother excluded the hope that he would live long enough till this was finished. An order was accordingly given to make a temporary spire of bamboos, and that the unplastered part of the building was to be covered with a covering of white cloth. Artists were employed painting rows of vases and other ornaments, and every thing was done to hide the deception which art could imagine or affection device. It was not long ere the prince was enabled to tell his brother that the work was completed.

For the last time in his life, Dutugamunu appeared before his people. Borne in a litter, the man whose deeds of power had sounded through the land, and whose strength was only equalled by his valour, was weak as a child, his one desire now being to feast his eyes on the great work which was to project into the future for centuries to come the shadow of his greatness. The bearers of the litter carried the dying king round the *dágoba*, and near the southern entrance a carpet was spread upon which he was then laid. Lying on his left side, the king's eye was gladdened by the glitter of the brazen palace; turning on the right, was the stately form of the *dágoba*.

A short time having passed during which the king was engaged in worship, the Buddhist priests drew near, and loud and distinct above the murmurs of the assembled city rose the

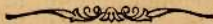
monotonous chant of their hymned prayers. As they gathered round the king, his eye wandered from face to face, and an expression of sadness stole over him as it was evident that the object of his search was not present. He was looking for one of his old warriors, who had turned priest and was now away in a distant part of the country. Naming him to those standing near, the king told of the battles he had fought side by side with him, of his undaunted and unflinching courage, and of his great fidelity. "But now," he murmured, "though he sees me struggling with Death and on the eve of being vanquished, he does not approach me." Just at the time the priest returned, and hurried to the side of the king, whose dim eye lighted up when he saw him.

The dying monarch spoke of old memories, how the enemy had gone before them, how he ever had been a support to him. "But now," he said "I have commenced my conflict with Death, and it will not be permitted me to overcome this mortal antagonist." The priest cheered his friend with religious consolation, reminding him of the transitory nature of the world, how the principle of dissolution runs through all extending even to Buddha himself, and of death being a necessary step in the approach to Nirwána. He further reminded the king of his acts of piety, the register of which was brought and read. "Those support me," said the dying man, "even in my struggle with Death." The king was now rapidly sinking, and while strength was left, he asked the priest to burn his body. He then turned to his brother to give some last orders about the dagoba, after which he "dropt into silence."

Again the assembled priesthood chanted a prayer, during which the dying monarch was noticed to make an impatient motion with his hand. The singing was stopped, and the king faintly whispered, "As long as I am listening to the doctrines of Buddha, so long must you wait." His mind was wandering. He thought he saw six chariots waiting to convey him hence, and imagined that the heavenly occupants were urging him to make haste. The hymn being resumed, shortly afterwards came the change; and from the priesthood and the assembled multitudes, there arose a mighty sobbing when it was known that Dutugamunu the warrior and saint was dead.

I took my last look of Anurádhapuraya from the hill at Mihintalé. All during the night a rain-storm had been sweeping over the face of the country, and in the lull of the wind there was little heard save the patter of the rain and the drip

from the trees. There was a leaden sky all above, and a flying scud, which the wind tormented, tearing into the most fantastic forms, and driving pell-mell before it. At my feet, and stretching from horizon to horizon, was a perfect ocean of deep forest, which billowed and sighed with every blast that swept over it; while in the distance, above this leafy main, like rocky sentinels, there towered in stately grandeur the rounded forms of the *dágobas*. Little or no cultivation was visible, and what must have been smiling fields in the days of the ancient race was now thick and secluded forest. A few bright green spots, betokening grass instead of trees, marked on the face of the landscape the positions of the old water-tanks. To humanity these have been a far richer legacy than the great buildings which those ancient *rájas* delighted to raise, for even to this day they gladden the eye of the sight-seer, while the murmur of these waters sound in the ear of the Sinhalese cultivator like a song of life.




THE ORGANIZATION AND RELATIONS OF MANKIND.

BY

JAMES LOOS ESQ., M. D.

LECTURE III.

MAN IN RELATION TO ANIMALS.

N my last lecture, we had under our consideration the relation of mankind to each other. In the present one, I propose to consider *the relation of Man to animals*. I said that the science of the Races or Varieties of Mankind is termed Ethnology. My present subject has also of late assumed such proportions that it has become a distinct science under the name of *Anthropology*, derived from two Greek words—*anthropos*, man, and *logos*, a discourse. Within the limits of a single lecture, I can but briefly hint at topics which have been expatiated upon in volumes.

We found that notwithstanding a striking diversity in the character of the various races of mankind, they must be regarded as having a common bond of union and as belonging to one stock or species. I am much mistaken if, in the comparison of Man with animals, we have not good reason for believing that between them there is "a great gulf fixed;" and that they can be said to have had a common origin only in the sense of their having sprung from one Source—the Creator of all things.

