



AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

## Music of the Spheres.

BY F. D. W.

HAVE ye read the legend olden,  
That the gems of heaven, the stars,  
Set within their orbs of crystal—  
While no earthly discord mars—

Chant sweet music as they shine?  
Ever shine and ever sing,  
Ever sing and ever shine,  
Fill our souls with thoughts sublime!

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

Oh, thou arch of throbbing heaven,  
Organ of eternity,  
Wafting sweet, celestial music,  
While the stars all sing for thee.

Oa, roll on, eternal organ,  
Organ that no mortal hears,  
Thrill our soul with sweetest music,  
With the music of the spheres.

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

Inspiration of the poet,  
Unheard melody divine!  
Filling all the worlds with music  
As ye roll, and sing, and shine,—

Tho' we cannot hear, we feel,  
While the heav'nly choir leads,  
Mortal hearts, in tune, are lifted  
Near to God and noble deeds.

Oh, the music of the spheres!  
It rolls on thro' endless years,  
While our joyous hearts beat time  
With the music of the spheres!

In my dream methinks I hear it!  
List, oh list, the heavenly choir  
Bursting into rapturous music,  
Kindles with celestial fire.

Gazing on their glowing faces,  
Listening, I am drawn from them  
As they sing His glorious praises  
To the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, the music of the spheres,  
It inspires, ennobles, cheers!  
Singing to the Star of Stars  
As it rolls thro' endless years.

*The Popular Science Monthly* for August opens with a richly illustrated article of great economic value, entitled "Woods and their Destructive Fungi." The author, Mr. P. H. Dudley, a civil engineer of rising reputation, has for several years been studying the structure of those woods most commonly employed in the arts, with reference to the agencies concerned in their deterioration. The results of his investigations put quite a different aspect from the generally accepted one on the process of decay, and promise to be of vast industrial importance in their practical application.

A PRIZE of one thousand dollars, for the best book on "The Christian Obligations of Property and Labour," is offered by The American Sunday-school Union, of Philadelphia. The book must contain between 60,000 and 100,000 words, and all competing MSS. must be sent in by November 1, 1887. Such an offer ought to stimulate writers and thinkers to produce work that will be of great service in the solution of the complicated questions involved.

## Oriental Bazaars.

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

BAZAARS, in the East, often extend for miles, or for the entire length of a street running through a great city, from suburb to suburb.

The houses, on both sides the street, are simply cottage dwellings; each having in front a stall-like shop, where the shopman sits all day, tastefully arranging his wares, and selling them with eager zest, as customers drop in.

During the day, the whole front is thrown open, and the various wares so arranged on the other three sides of the room, as to show to best advantage; only a narrow stairway being partitioned off, to give access to the upper or dwelling portion of the house. As soon as the sun has set—for there is no twilight within the tropics—all the shops are brilliantly lighted by earthen or brass lamps, fed with coconut oil; and then begins the busiest part of the day's trade, as on account of the intense heat while the sun shines, most persons prefer the night for both business and pleasure.

The shops have no counters, and as a rule, no shelves; but the shopman sits cross-legged, on a sort of divan, with his merchandise spread out before and around him.

Many of the shops—especially those kept by Chinamen—are models of neatness and good taste; while the owners, with glossy braided hair, and silken garments, sit in their places of business, like princes in their drawing-rooms, always dignified, quiet, and even courtly, both in manner and speech. They seem never in a hurry, are seldom excited, and cannot easily be provoked to anger or unseemly words. Toward Europeans, under ordinary circumstances, they are very respectful; and the missionaries find grand opportunities in these bazaar shops for collecting a little group, and telling that "old, old story" of Jesus' life and death, and inviting their hearers to come to Him and be saved.

The shops are so numerous, that every line of merchandise is duly represented. Silks, teas, fancy goods, jewelry, lacquered, and inlaid wares, precious stones, cut and uncut, time-pieces, plate, books, pictures, and musical instruments, have each their distinct makers and dealers; though, occasionally, in the establishment of some very wealthy merchant, there may be found a varied assortment of costly goods, and even works of art of considerable merit.

One such representative shop was that of the venerable Sao Qua, on Old China Street, Canton. Both shop and owner will be readily recalled by many an old tourist among the cities and villages of Southern China. Huge silken lanterns hung at the entrance to Sao Qua's domicile; and at the upper end was the inevitable altar which is sure to be found in every well-regulated Chinese dwelling, or place of business. Fresh offerings of tea, cakes, and fruit were laid thereon, every morning, and the fumes of rare incense rose perpetually from massive golden censers. The old merchant used to say, complacently, that the incense had never once ceased to burn since the days of his grandfather, who built and furnished the house, to which, in the third generation, Sao Qua had duly succeeded, and which his own son would inherit after him.

