

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The cocoanut-palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The *sarave* language is spoken on all of these islands. The people are naturally hardy, savage, and quarrelsome. They wear very little clothing, and men are frequently seen entirely naked. The bodies of the men are often covered with scars, and no dandy is more proud of his rings and jewels than are these men of the unsightly scars which indicate their prowess. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and laboured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged in self-preservation to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly broken in health, they were compelled to take up their residence at Honolulu, where they still continue their labours of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as labourers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.

Broken friendships may be mended, but it is usually a poorly done job that will soon need to be done over again.

CHINESE PAGODAS.

BY CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

One of the familiar landmarks around Peking is this pagoda, which may be seen for miles, rising high above the low temple buildings which surround it. I counted the stories of this and others, and said to an old priest,

"Why do you build pagodas so many stories high?"

"Because," said he, "that is the way to build a pagoda."

This kind of reasoning may do for a Buddhist priest, but it hardly satisfies "a live Yankee."

A pagoda is usually a hollow tower having eight sides, and is sometimes thirteen stories high. A pagoda may have one room at the base, containing the idol or relic of Buddha, while the top is solid.

There are said to be two thousand pagodas in China. There are six in and around Peking. It is said that heaven will protect the place that lies in sight of a pagoda, and destroy all bad influences. Those that I saw were all old and out of repair, which surely is very ungrateful of the Chinese, if they bring as much good luck as the Buddhists say!

The first pagoda was erected in Nanking over sixteen hundred years ago. They say the model was obtained of the Hindoos.

One pagoda in Shantung has a winding stairway of nearly two hundred steps. The top is about one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and commands a fine view of the country.

For a long time Nanking was celebrated for

its beautiful porcelain tower, built in honour of the empress. It was to have been thirteen stories, and over three hundred feet high, but, though nineteen years was spent on it, only nine stories were completed.

It had one hundred and ninety steps, one hundred and fifty bells hanging on the corners, and one hundred and forty lamps. A Chinese writer said, "The lamps light up thirty-three heavens, and show forth the good and evil among men, and keep off all kinds of sorrow."

After standing four hundred years the Taiping rebels blew it up for fear it would spoil their good luck!

The old pagoda near the temple where I spent many pleasant vacation hours was said to be one thousand years old. I have often gone up into it with the old priest, and talked with him as he lighted the incense.

The little bells on the many corners, that have tinkled so softly and sweetly for many centuries, are dropping off and growing less and less. Those who sing the "Jesus songs" around the old pagoda are growing more and more.

"Some sweet day," all over China, instead of pagodas shall rise the white spires of Christian churches, and instead of pagoda bells and temple gongs shall sound forth the church bell, and happy hearts shall say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

THEY ARE BAD FOR BOYS.

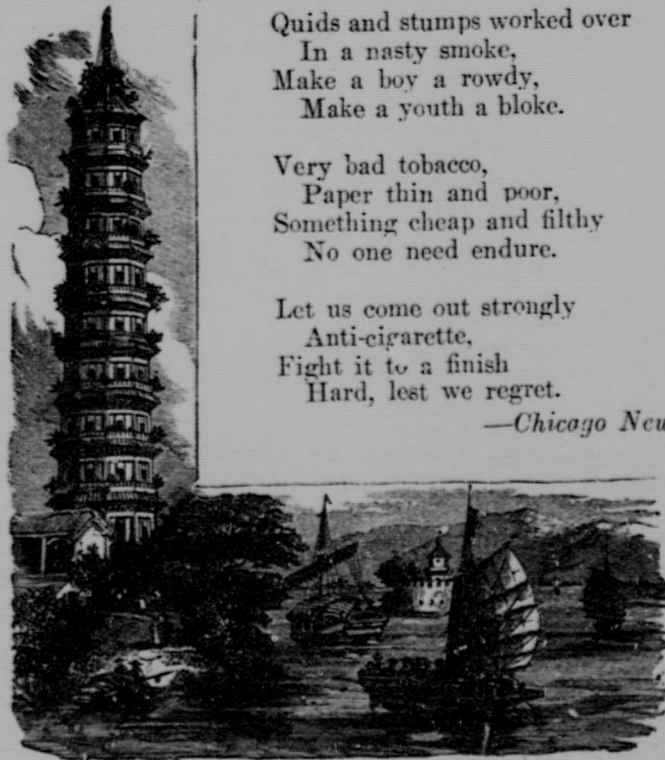
Little bits of paper,
Old cigars chopped small,
Little puffs of smoke, boy
Keeps from growing tall.

Quids and stumps worked over
In a nasty smoke,
Make a boy a rowdy,
Make a youth a bloke.

Very bad tobacco,
Paper thin and poor,
Something cheap and filthy
No one need endure.

Let us come out strongly
Anti-cigarette,
Fight it to a finish
Hard, lest we regret.

—Chicago News.



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.