Dr. Pritchard, at the commencement of his great work—the "Natural History of Mankind"—says, "The organised world presents no contrasts and resemblances more remarkable than those which we discover on comparing mankind with the inferior tribes. That creatures should exist so nearly approaching each other in all the particulars of their physical structure, and yet differing so immeasurably in their endowments and capabilities would be a fact hard to believe if it were not manifest to our observation. The differences are everywhere striking; the resemblances are less obvious in the fulness of their extent, and they are never contemplated without wonder by those who in the study of Anatomy and Physiology are first made aware how near is man in his physical construction to the brutes. In all the principles of his internal structure, in the composition and functions of his parts, man is but an animal. The lord of the earth who contemplates the eternal order of the universe and aspires to communion with its invisible Maker, is a being composed of the same materials and framed on the same principles as the creatures which he has tamed to be the servile instruments of his will, or slays for his daily food. The points of resemblance are innumerable; they extend to the most recondite arrangements of that mechanism which maintains instrumentally the physical life of the body, which brings forward its early development and admits, after a given period, its decay, and by means of which is prepared a succession of similar beings destined to perpetuate the race."

The similarity in structural organization between man and animals is remarkable. The textures from which the organs are formed are the same, and the organs are placed in the same manner in the body and answer the same uses. There are, however, points of difference, and into these we shall in the first place enter.

The first and most striking characteristic of Man, and that which peculiarly distinguishes him from the rest of the animated creation, is his *erect attitude*. Milton in the 4th book

of the Paradise Lost describes Satan on his entrance into the garden of Eden as being struck by this peculiarity in our first parents.

“Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 “God-like erect, with native honour clad,
 “In naked majesty, seem’d lords of all,
 “And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
 “The image of their glorious Maker shone.”

Ovid, also, in his Metamorphoses, alludes to this peculiarity in Man. While animals have their heads bent to the ground intent on the gratifications of sense, Man directs his gaze upwards towards the heavens.

“*Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,*
 “*Os homini sublime dedit; cælumque tueri*
 “*Jussit; et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*”

Which has been thus rendered by Dryden—

“Thus while the mute creation downward bend
 “Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
 “Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
 “Beholds his own hereditary skies.”

In connection with Man’s erect attitude, we have the *biped progression*. Man walks on two feet, while animals for the most part go on all-fours.

The erect attitude and biped progression are necessities of Man’s organization, and this is proved by the whole structure of the frame. The lower limbs are obviously intended to support the body. The feet furnish a larger base for support in Man than in the animals of the Mammalian order. The nearest in shape and appearance to man are the monkeys; but naturalists are agreed that monkeys have no feet, and that all their limbs are hands; whence monkeys are termed *quadramanous*, or four-handed, while Man is *bimanous*, or two-handed.

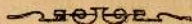
In man, it is obvious that the four extremities or limbs were intended for separate uses—the two lower ones for support; and the two upper ones for seizing objects and other uses. The legs, owing to the manner in which they are articulated to the trunk of the body, are in man capable of being more widely separated than in animals, and are in a line, and not at an angle, with the trunk. The whole foot rests on the ground. The heel is not raised, as in monkeys and the bear; but on the contrary, from its being large and prominent, assists in

supporting the body. The muscles of the calf are large and powerful, and are inserted into the heel bone, or *os calcis*, as it is termed. The *pelvis*, or hip-basin, (called so because the bones of the hip are so joined to form a cavity resembling a basin) is peculiarly broad in Man, and distinguishes him from monkeys and all other animals. The peculiar manner in which the head is articulated with the vertebral or spinal column, the formation of the chest and the articulation of the upper extremities or arms with it, all contribute to the upright attitude of Man. A still more especial characteristic is the possession of hands which from their position in relation to the body can be used with freedom. Aristotle called the hand of man "the organ of organs," and Sir Charles Bell says, "we ought to define the hand as belonging exclusively to man." The hand has been extravagantly praised and man's superiority to the brutes has been entirely ascribed to it, some even holding the opinion that "if the upper extremity had been terminated by a hoof, instead of a hand, the human species would still be wandering in the forests, incapable of arts, of habitation and of defence." The great superiority of the hand of man arises from the size and strength of the *thumb*, which can be brought forwards and opposed to the other fingers. In the monkey tribe (termed, as I said, *quadrumanæ*, because all their limbs resemble hands) the thumb is slender, short and weak, and the other fingers are elongated and slender. The hands of monkeys, although fitted for seizing objects, cannot grasp spherical bodies, and can never arrive at any great skill in manipulation.