Said "son" was, in those days, a frolicsome little five-year-old, brimful of mischief and fun, the child of Sao Qua's old age, and his inseparable companion. It was beautiful to see them together—the dignified old patriarch with his fringed hair, and long robe of dark silk, and the beautiful boy, all dimples and graces, in his butterfly adornments and winsome ways. The hoary old sire seemed to grow young again in watching his child's merry pranks; and the little one's manner grew always more tender and gentle, as he approached the doting father, whose years and infirmities were an enigma his fresh young nature tried in vain to understand.

But all the "shops" or stalls that go to make up these great, busy bazaars, are not equally attractive, clearly, or costly. Some have a long line of brightly-colored silks and muslins ready made, with sarongs and jackets such as are worn by the natives of the country, with handkerchiefs, scarfs, and shawls of every imaginable shade and design. The boards of another will be covered with the shoes and hats of different nations; and perhaps the next with the dried roots, leaves, and blossoms that, all over the East, constitute the only medicines known to the natives. Here and there will be seen a "money-changer," sitting with scales in hand, and his bags of gold, silver, and copper, outspread before him, and as his next neighbor, perhaps, a dealer in cigarettes, betel, and tobacco—wares that are in very general use, all over the East, by both sexes and all ages.

Stalls for the sale of cakes and confectionery are also very numerous, and the variety of sweets offered to tempt customers almost endless. The quantity of such wares sold and eaten by Eastern nations is almost incredible; for, though Orientals drink their tea without sugar, nearly every man, woman and child you meet is munching sweets of some kind, from morning to night. Shops for paints, oils, crockery, glass, tin and iron-ware, basket work, tools and utensils of all kinds; writing materials, meats, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruit, rice, cooking utensils, fuel, and in fact, almost everything that is

used in the country at all, may be purchased in these Oriental bazaars, and generally on very reasonable terms.

Of all the stalls, those for the sale of fruits and flowers are the most attractive. They are usually enlivened by numerous cages of singing birds, while the dealer sits among his dainty wares, serving them out, with a courtesy so genuine, and words so gracious, that a foreigner can never for a moment forget that he is among Orientals—so utterly unlike is all this to the matter-of-fact buying and selling of his own land.

Passing along the Singapore Bazaar, one warm afternoon, I noticed a Chinese fruit peddler, with the most luscious-looking pineapples I had ever seen, outspread before him. They were so peeled as to have the bur removed entire, and each fruit was placed by itself, on a plate of delicate porcelain, surrounded by fragrant flowers. It was certainly a sight to feast the eye, as well as to tempt the appetite, while the intense heat of that vertical sun gave new zest to my desire for the ripe, luscious fruit.

Stopping in front of the stall, I carelessly inquired the price, proceeding at the same time to help myself to the delicate viands before me. But mine host, raising his joined hands, proceeded in deprecatory tones to inform me that he had not been able, on that particular day, to purchase his fruit at the usual price, and that having "to pay so large a sum for these extra-sized pines," he was "compelled to sell them very high," for which offence he humbly craved "pardon of the foreign lady," who, he trusted, would "not prosecute (him) for the misdemeanor." And, after all this harangue, the price demanded was the enormous sum of just half a cent each!

So abundant are the fruits of the tropics, that ordinarily four large pineapples may be bought for a single cent; five or six delicious oranges for the same sum; and bananas enough to serve a man a day, without any other food, for one or two cents.

One class of shops always seemed to bring up before my mental vision the old tumult raised by Demetrius against the Apostle Paul, because the shrine-maker's craft was brought "in danger," while he would fain have had the credit of disinterested regard for the glory of "the great goddess Diana," and the fear lest "her magnificence should be destroyed." So, even in these days of enlarged Christian effort, and despite the encouraging fact that so many poor among the heathen are every year turning from their idols to love and serve our blessed Saviour, yet the new epoch has by no means banished the old; and one still sees in all those great populous cities of Asia many a shop where "gods" are made and sold for gain. "Idols of gold and silver" they are, "the work of men's hands," yet the people pray to them, and believe in them; even "warrant" them, as did a Chinese dealer in offering to sell me a "god of wealth," and as inducement, added: "He sure to makee ma'am glow lich (grow rich) berry quick!" There are "gods of the field" for the farmer, of "fair weather" for the sailor, "of the household," "the garden," and "the wayside," "of health," and "plenty," and "prosperity." But, as! they are no gods after all; and we ought to pray very earnestly to God to enlighten these darkened minds, and help the poor heathen to receive the dear Saviour as soon as they hear of him. And if our prayers are sincere, we shall do all