

"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to Ned when he wished me to help him with his flag. It would only have taken me a minute or two; and he was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the cherries for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasp had been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts. "No wonder I had such a poor day's record when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse even."

That day's work did not look so satisfactory from this standpoint, and she sighed as she felt it was "folded up!"

THE GREAT BELL OF PEKING.

The Emperor Yong-loh, founder of the Ming dynasty—just previous to the present one, and contemporary with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain—in order to mark the removal of his capital from Nanking to Peking, and at the same time to honour Buddha and win personal merit for himself in the future world, resolved to have cast at Peking a great memorial bell. To this end he invited to his northern capital the most skilled masters in this ancient art. In due time, after divination and consulting Buddhistic scholars as to the prayers to be embossed on the bell, and collecting vast quantities of different metals, constructing furnaces, models, and moulds, the work was satisfactorily accomplished and the event celebrated by great civic and religious rejoicings. It is in many respects the finest work of art in Asia—the product of native skill—and could not be duplicated by the highest ability or resources of Western foundries. It stands fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference, nearly one foot in thickness, and weighs over 120,000 pounds. But what makes the bell the *chef d'œuvre* of Asia is the fact that, without a flaw or defect of any kind, it is completely covered, in relief both inside and out, with myriads of Chinese characters each one not an inch in size, consisting of prayers from Buddhistic classics. It is one of the vagaries of Buddhism that the prayers of the faithful may be infinitely and acceptably repeated by mechanical helps, as for instance, when written petitions are attached to revolving wheels, so here, when the lips of this mighty and eloquent bell are moved by a fitting tongue, they breathe forth in deep, sweet, prolonged, and wonderfully vibratory voice these prayers to Buddha, and call, as well, all devotees to worship.

In a beautiful German lyric repentance is represented as having been awakened by gazing from a bridge upon a river as it rolled along in its steady course. The reflection of the beholder was, "Not a wave rolls back again!" suggesting the thought that the running water is an image of human life, which is daily running away, and not a day returns or can possibly be recovered.

Scotland claims the credit of having the smallest burial ground in the world. It is situated in the town of Galashiels, between Bridge street and High street. It measures only twenty-two and one-half feet by fourteen and one-half feet, and is surrounded by a rickety wall about seven feet high. It has been closed as a burial ground for many years.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGGON.

"Come, wife," said good old farmer Gray. "Put on your things, 'tis market day—And we'll be off to the nearest town. There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined, And soon made up his doggy mind To follow under the waggon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face: "Poor Spot," said he, did want to come, But I'm very glad he's left at home; He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot The little dog under the waggon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started homeward after dark, Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree— "Your money or else your life," said he; The moon was up, but he didn't see The little dog under the waggon.

Spot ne'er barked, and Spot ne'er whined, But quickly caught the thief behind; He dragged him down in the mire and dirt, And tore his coat and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground; The robber uttered not a sound, While his hands and feet the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the waggon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; And now, a hero grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; Among his friends, among his foes, And everywhere his master goes, He follows on his horny toes, The little dog under the waggon.

—New Orleans Picayune.

THANKS-PAYING.

Dinner was at two o'clock on Thanksgiving Day. With all the goodies to digest, Mrs. Stanley said it should not be later, on account of Helen and Robert. Children mustn't have nightmares on Thanksgiving night. Besides, she wanted time for a quiet talk, and maybe something else.

"Helen," she began, "what were some of the first words you learned—do you remember?"

"Yes, mamma, you told me so often. They were, 'Thank you.'"

"Me, too," said Rob, "only we said, 'Tank oo.'"

They laughed.

"It was common politeness I taught you. Nothing is ruder than to receive gifts or favors silently. But when you say, 'Thank you' to me, does that end it? Do you feel the same as before? Don't you think, 'How I love mamma, I wish I could do something for her?' Or, 'I can try to mind whatever she says?' Isn't it so?"

Helen and Rob agreed it was.

"Now, to whom do you say, 'Thank you,' to-day?"

The children looked somewhat awed. Then Helen said in a low tone, "God."

"Yes, dear, to our Heavenly Father. We ask also to be forgiven for the many times we have been rude and forgotten to say it. What else?"

"We mean to be gooder children," put in Rob.

"We can't do anything for Him," said Helen, whose older head had thought out the lesson.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these," the mother repeated softly. "A month ago we saw a poor child run over in the street. She was taken to the hospital, and is better now. Suppose we go to see her to-day. Think, if you can, of some way to make her happy."

Helen and Rob put their heads together.