Man cannot walk upon all-fours. Such a mode of progression would be to him awkward and uncomfortable. The fact that the upright attitude and biped progression has been the invariable practice with mankind at all times and in all countries, is of itself a sufficient proof that this is natural to them. But we now and then hear stories which have led some people absurdly to suppose that we have been educated to the practice, and that there would be no discomfort if we would habituate ourselves to a quadrupedal mode of walking. In ancient times the most confused notions prevailed with regard to the nature of Man and animals, and it was supposed that there was an intermediate class of beings, half man and half animals—the fawns, centaurs and satyrs, who were worshipped as demi-gods. These were chiefly the creations of fancy; but it is not improbable that large sized apes were mistaken for beings of this compound nature. Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, made an arrangement of animals

in which he placed man, monkeys and some other animals in one group or order, which he called *Primates*. Linnæus believed that Man in his natural state was four-footed, mute and hairy; but that, brought under civilizing influences, he assumed the upright attitude. Some colour was given to this supposition by statements of wild men having been caught in the woods who were believed to be specimens of the *homo ferus*, or man in his wild state. In different parts of Europe, individuals were found wandering in the forests or mountainous regions. The most celebrated of these individuals was Peter the Wild Boy. In 1772, a boy was found in a town in Hanover, in one of the fields, naked, brownish, black-haired, apparently about twelve years old, who uttered no intelligible sound, was enticed into the town by showing him two apples and placed in a hospital. He was named *Peter* by the children on his first appearance in the town, and ever afterwards bore that name. He behaved in a brutish manner at first, resting now and then on his elbows and knees, and trying to get out at doors and windows. He disliked bread, but peeled and chewed green sticks and ate grass and vegetables. He soon learned to conduct himself with more propriety and went about the town. When anything was offered to him, he smelt it and then put it into his mouth or laid it aside, shaking his head. He performed also several other extraordinary actions. He was sent for by George I. to Hanover; and thence he was sent to England, where he was the subject of much curiosity. There are histories of some other such individuals, found in the woods of Germany and France. A short time ago, the Indian newspapers contained an account of the Wolf Boy, caught at Fyzabad and placed in the hospital at Lucknow. The boy was described as having an unsteady gait, incapable of grasping objects firmly, walking on all-fours or more precisely on his hands and knees, and lapping his food like a dog. All these are no doubt idiots, neglected by their parents, who wandered away into desert places and commenced to imitate the actions of animals.

(*To be continued.*)



WONDROUS LOVE.*

BY THE
REV. J. O. RHODES.

SECOND PAPER.

PROPHETS of old were all called "*seers*," and it would be well, perhaps, if modern prophets could also be called "*seers*" with equal fitness. The power of clear, sharp, distinct perception is, we venture to say, the one requisite which more than anything else gives a speaker that perfect command over his subject, which enables him to sway his hearers with a force as resistless as that which bends the thick-standing corn before the swift sougbing sweep of a summer breeze. This vivid, undoubting and undoubted realization of the matter in hand none can help noticing everywhere, throughout Mr. Moody's addresses.

"That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life.....declare we unto you." Such is the key-note struck in the beginning of this little book, and which rings through every sentence, almost every syllable, to the very last. The range of religious truths, compassed by Mr. Moody, is far from being wide, and of these truths, his view is generally exceedingly circumscribed, but yet, so far as it goes, it is thorough and microscopic. This bounded and concentrated vision betrays the preacher into what we cannot but regard as errors in relation to the harmony of some parts of God's revealed will, just as we lose the effect of the pure white shining of the sun by dividing and defining the sunlight into the variegated rays, which go to make it up. For instance, it has been pointed out that there is a failure fully to recognize "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," and the need of personal penitence. There is no "preaching of the law," in the old Methodist sense; Christ came "not to destroy the law but to fulfil it;—" to "save his people," not *IN* their sins, but *FROM* their sins. Hence the necessity of "fruits meet for repentance," a necessity which, we think, is too little prominent in Mr. Moody's teaching. As Bishop Wilberforce used to express it, "conversion is not something to be *done*, and *done with*," but believers are to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." No doubt these deficiencies may be traced

* Fifteen Addresses by D. L. Moody.

largely to the object the preacher had in view. The evangelist sought to arouse the careless, and to lead the awakened to Christ, leaving the further instruction of the converts to the English churches, and thus far, we think, his "trumpet gave no uncertain sound." Like the apostles his constant appeal is, "And we are witnesses of these things;" nay rather like the Great Master Himself he says, "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

It is remarkable how much of personal incident is crowded into the fifteen sermons before us. It would not be difficult to compile a very interesting biography of Mr. Moody's life, from the facts related. He describes himself as a lad, twenty years ago, in a little village in New England, and with a touch of nature which makes many of us feel akin to him, speaks of the terror and dread he experienced when at funerals, according to the custom of the place, the church bell used to toll out the age of the departed. With that he contrasts his feelings after he had found peace with God. "As I go an through the world I can shout now, when the bell is tolling, 'O death! where is thy sting? And I hear a voice come rolling down! from Calvary, 'Buried in the bosom of the Son of God.' It is the death of Christ, as our substitute, which frees us from condemnation. I know some people say, 'Oh it is not Christ's death, it is Christ's life.' My friends, Christ's life will never save any one. Paul says, 'I declare unto you *the Gospel*. Christ died,' not Christ lived, 'Christ died for our sins.'" Again, in another discourse on "Son, Remember," Mr. Moody finds in his own history a strong vantage ground for a most thrilling appeal to sinners, "I have been twice at the point of death. I was drowning once and just as I was going down the third time I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye my whole life came flashing across my mind..... And I believe when God touches the secret spring of memory every one of our sins will come back, and if they have not been blotted out by the blood of Jesus, they will haunt us as eternal ages roll on."

