



BUDDHA.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

Just when I'm having such good times
I never had before,
With all my playthings spread around
On table, chairs, and floor;
When it's dark behind the sofa back,
And black dark under the stair,
And I wonder what strange animals
Perhaps are lurking there;
And think I'll go a-hunting them,
And begin to clean my gun,
Then mamma shuts her book and says,
"It's bedtime, son."

Outside the window by my crib
I see the sky all red,
Where the poor old sun, like me, I s'pose,
Has been carried off to bed.
He never sees the fire-flies dance,
Or hears the whippoorwill;
He never sees the rockets dart
Straight up from Signal Hill;
He never sees the wee star eyes
Wink open, one by one.
I wonder now, who says to him,
"It's bedtime, sun."

BUDDHA.

The word Buddha—pronounced as if it were spelled Bood-a—means "The Enlightened One," and is the name given to a teacher of one of the greatest heathen religions of the world, and who is now worshipped by a great many people in different countries.

The religion is called "Buddhism," and the people who believe in it are called "Buddhists." Some say there are more than four hundred millions of people who worship Buddha, and others say there are more than seven hundred millions. There are about twenty millions in Japan.

These people believe there have been a great many worlds—more than we can number—that have come and gone, and that to these worlds have belonged Buddhas

more than we can number. Their ideas about the worlds seem to be that the earth is destroyed and then renewed again—for they believe all of the Buddhas "are born in Central India." It is very hard to understand just what they do mean. They believe that one Buddha is born, and after a time passes away, and then another one comes. They say this world has had four. Of the first three they know but little; but the fourth one, whom we have already mentioned, was a Hindu prince, named "Gautama," who was born nearly six hundred years before Christ. He was a good man, and spent much time in earnestly studying how men might be saved. He thought they might save themselves, by controlling their thoughts and actions—that if they would lead pure lives they would find salvation.

But the lives of those who profess to be his followers, as well as of all mankind, show how much they need our Jesus to help them to do this, and that without them there is no salvation.

Gautama did not teach the worship of gods, nor claim to be more than a teacher himself, and he chose to be this in order to help men to lead good lives, rather than to be heir to his father's throne. Some years after he died, however, the people worshipped him as a god; and, as time has gone on, many changes in Buddhism have taken place. Another Buddha is expected, and the people think that "the first male child born in any Buddhist country, with fingers and toes all uniform in length, and ears reaching to the shoulders," will be the one they are so anxiously looking for.

Dia Butz is the largest of the images of Buddha. It is made of bronze, and is so large that the inside of it forms a temple, where the people worship. The city near the site on which it stands has gone to ruins, but the idol is visited by thousands of people. It is forty-five feet high, and just one of its thumbs is large enough for a man to sit on. None but the ignorant actually worship the idol, but Buddha, whom it re-

presents. There are a great many Buddhist temples and idols, and a great many priests.

HOW PUNCH AND JUDY WERE FED.

Punch and Judy were the names which Bess and Robin gave to two little lambs which were born on their papa's farm. When the lambs were but a few weeks old the mamma sheep died, and so papa brought them to the house to be raised by hand. Mamma knew that this meant trouble, but the children were delighted with the idea of having two such live pets to take care of and to play with.

It was soon discovered that Punch and Judy, small as they were, had minds of their own. They preferred to have their milk served to them as their mother had been used to serve it, and no other way would suit them. Mamma tried to coax them to drink from a saucer, but they only cried in a pitiful way that nearly broke Robin's heart. Then she attempted to feed it to them from the basin with a spoon, but though the children tried to hold them still with their arms around their necks, the lambs were not used to a spoon, and refused to be fed that way. Judy cried again, and Punch, with brotherly indignation, which made the children laugh in the midst of their distress, put down his little head and bumped the dish out of mamma's hand, spilling all the milk upon the ground.

Mamma said, "Oh, dear!" then she laughed, too, and went into the house for more milk.

Then Bessie hit upon a bright plan. A new oil-can was standing in the shed. She ran and brought it to her mother.

"Sure enough," said mamma, "we'll try that." So she put the milk in the can, placed the end of the spout in Judy's mouth, and tipped it up so that she tasted a little of the milk. At once she stopped trying to pull away from Bessie's arms, and in a moment more was contentedly taking the milk from the spout of the can. Punch looked on, and evidently concluded that it was all right, for after Judy finished her meal he took his as quietly as Judy had done.

After that the children took turns feeding the lambs, and it was a funny sight, you may be sure. They had to be very careful not to tip the can too high and choke them, but they soon learned to manage it very well, and quite enjoyed the fun.

There are many wonderful uses for paper. It is used for shingles to cover houses in Japan, to pave streets in the city of Paris; and water-pails, wash-bowls, and many cooking vessels are made of it in our own country. It is cheap, light, and durable.