"We've 'cided," said Rob. "I'll give her my pot of primroses."

"I'll take my doll Mabel; maybe she hasn't any doll, poor thing," Helen's tears came at such possible destitution.

The children's ward looked cheery when all that brightness went in. The little waif sat up in bed, her curls dancing with delight.

By her side Helen and Rob learned the beautiful truth, that sometimes thanks-giving means thanks-paying.

A RACE WITH DACOITS ON MY BICYCLE.

I believe I was the first man to ride a bicycle in Rangoon. I know I was the cause of much wonder to the natives, who would stare in open-eyed astonishment to see a white man scorching by on a little iron carriage with two wheels. When I chanced to dismount, they would gather around and take a look at the machine, finger the tires, ask how much it cost, and finally they grunt out some such remark as *Teh goundy, naw?*—Pretty good, isn't it? It was pleasant to be the centre of all this admiration, but not so pleasant when I turned the admiration into amusement by coasting boldly down a steep hill, making a sharp turn just in time to avoid a deep ditch, and driving full speed into a most unyielding fence. It is peculiarly mortifying to be laughed at by those whom you regard as your social inferiors.

When I arrived in Rangoon, it was just after the "dacoit times." Dacoits are the highway-robbers of India. They work in gangs, and travel over the country plundering, murdering, and sacking and burning the villages in the jungle. They carry guns when they can get them; but as the English are very careful to confiscate guns found in the possession of natives, the dacoits are generally armed with *dahs*, as the Burmese swords are called.

Shortly before I arrived in Burmah, the country had been infested with dacoits, so that even in the outskirts of Rangoon houses were barricaded at night, and the employment of private watchmen, always common in Burmah, became almost universal. By the time I arrived there, however, the gentle custom of dacoity had been pretty thoroughly broken up. Now and then a lonely village in the jungle might be looted and burned, or an English official living in some remote town might be murdered, but we who lived in Rangoon were safe. No dacoit dared to show himself there. At least, so I was assured.

Now I had a sweetheart in those days; and have her still—no less sweet now that she shares my home. But then she lived in Kemendine, a considerable village about two miles from my own home in Rangoon. I believe that technically Kemendine lies within the municipal limits of Rangoon, but practically it is a separate community, being cut off from Rangoon proper by a considerable stretch of unimproved land. Kemendine is distinctively a native community, having a large population of Burmans, but not half a dozen white inhabitants.

I was in the habit of using my bicycle when I went out to spend an evening with my fiancée. The road was lonely, but I considered it perfectly safe.

One night, after the good-byes had been said, I started for home a little after

nine o'clock. A minute or so of easy pedalling brought me to the railway track which bounded Kemendine village. The gates at the crossing were closed, in anticipation of the Prome mail-train, which was due there in a quarter of an hour. I dismounted while the Hindoo gateman opened the gates just enough to let me through. Then I walked my wheel across the track and remounted, receiving, as I rolled away, the beautiful Oriental salutation, "Salaam, sahib"—Peace be with you, sir—a pious wish strangely in contrast with the scene which was almost immediately to follow.

On crossing the railway track I had left behind me the lights in the village street, and the road before me was illuminated only by the waning light, which had just risen, affording me light enough to pick my way, though not as much as I wanted before I got safely home. On my left was the Burmese cemetery, on my right the ample grounds of a *kyaung*—a Buddhist monastery. Of these two, the proximity of the latter was much the more legitimate cause of anxiety, as the indiscriminate hospitality of the *kyaungs* makes them favorite lurking-places for bad characters. But all I thought about the *kyaung* just then was that the bells of its pagodas jingled sweetly in the night wind. About half-way down the hill the road turned at right angles from the cemetery, and skirted along the other side of the *kyaung*. On the left was a little village called Shan-zu. It was as still as the grave; the villagers were evidently all asleep. Here the road began to be bordered with bushes and bamboos, which grew denser as the road left the *kyaung* and the village behind and began to cross the waste-land between Kemendine and Rangoon. At the foot of the hill the road passed over a little bridge.

Of course I didn't coast down the hill, lest I should come to grief at the corner. But after turning the corner the road lay straight before me clear into the town, and I let my machine go, keeping my feet on the pedals, however, that I might have control of the wheel in case anything should happen.

(To be continued.)

TINY OXEN.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding thirty inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living, and is believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty-two inches high, and weighs but one hundred and nine and a half pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two hundred pound load of miscellaneous matter sixty to seventy miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel one hundred miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhistic countries for more than a thousand years.