As we should naturally expect from such a preacher, we have not to turn over many pages before we come to Mr. Moody's account of his own conversion. In the first discourse he says, "Twenty years ago, God met me one night and took me to His bosom, and I would sooner give up my life than give up Christ.....I tried for weeks to find a way to Him, but, at last, I just went and laid my burden upon Him, and then He revealed Himself to me, and I have ever since found Him a true and sympathizing Friend, just

the friend you need. Go right straight to Him. You need not go to this man or that man, to this church or that church. 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

And not only does Mr. Moody turn such great crises of life as these to account, but every little event is first presented with Rembrandt-like distinctiveness, and then made to carry a moral which seldom seems far-fetched. He tells us how his little boy, after hearing the Jubilee singers wanted to know why they did not wash the black off their faces, and the transition is easy to the impossibility of a sinner changing his own bad heart. There is the story of a child who would not acknowledge himself dirty till his father held him up before a looking-glass, in illustration of the effect of looking into "the perfect law of liberty." These homely incidents meet us on every page and are all made effective, e g., the woman in the enquiry room who was satisfied because she was "born a Christian;" the apartments secured for himself in a crowded hotel when his fellow passengers by the same train found themselves shut out in the cold, because he had telegraphed and they had not, so "with regard to admission into heaven—your names must be sent on beforehand and entered in its book, else you won't get in;" the water-logged ship laden with wood, seen by him in crossing the Atlantic, which would neither sink nor swim, like many Christians so taken up with the world's treasures and affairs that they cannot move a bit; the climb through thunder clouds and rain up one of the Western mountains to see the sunrise. Moody was for giving up the prospect. "Guess we'd better turn back, we won't see anything this morning with all these clouds." "Oh!" said the guide "I expect we'll soon get through these clouds and get above them, and then we'll have a glorious view," and the anticipation was magnificently realized. "That's what God's people want, to get into the clear air.....Some of you may be in great darkness and gloom; but fear not, climb higher, get nearer to the Master, and soon you'll catch his bright rays on your own soul, and they will sparkle back upon others." But we should have to copy nearly the whole book if we tried to exhaust such illustrations as these. One more example must suffice. "When I was at Richmond, U. S., the coloured people were going to have a meeting. It was the first day of their freedom. I went to the African church, and never before or since heard such bursts of native eloquence. 'Mother,' said one, 'rejoice to-day, your little child has been sold from you for the last time. Young men, you have heard the driver's whip for the last time; you are free to-day. Young maidens,

you have been put up on the auction-block for the last time. Glory to God in the highest.' They spoke right out, they shouted for joy; their prayers had been answered, it was the gospel to them. In like manner Jesus Christ proclaims liberty to the captives. Some have accepted it; some, like the poor negroes, scarcely believe the good tidings..... There was one coloured woman, a servant in an inn in the Southern States, who could not believe she was free 'Be's I free, or be I not?' she asked of a visitor. Her master told her she was not, her coloured brethren told her she was. For two years, she had been free without knowing it. She represents a great many in the Church of God to-day."

It is to this facility of viewing felt spiritual experiences in the light of everyday, matter-of-fact life, that we attribute much of Mr. Moody's influence. John Owen says, "No man preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it to his own heart." A newspaper, which in name as well as in reality represents the "vanity fair" of this world, allows this quality, at least, to the American evangelist, amidst all its multitude of sneers. It says, "Mr. Moody's language and methods are of universal application, and he is not afraid of using them. Whence it arises that he is able to establish a direct and immediate understanding between himself and a thousand or ten thousand persons as perfect as though he spoke to each one individually and alone." And in this Mr. Moody is but following the "Teacher sent from God," who, eighteen centuries and a half ago, stirred the masses of the people throughout the length and breadth of Palestine. With what innimitable skill did He, who spake as never man spake, find in common things texts for uncommon sermons! How beautifully did He make the little sparrow sing hymns to the down-cast, and the fragrant lilies give thoughts of comfort to the poor! How gloriously did He use seed-time and harvest, flowers and fruits, flocks and shepherds, the light in a peasant's cottage, and "the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal," as symbols and pledges of things far better in themselves. None ever so freely and frequently drew the sweetest and solemnest lessons of instruction from the familiar doings and sayings of daily life as did our Saviour. Let us who preach be content to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him. Has not the servant failed too often, simply and solely, because he has disdained, in this respect, to be but as his Lord?

