



Resting Places.

The angels are good to us ;
Just when we feel
That we must sink under our load
Of trouble and grief,
They bring us relief—
A resting place on our road.

Sometimes it comes to us
In a sweet smile,
A kind look from eyes that are dear
Or perchance in the touch
Of a hand we love much,
Or a soft word from lips we revere.

Sometimes in a sunbeam,
Sometimes in a flower,
Sometimes in a bright spring day ;
Perhaps in a note
From a happy bird's throat,
As it pauses to dance on its way.

The angels are near to us !
All of our days,
They hold us in loving embrace,
And just when our life
Seems fullest of strife,
We are nearest a resting place.—Selected.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

VERY early in the history of the world people saw the use and beauty of gardens. As far back, indeed, as we have any trace of men, we find that they were in the habit of cultivating flowers and shrubs, and so decorating and arranging nature as to supply a pleasant spot whither they could retreat and enjoy bright colors, rich shady foliage, and sweet perfumes.

In all the oldest nations of which we read—in Egypt and Assyria, in China, in India, in Greece—the art of gardening was carried to a high state of cultivation. To natural beauties were added the graces of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect. Temples were built in the centre of lovely gardens ; frescoes adorned the walls of stone summer-houses and of lofty towers ; nestled amid the shrubbery, rising from flower-beds, placed at the crossing of paths, were to be seen statues of gods and heroes, of cupids, muses and graces.

Among the most famous of the ancient gardens, the ruins of which still remain to give an idea of their vastness and grandeur, were "the Hanging Gardens of Babylon." These have a special interest for those who are familiar with the Bible, in which Babylon, the mighty city over which the warlike Kings of Assyria ruled, is referred to.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the world ; and truly, if we can judge anything by the remains of them which still exist, they well deserved a place among the marvels of the olden time.

The story of their origin is an interesting one. It is said that there once lived a great Assyrian king, of vast wealth and power, who was devotedly attached to his wife. Everything that she asked of him he was wont to grant. The moment that she formed a wish, it was gratified.

Now this fair queen came from one of the most beautiful valleys of Persia, in which she was born and reared. She had been accustomed to live amid the most romantic scenery, to delight in avenues of trees and banks of flowers.

But Babylon was a dull place, and around it were nothing but bare fields and dreary heaths.

So the queen, though she had every luxury which money could bring, tired of the uninteresting views from her palace windows ; and remembering the lovely scenes of her childhood, she pined for them, and begged the king to make for her a garden which should remind her of her native valley.

The king hastened to gratify ; and setting an army of laborers, some of whom he called from Persia, to work, in the course of time the wil-

derness about Babylon was converted into the magnificent Hanging Gardens.

They were constructed on the sides of some sloping hills not far from the royal palace. Of course, as they were intended for the pleasure of the queen, they must be made on the most splendid scale. Vastness was the ancient idea of magnificence. Not long ago, the royal palace at Nineveh was explored, and found to cover a space larger than the Boston Common and the Public Garden put together.

So the Hanging Gardens were made to cover a very large expanse. They were adorned with noble edifices and the most skilfully carved statues and and pillars. In form, the Gardens were a vast square. From the bottom of the hills on which they rose, they were reached by broad flights of stone steps leading from terrace to terrace, the terraces rising one above another in a series. At the foot of the hills were noble archways, with paved roads, and sculptured figures of great size lining the walls on either side ; and beneath these archways the Assyrians might pass with ease on the backs of their largest elephants.

At the end of each terrace, just before the next stairway, was either an arch, or a pavilion supported by massive pillars ; while at the tops of the staircases were to be seen immense vases filled with flowers, and vines which hung down their sides, and carved figures of lions and tigers.

It was upon the broad terraces, which rested on gigantic columns, that the gardens were laid out with tasteful and lavish hand.

To Take out a Rusty Screw.

THE hinge of a wood-house door was broken, and Farmer John, who never liked to see things going to pieces, went to work to replace the broken hinge with a new one. The old screws, however, had rusted, and although a man of muscle not one of them could Farmer John budge, until Willie came out to see what was going on. Now, Willie is a great reader. His father often thinks he spends too much time over his books. "Let us try the Russian way," said Willie ; and going into the house he heated the kitchen poker red-hot, and pressed it to the head of the screw for a few minutes, when the screw was easily taken out with a screw-driver. So much for "book-learning." So much more for the bright boy.

Dutch Names for the Months.

IN Holland the following poetic names for the months are in use : January—Lauromaand, chilly month ; February—Sprokemaand, vegetation month ; March—Lentmaand, spring month ; April—Grassmaand, grass month ; May—Blowmaand, flower month ; June—Zomermaand, summer month ; July—Hooymaand, hay month ; August—Oostmaand, harvest month ; September—Hertsmaand, autumn month ; October—Wynmaand, wine month ; November—Slagmaand, slaughter month ; December—Wintermaand, winter month.

