

**Christmas Lullaby.**

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The eastern skies  
Are calm and bright;  
And over all the world,  
The Star of Bethlehem  
Is shedding its pure light!

O little one!  
O little one!  
Let all thy sobbings cease,  
For the little babe who comes to be  
The king of all men's destiny,  
Is named the Prince of Peace!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
For man and beast is glad;  
Thy gentle King by angel hands  
Was in a manger laid,  
That all the patient kine might see  
He scorned not even their degree;

There are yellow tiled, imperial temples, built and enriched by the Emperor Kienlung, and these golden roofs still gleam in their neglect and decay among sacred groves of trees that are alone enough to make the fame of the island shrine. Enormous camphor trees of unknown age

Kienling's time, and it was his intention that Pootoo's vales and bamboo groves, the shade of its great camphor trees, should be such a seat of learning, such an academy of religious philosophers, as China had not known for a thousand years. But the priests who live there and the

All the region of the Ningpo hills and south of the Bohea hills was explored and exploited sixty years ago by Thomas Fortune, the English botanist, who obtained tea seeds for the first Indian tea plantation and a score of useful and ornamental flowering plants and shrubs for introduction to



ON THE FARM OF JOHN EADE, SOURIS, MAN.

But unto burdened beasts, as men,  
He came their loads to ease,  
This little Prince of Peace!  
This little Prince of Peace!  
Let all thy sobbings cease, my babe,  
Let all thy sobbings cease!  
For lo! thy King, my little babe,  
Is named the Prince of Peace!  
Is named the Prince of Peace!

**Women are not Allowed on these Islands.**

There is one spot in the whole world where women's feet dare not tread. It is the sacred isle of Pootoo, in the Chusan archipelago, on which are eighty temples, and for a thousand years, it is declared, a woman has never touched foot on the soil. Pootoo is barely three miles across, and its wooded peaks rise to a height of 1,500 feet, with more than eighty temples niched in its ravines and valleys, perched on its sea fronting cliffs, nestled at the foot of the hills, and crowning their summits.

look to be the most venerable of their kind, and cedar and ginko (salisbury), or maiden hair fern trees are as splendid in their development. The company of priests has dwindled as revenues were withdrawn, and pilgrims are not as many now as a century ago.

The whole island is sacred ground and no woman may live there, or presumably defile it with her presence, but many women pilgrims do set foot on the sacred isle and make the round of the neglected temples. Even foreign women have been there on the rare occasions, when an excursion has been arranged and a steamer chartered from Shanghai.

This exclusion of women is highly consistent when the goddess of mercy, Kwan Yin, the queen of heaven and protector of the sea, is the deity to whom the most of the temples are vowed. The golden Kwan Yin rides on the sea dragon's head to the western paradise on many an altar erection, and the sailors have covered some shrines with their pathetic ex-votos.

There was a splendid imperial library of thousands of volumes established there in

pilgrims who come do not read, nor ponder, nor argue on the Buddhist texts. It is their vow to repeat the invocation, "O mi to Fa" (Hall to the Buddha) just 300,000 times during their lives. They tread the groves mumbling the sacred syllables, and gather at the brow of the Pall cliff, where the sea waves can be distinctly heard, chanting the same prayer in Pall, the language of ancient Magadha, in which the Buddha himself taught.

For picturesque beauty, enhanced by the sad sentiment of ruin, neglect and decay, no other place in China quite equals this sacred island of Pootoo, where the sea waves chant Buddhist prayers, the imperial yellow tiled temples gleam through ancient trees, and only a remnant of tattered priests are found tending the altars in the Indian faith.

The Ningpo hills are famous for their thickets, almost their forests of azaleas, which cover the hills with such masses of red and yellow blossoms in April that they are seen from afar.

England. Many foreigners have since made the pilgrimage of the Ningpo hills to see the spring cloudburst of flowers, more often weary mission teachers, willing to take the effort and make the exertion for such abundant reward.

There is shelter to be had there in the guest rooms attached to large Buddhist temples in the midst of the wildest and most picturesque scenery.

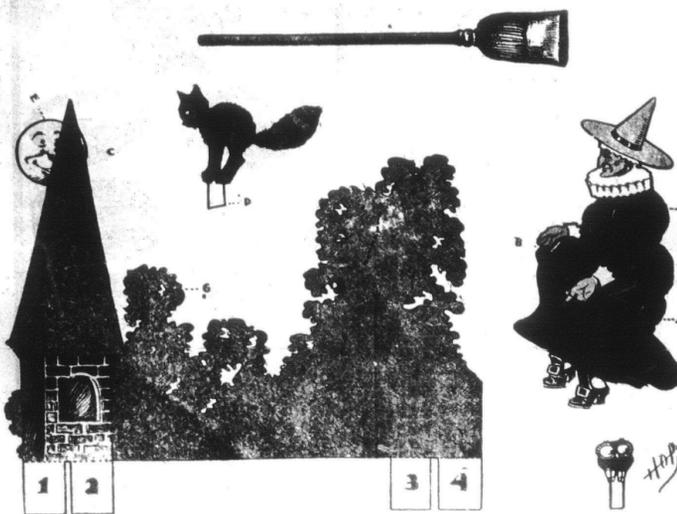
The temples are old foundations, and for centuries have been the shrines of resort for those who had most of Buddhist belief remaining to them. Prayers and masses for the repose of ancestors and relatives celebrated there are believed in implicitly, and the priests have always enjoyed great revenue from visiting mourners. None of the priests of the mountain monasteries is represented as being learned, and little is said of any great libraries of Buddhist books, but they are kindly, liberal minded, hospitable communities, and they are strict in the observance of their order of religious exercises. In the dead of night and long before daylight they celebrate masses, and the drum beat of some praying priest can always be heard in the big, dim temple.

Not many foreigners since Thomas Fortune seem to have traveled overland across the Bohea country to Foochow, and these hills and mountains, whose name is synonym for fragrant tea, are unknown to foreign tourists, for all their reputation for picturesque and wild beauty, their thickets of azaleas and tangles of dog roses and wistaria vines.

Mary had a little waist,  
She laced it smaller still;  
A stone o'er Mary has been placed  
Out on the silent hill.

**THE OLD WITCH AND HER CAT.**

**DIRECTIONS.**  
Cut out the park. To have witch ride broom, cut slits A, B, F, C and E. Slip broom through F. Slip broom handle through A, B, C, and E, passing behind the steeple. Place cat through D on witch's shoulder. Place owl on steeple. To stand up: Bend flaps 1 and 3 forward and 2 and 4 backward. Place a book on 2 and 4 to brace. Witch may be moved back and forth on her broom-stick. Cat can also ride back on the broom. Place blue piece of paper behind and witch will seem to be riding through the sky.



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