● Closely connected with the character of a "seer," both of ordinary and spiritual things, which we have ascribed

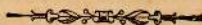
to Mr. Moody, and, in fact, as part parcel of it, is the quality of good, strong, manly Christian common sense, possessed by the evangelist in no small measure. An aged elder, addressing the Chairman of a Scotch assembly when the subject of candidates for the ministry was being discussed, once said, "Mr. Moderator, there are three things a mon needs in order to make a gude successful minister, namely, gude health, religion, and gude common sense; and if he can hae but one of these, let it be common sense; for God can gie him health, and God can gie him grace, but næbody can gie him common sense." Few who know anything about the matter will hesitate to endorse the old elder's meaning, whatever they may think of his mode of expressing it. So Mr. Moody says, "If you wish to catch men you must use a little—what shall I say?—*common sense*. That's the plain English of it. If a man preaches the Gospel, and preaches it faithfully, he ought to expect results then and there. But, after he has proclaimed the glad tidings, let him have an enquiry meeting, and, if necessary, a second meeting, and go to the people's houses and talk and pray with them.....If you want to catch men *just pull in the net*.....Then again you must use the right kind of bait. A great many people go the wrong way to work. You see them getting up all kinds of entertainments with which to try and catch men. I will tell you what this perishing world wants; it wants *Christ and Him crucified*." An American officer, General Mitchell, addressing some troops, during the civil war, simply said, directing them to a certain fortress, "Soldiers! there is the Fort; when I tell you to take it, take it. Go over it, go under it, go through it, but take it." And it is much in the same way that Mr. Moody deals with the rebel castle of man's soul. It may be surrounded by outlying additions, like those buildings which generally spring up in the neighbourhood of a garrison in time of peace; it may be encumbered by self-righteousness, by sacramental theories, by rationalistic doubts, or a thousand other things, but leaving for the present all these, Mr. Moody points straight to the wall of the fort itself, the redeemed heart to be won for Jesus, and calling to all that is within him—all the forces of observation, reading, experience, knowledge of character at his command—cries to them lustily, "Up, and at *that*." "Conquer only that position, and the mastery of the rest will be easy." And he sets himself with all his might, to seek and to use just those means and those means only which are required to gain this one end. In support of this simplicity and straightforwardness of effort, he might, if he cared to do so,

quote the very highest authorities. Archbishop Whately anticipates a thought to be found in one of Mr. Moody's addresses, already referred to, and pithily puts it thus: "It is a waste of power to fish with a golden hook, when a common one would do the work better," and he was "prevented" by Augustine, centuries ago, who said, "An iron key is better than one made of gold, if it will better open the door."

We can well understand how sentences like the following will stick "like nails driven home" in the minds of thousands. "Let me say that there is no one who goes to church so regularly as Satan. He is always there before the minister, and he is the last one out of the church..... He is here to-night. Some of you may not listen to the sermon, but he will. He will be watching, and when the seed is just entering into some heart he will go and catch it away." Again: "'*I thought.*' Exactly so. In rage and disappointment away went Naaman, saying, 'I thought,' 'I thought,' 'I thought.' I have heard that tale so often that I am tired of it. I will tell you just what I think about it, and what I advise you to do '*Give it up,*' and take God's words, God's ways, God's thoughts." Again: "Now if those shepherds at Bethlehem had been like a good many people at the present time, they would have said, 'We do not believe it is good news. It is all excitement. Those angels want to get up a revival. Don't you believe them.' That is what Satan is saying now." Again: "Some one has said, 'Faith is saying Yes to God.' Who will say Yes to-night, and take God at His word?"

We could go on culling phrases like the above without number. The difficulty is to choose. We do not say that there is anything wonderful about their conception or composition. We could easily recall expressions from many sources that surpass them in point and poetry as well as quaintness. For instance, the following from Mr. Spurgeon's ordinary discourses just occurs to us: "Know you not that many of the promises are written with invisible ink, and must be held to the fire of affliction before the letters will show themselves." And then dear old Bunyan gives us an inexhaustible mine of such treasures; e. g., "Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken with the wind they let fall at each other's roots; whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other." But it is the very lack of genius in Mr. Moody, which we can scarcely deny to such men as Spurgeon and Bunyan, which we again regard

as making the study of his methods and successes the more really valuable to those of us, the torch of whose influence can only be lighted at very homely fires.




ESSAYS ON BUDDHISM.

BY THE LATE

REV. D. J. GOGERLY.

SINGALU WADA.*

(*Concluded from page 94.*)

UR classes of persons, Gahapati, bear the semblance of friends while they are the reverse: the self-interested man, the man of much profession, the flatterer and the spendthrift.

