

A Local Item.

PATRICK B.—from drunken broll;
While his wife burns midnight oil,
Waiting up three flights of stairs,
Burdened with consuming cares,
Sits beside the baby sweet;
Hark! the tread of heavy feet,

Oath and bluster, storm and curse;
Hardly is a demon worse;
Bursts the door and rushes in,
Mad with drink and full of sin,
Flies in peril of her life,
Poor, affrighted, faithful wife.

At the bedside of the child
Stands the frantic man, and wild;
Takes the sleeper, fond and soft,
Opens quick the window loft,
On the pavement hear a sound;
There a lifeless babe is found.

Just an item; only that;
Topic of a moment's chat,
While the Juggernaut still rolls,
Crushing out unnumbered souls,
Stains the street with human gore;
Just an item, nothing more.

Where is justice? heavens! where?
Where is manhood? Speak and dare!
Is the soul of honour fled?
Is the public conscience dead?
Is this modern age so tame
That it dare not utter "shame"?

God of helpless children, rise!
Send out whirlwinds from the skies;
Thunder down the heights of air,
Answer to the children's prayer;
All the help of man is vain,
While the weepers kiss their slain.

Sovereign people will ye kneel,
Put your necks beneath the heel
Of the Oligarch, and wait,
While he moves with tread of fate?
Oh, how patient! Oh, how meek!
Sovereign people, are ye weak?

Who will show contempt of wrong?
Who will dare the proud and strong?
Let us take the solemn vow,
Nevermore to yield or bow,
While the great Mogul of lust
Trample children in the dust.

—Southern Journal.

A Talk About the Moon.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

THE moon is the earth's next-door neighbour. Not a very near neighbour, to be sure, for it is thousands and thousands and thousands of miles away, but then it is a great deal nearer than any other heavenly body, and that makes it a next-door neighbour, does it not? And what a changeable person this neighbour is! Sometimes she looks straight down upon us with her full round face, then she turns so far away that only a glimpse can be caught of her, and finally disappears entirely, and there is no use in hunting around for her among the stars, for she cannot be found anywhere.

Do you know what the moon is doing up there in the sky all the time? Well, she is enjoying herself taking a trip around the earth, for she is a great traveller, and no sooner does she get around once than she starts right off and tries it over again without resting a moment. Watch her for two or three nights and you will see very plainly that she is moving. One night she shows herself even before the sun goes down, then, as she grows larger she

will come later and later, till by and by all the little folks will be in bed and asleep long before she peeps out from behind the hill.

Some nights the moon appears very bright, so bright that people say, "Why, it is nearly as light as day," giving the moon credit for the whole brightness, when really and truly it is not her light at all, but some that she has borrowed to send down to us. The moon does not give a bit of light by herself; she is nothing but a dark world, something like this earth. Why then does she look so bright? Ah! you see, she wants to be beautiful as well as the stars, so when the sun shines on her surface, she catches up the light and reflects or throws it off again, and so we get what is called moonlight. This is the reason that she looks so different at different times. In her journeys around the earth, when she gets where the sun shines on the side turned this way, we have full moon, but as this bright side turns farther and farther away the moon grows smaller and smaller, till at last the moonlight is gone and the nights are dark. If you find this hard to understand, place a ball so that the lamp-light will fall upon it, and then walk around it, and you will see how this is.

But the moon has dark spots upon its bright face, and astronomers tell us that these are caused by the deep valleys there. You know that often at evening time the hills will be all lighted up for some minutes after the sun has gone down, while the lowlands will be in shadow. Of course the sun shines on the moon in the same way, making bright the high mountains but leaving the valleys as dark spots.

So much is known about the surface of the moon that maps of it have been made, and these are said to be more nearly correct than those of the earth. Get a map of the moon and you will find that many of the mountains are called by those very names that you find out in your geographies at school. These wise men also tell us that the moon always keeps the same side turned this way, so that we really know nothing at all about the other side.

Could we take a trip to the moon we should find a strange world, and one not very pleasant to look at.

There is no grass, there are no flowers, no trees, not a single green thing growing there, and why? Because there is no water. True, in the map are names like the Sea of Rains, the Lake of Dreams, the Sea of Plenty, and many others, but this map was made years ago before as much was known as now, and the old names have been left, but if you were there you would find dry seas, without a drop of water in them. Of course without water and plants there can be no animals such as live on the earth. And then such high mountains and deep, deep valleys as are there! Many of these mountains seem to be hollow, so that if you want to cross one you must go up one side, then down into a hole,

across that, and up its steep banks, and then down the other side of the mountain, before you are across, so it would take some time, you see. Sometimes there is a peak right in the centre of this hole, making the crossing still harder.

