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JUGGERNAUT.

In times so old as to antedate all human records, yet so new as to be only yesterday in the history of the globe, the waves of the Bay of Bengal dashed against the foot of a range of hills which extended, fold upon fold, far inland. From these uplands issued two great rivers, bringing down every hour burdens of earth and sand washed away from a thousand mountain-peaks and hill-sides. This earth and sand, deposited upon the shore, slowly formed itself into dry land, encroaching more and more upon the waters of the bay, until a strip of alluvial land has been formed 150 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles, sometimes greater, and sometimes diminishing to a narrow beach. This strip of alluvial territory is the province of Orissa, which fell into the hands of the British in 1803.

The sandy strip which constitutes Orissa proper is the sacred land of the Hindoos. It is the land of pilgrimage for all sects and faiths. For more than two thousand years the sacred city of Puri, the abode of Juggernaut, has been to them more than Mecca is to the Mohammedans or than Jerusalem was to the Christians. The city contains only about 25,000 inhabitants; but every year the temple of Juggernaut is visited by 300,000 pilgrims from every part of India. At the festival in June or July there are regularly 90,000.

Juggernaut—properly, Jagannath, "the Lord of the World," an incarnation of Vishnu—is of comparatively modern date as the deity worshipped in Orissa. His first historical appearance was in the year 318 A.D.; but the legends respecting him go back for millions of years, running thus:

Far back in the golden age the great King Indradyumna ruled at Malwa. Vishnu, the Preserver, had vanished from the earth, and the king sent Brahmans in every direction to find the deity. Those who went to the north and the east and the west came back with no tidings. The one sent to the south returned not. He had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to Orissa. There he became the guest of Basu, a fowler of the wilderness, who, thinking it a great honor to have a Brahman in his tribe, gave him his daughter for wife, and detained him in honorable captivity. Basu was a servant of Jagannath, and daily went into the jungle to offer fruits and flowers to his god. The Brahman at length prevailed upon his father-in-law to conduct him to the holy place. His eyes were blindfolded as he went. When they were uncovered he beheld the deity in the form of a shapeless mass of blue stone lying at the foot of the sacred fig-tree. Basu went away to gather flowers, when a voice from heaven fell upon the ears of the Brahman: "Go and

carry to thy king the good news that thou hast found the Lord of the World." The fowler came back with his offering of fruits and flowers; but the deity did not, as was his wont, appear to receive them; only a voice was heard, saying, "Oh, faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle fruits and flowers, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as Jagannath, the Lord of the World."

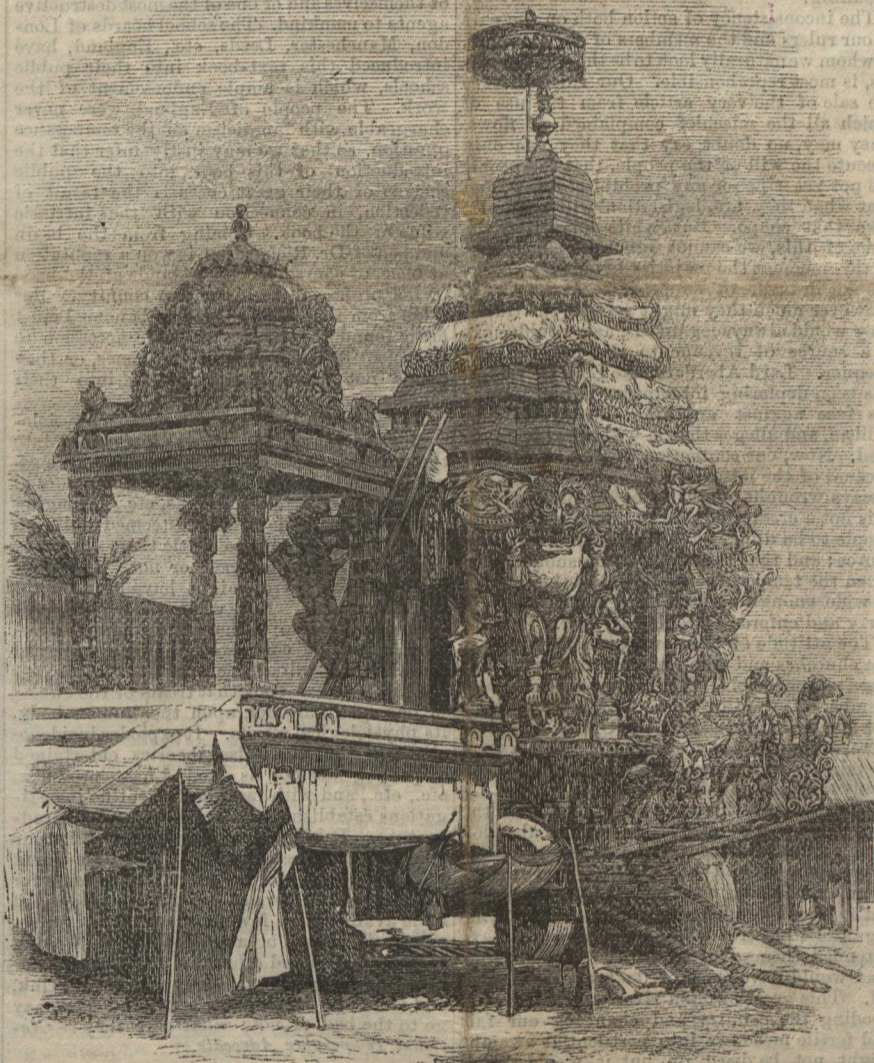
"shalt not behold. When it is finished, then shalt thou seek anew for thy god." Then the blue stone vanished forever from the earth. The king built the temple, and it was consecrated by Brahma.