In four ways the self-interested man, while professing to be a friend, may be known to be the reverse: he takes away your property, he gives little and expects much in return, he acts from fear and not from affection and he sees only his own advantage.

In four ways the man of much profession, while bearing the semblance of a friend, may be known to be the reverse. He will appear to be interested respecting past circumstances, or respecting those which are future; he will be profuse in unprofitable compliments, but he will forsake you in the hour of need.

In four ways the flatterer, while professing to be a friend, may be known to be the reverse. He approves of your vices, and he approves of your virtues; he praises you while present, and reviles you when absent.

In four ways the spendthrift, while professing to be a friend, may be known to be the reverse. He is a friend if you frequent taverns, or wander about the streets at night; if you visit theatres, or frequent gaming houses. Thus spake Bhagawá.

The excellent one having stated this, the teacher further said, The friend who takes away your property, or who

* A paper read before the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, February 6, 1847.

abounds in profession, or who is a sycophant or a spendthrift; these four the wise man does not regard to be friends, but removes from them as he would from a path beset with eminent dangers.

Gahapati, by these four marks the faithful friend may be known: he assists in time of need; he is a friend in adversity as well as in prosperity; he gives judicious advice, and manifests affection towards you.

Gahapati, the friend who assists in time of need may be known by these four marks: he guards you when you are carelessly exposed, watches over your property when it is in danger, aids in the hour of peril, and affords twofold help in the time of need.

In four ways the friend faithful in adversity as well as in prosperity may be known: he keeps your secrets, does not divulge your affairs, stands by you in the hour of difficulty and is willing to sacrifice his life for your welfare.

The faithful friend who gives judicious advice may be known in four ways: he restrains you from vice and encourages you in virtue, imparts instruction and points out the way to heaven.

The true friend who manifests affection towards you may be known by these four marks: he does not rejoice when his friend suffers privations, but rejoices in his prosperity; he repels slanders uttered against him, and joins in celebrating his virtues. Thus Bhagawá spoke.

The excellent one having declared this, the teacher further said, He is a friend who renders assistance, who is faithful in prosperity and in adversity, who gives judicious advice, and shews kindness of feeling; the wise man, knowing them to be his friends, cleaves constantly to them, as the child clings to his mother.

The virtuous wise man shines, as a brightly resplendent light; if he partakes of the wealth of others, it is as the bee (who gathers honey without injuring the beauty or fragrance of the flower), and if he accumulate wealth it is as the white ant (by unremitted exertions and minute increments) builds up its nest; and thus he is able to provide for his family.

The property he accumulates he divides into four portions. Certainly with one portion he well cements friendships; one he will appropriate to his own sustenance; one portion he will apply to the conducting his business, and the other portion he will treasure up against a time of adversity.

How, Gahapati, does the disciple of holy sages carefully guard the six sides? The six sides are the following: his parents constitute the east side, his teachers the south, his wife and children the west, his friends and relatives the north, his slaves and dependents constitute the nadir, and samanas and bramins are the zenith.

Gahapati, the son should minister to his parents, who constitute the east quarter, in five ways. He should say, I will sustain them in old age, who supported me in youth; the family duties incumbent on them, I will perform; I will guard their possessions; I will watch over their property; and when they die, I will perform their funeral solemnities. In these five modes, Gahapati, the parents forming the east quarter are to be ministered to. The parents also in five modes shew their affection to their son: they restrain him from vice, and train him in virtue; they cause him to be instructed in arts and sciences; provide him with a suitable wife, and at a proper season, endow him an inheritance. Thus the east quarter is preserved in peace and free from danger.

In five respects, Gahapati, the pupil should minister to his teacher, who is as the south quarter. He should rise up in his presence; wait upon him; listen to all that he says with respectful attention; perform the duties necessary for his personal comfort; and carefully attend to his instruction. In these five respects, the pupil should minister to his teacher. And in five things, the teacher shews his affection to his pupil: he trains him in virtue and good manners; carefully instructs him; imparts unto him a knowledge of the sciences and wisdom of the ancients; speaks well of him to friends and relations, and guards him from danger. In these five modes, the teacher shews his affection to his pupil, and thus the south quarter is preserved in peace and free from danger.

In these five respects, Gahapati, the husband should minister to his wife, who is as the west quarter: he should treat her with respectful attention; his language to her should be courteous and affectionate; he should not illicitly consort with other women; should cause her to be honoured by others, and furnish her with suitable ornaments and apparel. In these five modes, the husband should minister to his wife, who is as the west quarter. And in five respects, the wife should shew her affection towards her husband: she should affectionately attend to his personal wants; superintend his household; preserve her chastity inviolate; be careful of her husband's property; and shew dilligence and activity in all she has to do.

In these five things, the wife should shew her affection to her husband, thus the west quarter will be preserved in peace and free from danger.

