

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

Last night I looked down upon a town in China,' said the Moon. 'My beams irradiated the naked walls that form the streets there. Now and then, certainly, a door is seen; but it is locked, for what does the Chinaman care about the outer world? Close wooden shutters covered the windows behind the walls of the houses; but through the windows of the temple a faint light glimmered. I looked in, and saw the quaint decorations within. From the floor to the ceiling pictures are painted, in the most glaring colors, and richly gilt—pictures representing the deeds of the gods here on earth. In each niche statues are placed, but they are almost entirely hidden by the colored drapery and the banners that hang down. Before each idol (and they are all made of tin)

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

'The air was calm,' said the Moon; 'the water was transparent as the purest ether through which I was gliding, and deep below the surface I could see the strange plants that stretched up their long arms towards me like the gigantic trees of the forest. The fishes swam to and fro above their tops. High in the air a flight of wild swans were winging their way, one of which sank lower and lower, with wearied pinions, his eyes following the airy caravan, that melted farther and farther into the distance. With outspread wings he sank slowly, as a soap bubble sinks in the still air, till he touched the water. At length his head lay back between his wings, and silently he lay there, like a white lotus flower upon the quiet lake. And a gentle wind arose, and crisped the quiet surface, which gleamed like the clouds that poured along in great broad waves; and the swan raised his head, and the glowing water splashed like blue fire over his breast and back. The morning dawn illuminated the red clouds, the swan rose strengthen-

door of the servants' room stood open, and the bed looked as if it had been turned over and over; the candle stood on the floor, and had burnt deep down into the socket. The wind blew cold through the shed: it was nearer to the dawn than to midnight. In the wooden frame on the ground slept a wandering family of musicians. The father and mother seemed to be dreaming of the burning liquor that remained in the bottle. The little pale daughter was dreaming, too, for her eyes were wet with tears. The harp stood at their heads, and the dog lay stretched at their feet.

(To be continued.)

Two Medicine Men of the 'Great Land.'

(Ruth G. Winant, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

(Concluded.)

With the first rays of sunshine Elignak awoke to hear across the snow the sound of sleigh bells. The dogs,—for it was a dog-sled,—stopped before the tupeed door in which there appeared in a moment the most kind, loving face that Elignak had ever seen.

'Who are you?' asked the boy, slipping his wan, wasted little hand into the big, brawny one of the missionary.

'I'm the missionary, the Jesus-medicine-man, Dr. Long said. For a moment Elignak trembled, then whispered low: 'And do you dance, 'round and 'round many times? and do you sing?'

Dr. Long assured the boy that he did not dance, and that he would not sing unless he wanted him to. Reassured, Elignak let his new friend make the necessary examination. When it was over Dr. Long talked in a low voice to Pingassuk, and then turning to the boy, he said: 'Come, you shall choose; would you like to get well again? so well that you could run and jump, so well that after a while you could earn money for your mother and grandmother?' Eagerly Elignak answered that he would.

'I am going to put you on my sled,' the young missionary said, 'and I shall take you to the house where I live, the Christian hospital, and there you shall stay until you get all well again.'

Carefully Pingassuk wrapped her boy in his great, warm blanket, and they hugged each other in silence, while the doctor looked the other way.

Bowing low, the mother murmured 'Kou-jannah' (thank you) to the doctor, and with a jingle of bells, and a raising of loose snow into the air they were off.

Soon the river was reached and Elignak hurried on board the steamer, and in an hour they were sailing up the river. Night had fallen, and Dr. Long gathered his men together for prayers, the meaning of which he explained to this boy of the 'Great Land' as Alaska is called. Then he read a story of a Man who made a little sick boy well when no one else could do so. Elignak's eyes grew dim and the stars that shone down upon him through the cabin door looked strangely misty in the heavens, and the little boy whispered: 'I'll never, no never, pray to the wild-fowl, the badger and the owl again, if this Man makes me well.' And Elignak grew well and strong, and Elignak kept his promise.

Sidelights From Blossom Alley.

(By Lucy Rider Meyer.)

