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## Buddha's Tooth.

(‘Cottager and Artisan.’)

Our illustration shows a very curious procession which takes place every year in Kandy, in Ceylon, nominally in honor of the famous tooth of Buddha, but really, it is said, in honor of various Hindoo gods and goddesses against whose worship Buddha preached.

The only part the Buddhist priests take in the ceremony is the loan of the famous tooth—or its empty shrine—which is borne on the back of a sacred elephant, under an elaborate canopy.

The relic of the left eye-tooth of Gautama Buddha, said to be preserved in the Temple of the Dalada, in Kandy, has a curious history. This is said to have been rescued from his funeral pile B.C. 543; it was preserved for eight centuries at Dantapura in South India, and carried thence to Ceylon in A.D. 310.

After having been taken back to India, it was again recaptured and brought to Ceylon, where the Portuguese missionaries got possession of it in the sixteenth century, carried it away to Goa, and, after refusing a large ransom offered for it, destroyed it at Goa in the presence of witnesses.

Nevertheless the Buddhist priests at Kandy produced another tooth, which they affirmed to be the real relic, that taken by the Portuguese being a counterfeit, and this they conducted to the shrine with great pomp. This is the relic now treasured with such care and reverence.

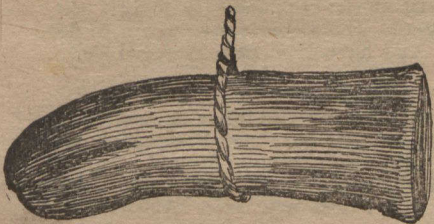
It is probably not a human tooth at all, being, as those who have seen it affirm, much too large (two inches long) ever to have belonged to man.

When the British got possession of it in 1815, there was great excitement, the possession of the relic being regarded as a sign of rightful sovereignty. They allowed it, however, to be restored to its shrine amid great festivities.

The sanctuary in which it reposes is a small chamber, without a ray of light. The



THE PROCESSION OF THE TOOTH.



BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

frames of the doors of this chamber are inlaid with carved ivory, and on a massive silver table stands the bell-shaped shrine, jewelled and hung round with chains, and consisting of six cases, the largest five feet high, formed of silver-gilt inlaid with rubies.

The other cases are similar but gradually decrease in size, until, on removing the innermost one, about one foot in height, a golden lotus is disclosed, on which reposes the sacred relic.

In front of the silver altar is a table, upon which worshippers deposit their gifts. Should funds be needed for any purpose, an exhibition of the tooth may be relied upon by its keepers to bring in an abundant harvest!

## Bits of Experience.

(By S. W. H., in the ‘Presbyterian.’)

‘How is it,’ I asked a friend, who I knew had passed through many troubles with no lessening of faith and hope, ‘how is it that you have a passage of Scripture to suit every time of need and hour of trial?’

‘How does the bee have honey in the winter when there are no flowers?’ she replied. ‘It gathers a supply in the summer and hives it away. So in hours of peace and quietness I have fed upon the sweet promises of God’s Word, and when the hour of trouble or sorrow or perplexity came, the honey was there, as King Solomon said that which was “sweeter than the honeycomb.”’

‘I recall a trial now,’ she continued, ‘that seemed very great then, but now, as I look back upon it through the long vista of years it appears insignificant. But a little cloud may hide the sun and cast gloom over the landscape. I wonder if all our trials that now are so grievous will appear trifling

when viewed from another life? Will they be indeed the light afflictions that are but for a moment?’

‘Tell me about the one you recall, and how you were helped.’

‘It was in the spring of my twentieth year that I started one Saturday to the little village of Woodlawn to teach the summer term of school. I had set out on my journey knowing that the public hack would carry me only to Hancock, about six miles from my destination. But I had several friends in Hancock, with any of whom I could stay, and I knew they would help me make arrangements to reach Woodlawn in time for school on Monday morning. I alighted at the hotel with a cheerful heart, and after tea, called upon my friends. I found one away on a visit, a second with serious illness in her family, and a third all torn up to move to another place. There was no alternative but to stay where I was. It was my first experience in a hotel alone. I did not relish it. Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. I could not go to church.