In these five respects, Gahapati, the honourable man ministers to his friend and relatives, who are as the north quarter: by presenting gifts, by courteous language, by promoting their interests, by treating them as his equals, and by sharing with them his prosperity. In these five modes, he ministers to his friends and relatives, who are as the north quarter. And in five respects, his friends and relations should shew their attachment to him. They should watch over him when he has negligently exposed himself; guard his property when he is careless; assist him in difficulties; stand by him, and help to provide for his family. In these five modes, friends and relatives should manifest their attachment to him, and thus the north quarter is preserved in peace and free from danger.

In five things, Gahapati, the master should minister to the wants of his slaves and dependents, who are as the nadir: he assigns them labour suitable to their strength; provides for their comfortable support; he attends to them in sickness; causes them to partake of any extraordinary delicacy he may obtain and makes them occasional presents. In these five modes the master ministers to his servants, who are as the nadir. And in five modes, the slaves and dependents manifest their attachment to their master: they rise before him in the morning, and retire later to rest; they do not purloin his property, do their work cheerfully and actively, and are respectful in their behaviour towards him. In these five respects, the slaves and dependents should manifest their attachment to their master, and thus the nadir is preserved in peace and free from danger.

In five respects, Gahapati, the honourable man should minister to samanas and bramins who are the zenith: by respectful affection manifested in his actions, in his words, and in his thoughts; by allowing them constant access to him and by supplying their temporal wants. In these five modes, Gahapati he ministers to samanas and bramins who are as the zenith. And in five modes, the samanas and bramins should manifest their kind feelings towards him: they should dissuade him from vice; excite him to virtuous acts—being desirous of promoting the welfare of all; they should instruct him in the things he had not previously learned; confirm him in the truths he had received, and point out to him the way to heaven. In these

five modes, samanās and brāmins should manifest their kind feelings towards him, and thus the zenith is preserved tranquil and free from danger. Thus spoke Bhagawá.

The excellent one having declared these things the teacher further added: the mother and father are the east quarter; the teacher is the south; the children and wife are the west; friends and relatives the north; slaves and dependents are the nadir, samanās and brāmins the zenith. He who worship these six will be competent to the duties of a householder.

The wise, virtuous, prudent, intelligent, teachable, docile man will become eminent.

The persevering, diligent man, unshaken in adversity and of inflexible determination, will become eminent.

The well-informed, friendly disposed, prudent speaking, generous minded, self-controlled man, calm and self-possessed, will become eminent.

In this world, generosity, mildness of speech, public spirit and courteous behaviour, are worthy of respect under all circumstances and will be valuable in all places. If these be not possessed, the mother will receive neither honour nor support from the son; neither will the father receive respect or honour.

The wise man who carefully cultivates these will obtain both prosperity and honour.

When Bhagawá had thus spoken, Singálu said, Excellent, Venerable Sir, most excellent. It is comparable to placing erect that which has been overturned; to the displaying that to view which has been previously hidden; to the directing a wanderer into the right path; to bringing a brightly shining lamp into a dark place thus rendering objects visible. Even thus has Bhagawá, in various modes, made known his doctrine. I take refuge in Bhagawá, in his doctrines and in his priesthood. Receive me, Bhagawá, as a disciple. From this day to the end of my life I take my refuge in Bhagawá.



Notes of the Month.

New Baptist Chapel, Cinnamon Gardens. The memorial stone of this building was laid, April 4th, and an interesting service was held in connection with the ceremony, in which, besides the English pastor, the Rev. T. R. Stephenson (who laid the stone), the Rev. F. D. Waldo (Baptist Missionary), and the Rev. M. Ratnáyaka (the Sinhalese minister of the Baptist Church, Prince St.), the Revs. J. Burnet, and G. B. Rulach (Presbyterian), and the Rev. J. O. Rhodes took part. We were very glad to find present a large number of members of all the Protestant denominations represented in Colombo, including the Rev. W. E. Rowlands of the Church Mission, and other ministers. The site, chosen for the chapel, is an exceedingly good one, and the prospects of usefulness are most encouraging. When we recall the long list of devoted toilers, belonging to the Baptist section of the "one family in earth and heaven," who have laboured in Ceylon for more than sixty years past, and when we not simply hear with our ears but see with our eyes the noble work they have done, we are sure that "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity" will join with us in offering most humbly and heartily, on behalf of those engaged in this new "work of their Lord," the prayer of Nehemiah, "Now, therefore, O God, strengthen their hands, and think upon them, our God, for good, according to all that they have done for this people."

