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BUDDHISM.

The religion of Siam is Buddhism and the temples in that country are said to be the most magnificent in all India. Buddhism was in its origin an essentially moral system, its object being to teach men how to attain a pure and holy life. Hence it did not so much destroy other religions with which it came in contact as engraft itself on them. The ritual or worship is extremely simple, consisting in offering flowers and perfume, the repeating of sacred formulas and the singing of hymns. The temples contain only an image of Buddha and a *Dagoba* or shrine containing his relics. There are no priests or clergy, properly so called, but only an order of monks who have given themselves up to a life of sanctity and who are generally very numerous. The highest hope of the Buddhist is that by the practice of six transcendent perfections—alms, morals, science, energy, patience, charity—a man may hope to arrive at the state of *nirvana*—repose or annihilation.

"MAMMY! MAMMY!"

For the rich to be charitable to the poor is a good thing, no doubt. Yet there is little real merit in the giving if it entails no personal sacrifice. When the poor widow gives her mite, or the rich woman her time, there is the true spirit of loving one's neighbor. Thank Heaven that stories of real sacrifice do come, now and then; since otherwise our faith in human nature might be overthrown by the selfishness so apparent in general society.

A millionaire might have given thousands from his abundance, and yet have given less than did the widow of an artist, whose helpful deed happened to come to our knowledge.

Her husband had been little known before his death, but he had painted some

good pictures, and was full of high hopes and ambitions, when "death came tacitly and took him," ending thus his hopes and his dreams.

He left his widow with three children—of whom the eldest was eight years old—a few unsold pictures, and a life-insurance

that it would take what seemed to her like most pinching economy to keep her little brood warmed and fed and clothed.

Yet it was to her, and no other, that one of her neighbors turned for help. He was an old man, who had been her lodger once, and he knew the tender heart to which he

She left her little girl of eight to take care of the two still younger mites, and off she hurried to the hospital. She found there the little one she went to see; but she found her with the smile she had worn in dying, frozen upon her lips, and needing nothing more of this world except a grave.

While Mrs. Sargent was lingering to arrange about the burial, a little girl toddled up to her, looked searchingly at her, and cried, "Mammy, mammy!"

A cry of inquiry, it seemed infinitely piteous, and then, after a long, baffled look in the lady's face, the child was turning away. One of the nurses saw her, and cried out, "Come here, you tiresome thing!"

"Why mayn't she stay with me a little while?" Mrs. Sargent asked, putting out a detaining hand.

"Oh!" answered the nurse, "she's such a horrid, tiresome child. Why, her mother died a whole year ago, and she won't forget it, but keeps on pestering every new comer, to see if she can't find her 'mammy.'"

"She won't forget her!" The words stirred Mrs. Sargent's motherly heart to a very passion of pity. If only she could cheer the poor little waif, and make her feel that all kindness, all tenderness had not gone out of the world when her mother died!

"Will you lend her to me for a few days?" she asked.

The nurse stared. "You'd be sick enough of your bargain," she said. "Why, that's the most troublesome child in the whole place; but if you are in earnest, I'll ask the matron."

It was quite an unusual request, the matron said, but there was no harm in it, that she saw; so she consented, and Mrs. Sargent went away, holding in her own tiny hand that seemed somehow to be pulling at her motherly heart-strings. Stopping to see her old lodger on the



RUINED TEMPLE AND IDOL OF BUDDHA AT AYUDIA, THE OLD CAPITAL OF SIAM.

policy of trifling amount. If ever a woman seemed to have all she could do to keep her head above water, Adeline Sargent was that woman. She calculated her resources. She let part of the rooms in her tiny house. She cut off every unnecessary expense, and then found

sent an appeal from his sick bed. His grandchild, his last tie to life, had been taken away from him, ill, and carried to the hospital connected with the work-house. He could not go to see how she was—would Mrs. Sargent go for him? No such appeal could be made in vain to her.