Mr. Hunter gives a vivid picture of the pilgrimages to Orissa. Day and night through every month of the year, troops of devotees arrive at Puri, and for three hundred miles along the great Orissa road every village has its encampment. At the time of the great

chewing his narcotic leaf, until the men have gone into the field, and then makes a round of visits among the women. He works alike upon their hopes and fears, their piety and their folly. The older ones long to look upon the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life. The younger ones are allured by the prospect of a journey through strange lands. Widows catch at anything to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; childless wives long to pick up the berries from the child-giving banyan which grows in the sacred inclosure. In a few days the missionary has picked up a band of pilgrims. Fully nine out of ten are women, and when the bands come together on the great Orissa road they present a motley spectacle.

This great spiritual army marches hundreds of miles along burning roads, across unbridged rivers, through pestilent jungles and swamps. Many perish by the way; all are weary and footsore. But no sooner are they within sight of the holy city than all the miseries of the journey are forgotten. They hurry across the ancient bridge with shouts and songs, and rush to one of the great artificial lakes and plunge beneath the sacred waters. The dirty bundles which they have carried all the long way are opened, and yield forth their treasures of spotless cotton, and the pilgrims, refreshed and cleanly clad, proceed to the temple to partake of the sacred rice which has been cooked within its walls—that sacred rice for which the Lord of the World longed in his old jungle home, and of which he now partakes four times a day in his temple.

The sacred inclosure is nearly in the form of a square, 652 feet long by 630 wide, surrounded by a massive stone wall. Within it are 120 temples dedicated to the various forms in which the Hindoo mind has imagined its deity. Among these are about a score dedicated to Siva and his wife, and one to the sun. The central and chief pagoda is that of Jagannath. Its tower, rising like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf, black with time, to the height of 192 feet, is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. In front of the main entrance is an exquisite pillar, the shaft of a single stone, forty-five feet high. It is of pentagonal form, and is beyond all doubt the most graceful monumental column ever raised by man. The temple consists of four halls opening into each other. The first is the Hall of Offering, where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the pillared hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience, where the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth, beneath the lofty tower, is the Sanctuary, wherein in jewelled state are seated Jagannath, his brother Balabadra, and his sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs coarsely fashioned from the waist up in human form—the same carved by Vishnu himself. On certain festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of Jagannath. The priests give a spiritual significance to the lack of limbs. "The Lord of the World," they say, "needs



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

The Brahman returned to Malwa with the good tidings that he had found the Lord of the World. King Indradyumna gathered an army of 1,300,000 footmen, and wood-cutters without number to hew a way through the vast jungle. After journeying eight hundred miles they came to the spot, and beheld the blue stone under the sacred fig-tree. The monarch's heart swelled with pride. "Who is like unto me," he said, "whom the Lord of the World has chosen to build his temple?" A voice from the sky replied, "O king! thou shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou

festivals the bands follow so closely that they form a continuous procession miles upon miles in length. They march in orderly companies, each under its leader or guide. These guides may properly be called the missionaries of Jagannath. About six thousand of them are attached to the temple from which they took their departure for every section of the country. The arrival of one of these pilgrim-hunters is a memorable event in the still life of a Hindoo village. He is known by his half-shaven head, coarse tunic, knapsack, and palm-leaf umbrella. He waits, patiently