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Anuradhapura, the Buried City of Ceylon.

(By Rev. Samuel W. Holland, DD., of Batticotta, Ceylon.)

The American Mission in Ceylon is working among the Tamils in Jaffna, who are of the same race as are fourteen millions of the people in Southern India. But the southern and central portions of the island are populated by Sinhalese, who have a different language and religion. In some of the jungles in the interior there are some tribes of wild people called Veddahs, who live by hunting and wear little or no clothing. They are supposed by many to be the aborigines. The Sinhalese came from somewhere near the Ganges in 543 B.C. Their name means the lion race, from *sinha*, lion. They are supposed to have intermarried more or less with the aborigines, whom, however, they call demons. Their capital was made in the city of Anuradhapura, in the north central part of the island.

shaped. There are many of these dagobas in this city. One of the largest is called Runaweli, or Golden Dust. It was begun in 161 B.C., and was originally 270 feet high, and contained many costly offerings and relics. It was built to commemorate a victory over the Tamil invaders. For many centuries the city lay desolate, and these dagobas, originally white and glittering, became covered with shrubs and trees. Somewhat recently the Buddhists have attempted to repair and restore them. This one is now 189 feet high. The wall is not very strongly built, and a few weeks ago a portion of it was washed down by heavy rains. The bricks of which the dagoba is composed are largely decomposed by exposure. Around the base was a circle of brick elephants. There are four large statues of the king and others, once covered with gilt, and there was said to be an underground passage to the room in the centre. The holes in the wall are left by the masons for scaffolding.

The Abhayagiriya Dagoba, or mountain of

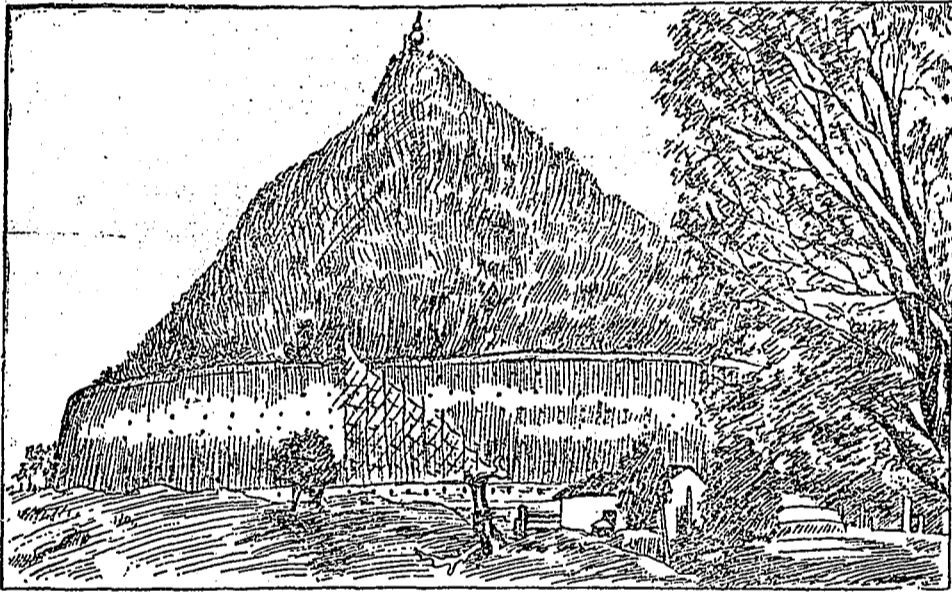
take generations before the malarial fevers are conquered. The country is being gradually brought under cultivation, and the railway now being decided upon will hasten the process. There are other remarkable buried cities in Ceylon, but this is the most noticeable.—'Missionary Herald.'

The Invisible Things.

(By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.)

There are those whose eyes are not yet open to the invisible things of the Spirit, which are the only real things. The measure of faith is not yet given them, and they do not recognize the web—the only web which will last when the loom of the world is broken—the web of which the warp is the will of God, and the wool the prayers of men. For these, to speak of the whole as answered prayer is as good as to say that no prayer is answered at all. If they are to recognize an answer, it must be some tiny pattern, a sprig of flower, or an ammonite figure on the fabric.

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was too delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in rowing along those fringed shores of the fjord, and exploring those interminable brakes, which escape the notice of the travellers on board the steamer. One day we had followed a narrow fjord, which winds into the folds of the mountains, to its head. There we had landed, and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, lost in the mimic glades, emerging to climb miniature mountains, and fording innumerable small rivers, which rushed down from the perpetual snows. Moving slowly over the ground—veritable explorers of a virgin forest—plucking the ruby bunches of wild raspberry, or the bilberries and whortleberries, delicate in bloom, we made a devious track, which it was hard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golph was gone. That might seem a slight loss, and easily replaced; not at all. It was as vital to her as the snowshoes to Nansen on the polar drift; for it could not be replaced until we were back in Bergen at the end of our tour. And to be without it meant an end to all the delightful rambles in the spongy mosses and across the liliputian streams, which, for one, at least, meant half the charm and the benefit of the holiday. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. We plunged deep into all the apparently bottomless crannies, and beat the brushwood along our course. But neither the owner's eyes, which were as keen as needles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woeful countenances we had to give it up, and start on our three miles' row along the fjord to the hotel. But in the afternoon the idea came to me, 'And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle, as well as for all the weightier things we are constantly committing to his care?' If the hairs of our head are all numbered, why not also the shoes of our feet? I therefore asked him that we



THE DAGOBA OF RUANWELI, CEYLON.

In the second century B.C., Buddhism was either introduced or revived by a noted missionary from Northern India. The queen and her companions wished to be initiated into the mysteries of this religion, and for this purpose the sister of the missionary was sent for. When she came she brought a branch of the sacred Bo tree, under which Gautama sat on the day that he attained to Buddhahood. This was in the year 245 B.C. The story of this tree has been handed down by a continuous series of authentic chronicles. It has been carefully tended, and there is no doubt that this is the oldest historical tree in the world. Three terraces have been built around it, so that only the branches are now above ground. Other trees of the same kind are growing near, but its leaves are easily distinguishable, being more oval. It is the *ficus religiosa*, a kind of banyan, but without root from the branches, and is held sacred by the Hindus also. Thousands of Buddhists come here to worship it in the months of June and July.

Not far from this tree are the dagobas. The oldest of these was built in 307 B.C., to enshrine the right collar-bone of Buddha. It is sixty-three feet in height, and bell-

safety, is the largest of them all, having been 405 feet in height, and 357 feet in diameter. This was five sixths of the height of the great pyramid of Egypt. The Chinese traveller, Fa Hien, who visited this city about 412 A.D., and gave a full account of all, says that this dagoba was 400 cubits high, and adorned with gold and silver and precious stones, and that there were 5,000 monks in its monastery. Certainly there are very extensive remains of monasteries and chapels around it. The present height is 231 feet. As it was fast falling into decay, the government undertook its repair, restoring the ancient form as much as possible. It is said to have been begun in 89 B.C., by the then reigning king, in gratitude for the recovery of his throne after a war with the Tamils. Some think that in those times Anuradhapura was the largest city in the world.

Its ruins cover many miles, and its magnificence must have been very great. Its prosperity depended entirely upon a system of irrigation works, the most extensive ever known. The invaders destroyed these ultimately, and the country was ruined and speedily became jungle. Some of these artificial lakes have been restored, but it will