An' then she told us we must love everybody!—she was talkin' along in the sewin' school, you know. I didn't say anything, but I s'pose I looked something, for she stopped talkin' and looked at me. An' the next time 'round, after all the needles was threaded an' everybody was sewin', she came and sat down by me.

'Who is it you don't love, dear?' said she.

An' I tossed up my head, it seemed so perfectly ridiculous to love everybody! An' I said: 'Well, Miss Percy, there's a good many folks I don't love some, but there's one person I don't love very bad. An' that's Aunt Angie!'

The deaconess didn't say anything, but she

(Continued on Page 13.)



PRETTY PU.

stood a little altar of holy water, with flowers and burning wax lights on it. Above all the rest stood Fo, the chief deity, clad in a garment of yellow silk, for yellow is here the sacred color. At the foot of the altar sat a living being, a young priest. He appeared to be praying, but in the midst of his prayer he seemed to fall into deep thought, and this must have been wrong, for his cheeks glowed and he held down his head. Poor Soui-hong! Was he, perhaps, dreaming of working in the little flower garden behind the high street wall? And did that occupation seem more agreeable to him than watching the wax lights in the temple? Or did he wish to sit at the rich feast, wiping his mouth with silver paper between each course? Or was his sin so great that, if he dared utter it, the Celestial Empire would punish it with death? Had his thoughts ventured to fly with the ships of the barbarians, to their homes in far distant England? No, his thoughts did not fly so far, and yet they were sinful, sinful as thoughts born of young hearts, sinful here in the temple, in the presence of Fo and the other holy gods.

'I know whither his thoughts had strayed. At the farther end of the city, on the flat roof paved with porcelain, on which stood the handsome vases covered with painted flowers, sat the beautiful Pu, of the little roguish eyes, of the full lips, and of the tiny feet. The tight shoe pained her, but her heart pained her still more. She lifted her graceful round arm, and her satin dress rustled. Before her stood a glass bowl containing four gold-fish. She stirred the bowl carefully with a slender lacquered stick, very slowly, for she, too, was lost in thought. Was she thinking, perchance, how the fishes were richly clothed in gold, how they lived calmly and peacefully in their crystal world, how they were regularly fed, and yet how much happier they might be if they were free? Yes, that she could well understand, the beautiful Pu. Her thoughts wandered away from her home, wandered away to the temple, but not for the sake of holy things. Poor Pu! Poor Soui-hong!

'Their earthly thoughts met, but my cold beam lay between the two, like the sword of the cherub.'

ed, and flew towards the rising sun, towards the bluish coast whither the caravan had gone; but he flew alone, with a longing in his breast. Lonely he flew over the blue swelling billows.'

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

'I will give you another picture of Sweden,' said the Moon. 'Among dark pine woods, near the melancholy banks of the Stoxen, lies the old convent church of Wreta. My rays glided through the grating into the roomy vaults, where kings sleep tranquilly in great stone coffins. On the wall, above the grave of each, is placed the emblem of earthly grandeur, a kingly crown; but it is made only of wood, painted and gilt, and is hung on a wooden peg driven into the wall. The worms have gnawed the gilded wood, the spider has spun her web from the crown down to the sand, like a mourning banner, frail and transient as the griefs of mortals. How quietly they sleep! I can remember them quite plainly. I still see the bold smile on their lips, that so strongly and plainly expressed joy or grief. When the steamboat winds along like a magic snail over the lakes, a stranger often comes to the church, and visits the burial vault; he asks the names of the kings, and they have a dead and forgotten sound. He glances with a smile at the worm-eaten crowns, and if he happens to be a pious, thoughtful man, something of melancholy mingles with the smile. Slumber on, ye dead ones! The Moon thinks of you, the Moon at night sends down his rays into your silent kingdom, over which hangs the crown of pine wood.'

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

'Close by the high-road,' said the Moon, 'is an inn, and opposite to it is a great waggonshed, whose straw roof was just being re-thatched. I looked down between the bare rafters and through the open loft into the comfortless space below. The turkey-cock slept on the beam, and the saddle rested in the empty crib. In the middle of the shed stood a travelling carriage; the proprietor was inside, fast asleep, while the horses were being watered. The coachman stretched himself, though I am very sure that he had been most comfortably asleep half the last stage. The