Tamil Work, Colombo. Received towards the Chapel Building Fund: S. T. Muttaiyah Esq, Rs. 100; Mr. H. B. Stephenson, Rs. 5; Rev. E. Martin, Rs. 5. Special services have been held in the houses of our people about Jampettah Street, each evening during the past month, conducted by the Revs. J. O. Rhodes and J. W. Philips, Mr. A. Sittambalam and others. In one case, the festival gathering to celebrate the marriage of two of our young friends was by request resolved into a prayer-meeting, when very gracious influences were vouchsafed. At each of these services from twenty to fifty persons, the majority of whom were heathen, have been present; and the meetings in private houses have brought within the sound of the Gospel many Tamil women, whom the customs of their nation would certainly have kept

from our more public preaching rooms. No results are as yet manifest beyond the most interested hearing, but we doubt not that fruit will be found after many days to the glory of God. The special services are to be continued during May in and around Colpetty. Mr. Gasperson, Tamil catechist, has been sent, tentatively, to *Caltura*, and is deeply impressed with the spiritual needs of the Tamil population in that neighbourhood. We hope also to station a Tamil agent at *Negombo* very shortly.


Death of J. C. Sortain Esq., M. D., of Batticaloa. This gentleman passed away in great peace, April 18th, at Batticaloa, where he has resided for about a quarter of a century. No loss will ever be more keenly felt by all classes of the community in that neighbourhood, amongst whom Dr. Sortain's influence, though quiet and unassuming, has been of inexpressible value. A thoroughly learned and scholarly man, a profound philosopher, a wide and very thoughtful reader, a lover of the country of his adoption intensely interested in all that affected it socially, morally or politically, Dr. Sortain was, above all, a devout and humble Christian. Though retaining his connection with the Anglican Church, of which his brother, the predecessor at Brighton of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, was so distinguished an ornament, he was most catholic in his sympathies. Hence, he strongly objected, on principle, to the ecclesiastical system and subsidies of Ceylon, and had a genuine admiration for Methodism. He constantly worshipped at the Wesleyan chapel at Pulianteevoo, and liberally subscribed to all the funds of the Wesleyan Mission, e. g. in the *North Ceylon Herald* for last month, his name is published as having given in 1875 Rs. 125 in support of Wesleyan schools. All the missionaries in Batticaloa, and indeed in the North generally, most affectionately and enthusiastically revered the doctor, always to them "*the doctor*" *par excellence*, not of medicine (for he had long ceased to practice) but rather of divinity and philosophy. They have been indebted to him for numberless kindnesses, as well as for the wisest counsel, given right cheerfully whenever sought, as it always was if any difficulty arose. One of these debtors, and that not to the least amount, would here most tenderly and sincerely weave this garland of love, as for the grave of a dear friend—though the offering be all too poor—and would ever think with the fondest veneration of those hours of pleasant intercourse as the doctor waved to and fro that unfailing companion of his meditative moments—the fan—bringing it to a sudden pause, now and

then, as some new thought arose to his lips and sparkled in his keen penetrative eyes,—when the listeners mind was led, until it was lost amidst the labyrinth of problems, too involved and intricate for earth, but already solved there in that home of clearer vision, “where beyond these voices there is peace.” Of all the able men that Ceylon has known, few if any deserve a higher place than Dr. Sortain.

Jaffna Auxiliary Bible Society. The Report for 1875, just published, is a deeply interesting record, ably drawn up by the Secretary—the Rev. E. Rigg—of work done in the north and east of Ceylon by the American, Church and Wesleyan Missions, acting together in honest and earnest unity. Details are given with reference to every branch of Bible operations, such as Union Meetings, Colportage, Woman’s Work, &c., which cannot be read by any one who believes in the power of God’s word without devout thankfulness. The funds from European sources are somewhat less than in the previous year, but there is an increase of more than Rs. 50 where increase is most healthy as a sign of progress, i. e., in the subscriptions from Tamil Christians.

The Wesley Memorial, Westminster Abbey. A beautiful monument to John and Charles Wesley has recently been added to the many mementos of England’s benefactors already found upon the walls of this venerable building. It was uncovered, March 30th, by the Very Rev. Dr. Stanley the Dean, in the presence of a large number of the ministers and friends of Methodism. We must reserve a fuller notice of an event so unique and unprecedented in the history of the national mausoleum and of the Wesleyan Church. The monument is described by Dr. Jobson as a massive white marble Tablet of crystal purity, and as being a very high class work of art, reflecting the greatest credit on the genius and skill of Mr. John Adams Acton, the sculptor, who is now in India.

Mr. Advocate Eaton. We are glad to learn from a communication in the *Ceylon Observer* of April 22nd, that our dear friend (whose able pen “bewrayeth” him) had reached Aden after a most pleasant run of ten days on April 1st. Steamer, captain, crew, passengers, weather, health, all are described in glowing terms, and we trust that by this time the good ship “*Teviot*” has safely cast anchor amongst the firm sands of old Albion. Mr Eaton may rest assured that his whole course “Westward Ho” will be followed by the fervent prayers and loving thoughts of very many in Ceylon.

 The arrival of the “*Teviot*” at London, April 26th, has been “wired” just as we go to press.