

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!
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 Kien-
lung, 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

Kienlung'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 For-
tune, the English botanist, who obtained
tea seeds for the first Indian tea plantation
and a score of useful and ornamental flow-
ering 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 dwindled as revenues were withdrawn, and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 de-
file 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 con-
sistent 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 Fall cliff, where the sea
waves can be distinctly heard, chanting the
same prayer in Fall, 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.

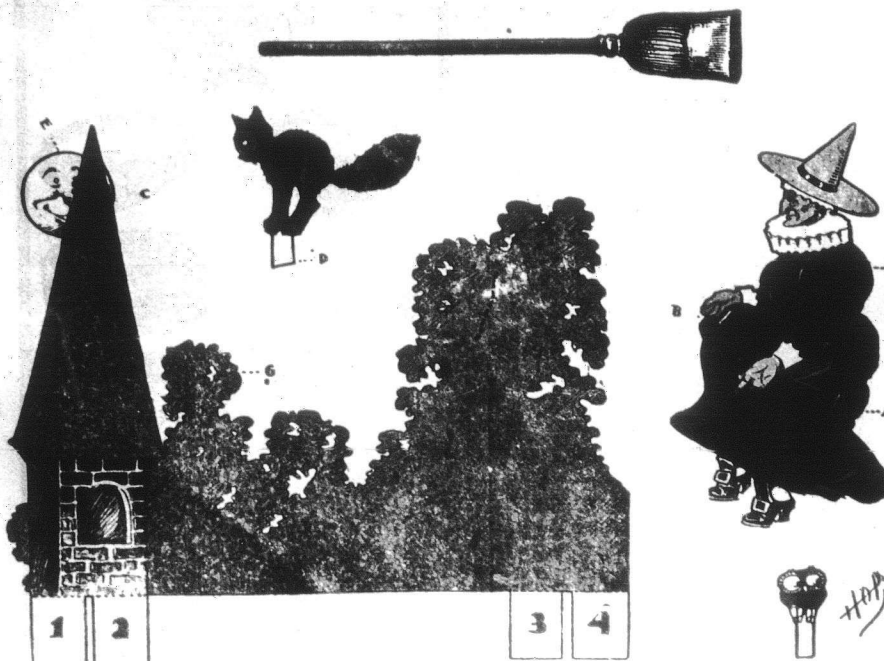
Not many foreigners since Thomas For-
tune seem to have traveled overland across
the Bohea country to Foochow, and these
hills and mountains, whose name is syn-
onym for fragrant tea, are unknown to foreign
tourists, for all their reputation for pictur-
esqueness and wild beauty, their thickets
of azaleas 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 parts. To have witch ride broom, cut slits A, B, C, D 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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