The very best time to visit the moon is during one of its nights. Do you know a night there is nearly half a month long, and the days are not a bit shorter? But then their nights are much pleasanter than ours. Do you ask why? Well, it is because this earth that looks so dark to us is all lighted up by the sun, till it appears bright and shining, and is their moon. And O what a great moon it is! fourteen or fifteen times larger than the one that gives us light.

You know that an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon's getting between that body and the earth, but there is nothing that can get between the earth and the moon, for everything is too far away, so what do you suppose makes that kind of an eclipse? Some evening notice a spot on the wall made bright by the lamp-light. Next, stand in such a way that your shadow will fall upon that very spot, and then see how bright it is. Now if that bright spot were the moon and you were the earth, that would be a real eclipse; for it is the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon that makes one. It took people many years to find this out, but now they can tell a long time beforehand that an eclipse is coming.

Have you heard the story of Columbus? One time when in this country with his men their food gave out, and they had to depend on the Indians. These people, not being very friendly to the whites, at last refused them any more and there was danger of their starving. Columbus then told the Indians that the moon was angry and would hide her face from them. Sure enough she did, for Columbus knew that an eclipse was coming, and the Indians, very much frightened, gave the hungry men the food they needed.

"I Am Saved."

WHEN coming home by rail the other week from P—, where I had been preaching the gospel over a fortnight, the train stopped at one of the stations, and two young ladies got into the same compartment beside me. After waiting on the Lord for an opportunity to speak to them, I gave each of them a little book, which they carefully read. When I put the solemn question, "Are your souls saved for eternity?" one of them joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, thank God, I am." The other said, "No; but I do wish I knew how to be saved." I said to her, "Have you been long anxious?" "Ever since Mr. Scroggie was in the circus in Glasgow." Then I said, are you perfectly willing to receive the Lord Jesus Christ in this railway carriage to be your Saviour now?" With tears running down her face, she said,

"Yes, I am perfectly willing." I opened my Bible at John xix. 30, and I read under the gaslight those precious words, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, it is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." I repeated the word *finished* a few times over, then I said, "For whom did Jesus finish this work?" She replied slowly, but confidently, "For me." "Do you believe that Jesus on the cross finished the work for you?" "O yes!" said the weeping one; "I cannot doubt that!" At this point I turned up John iii. 18, and read slowly those life-giving words, "He that believeth on him is not condemned." As she stood under the gaslight, with her tearful eyes fixed on those precious words, her soul bounded into liberty, and she cried out in that railway carriage, "I am saved, I am saved! Praise, praise!—*The Christian*."

The Cost.

THE *Evening Journal*, Chicago, quotes the return of the census showing that \$700,000,000 are spent yearly in the United States for intoxicating drink, and adds: "But the cost of liquor-drinking is not altogether in money, it costs immensely in other directions, and entails injuries and heartaches that are quite beyond the figures of the arithmetic accurately to compute. Four-fifths of all the inmates of our jails, penitentiaries and reformatories, are brought there directly or indirectly by strong drink. There are 500,000 of these criminals in the United States to-day; every institution that is open for their reception is full of them, and the number is rapidly increasing. Then there are 800,000 insane persons, idiots, helpless inebriates and paupers in the poor-houses and charitable institutions of the country, costing the tax-payers \$100,000,000 per annum. But this is not all. No pen but the recording angel's is able truthfully to portray the sorrow that is inflicted upon loving hearts by this infernal habit of drinking stimulants. No class is so high in the social scale that it is not dragged down by it; and no class is so poor and degraded that it is not made more inhuman and miserable by it. A drunken parent bestows a curse upon his offspring, even to the third and fourth generation. Science shows how vice of any kind vitiates the blood, and although it may skip one generation, it is certain to crop out farther down the stream. A dead drunkard often reaches out his hand from the grave, and, with his skeleton finger, palsies the brain of his descendants, and sends them like so many jabbering idiots to the insane asylum to be supported by charity.—*Christian Statesman*."

In one of the mission schools in Bangkok, Siam, a promising little girl was taken away and sold for the woman's department of the royal palace.