



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

BY MORDUR

(Continued from No. 155.)

Poor Farmer Brown sank down with a sigh of relief; the rapid movements of these wonderful little people were somewhat tiring to his larger frame. But scarcely had he sat down and looked about him than he uttered an exclamation of delight.

"What now?" said Squibbs, as he uncoiled himself from a short nap he was indulging in.

"Look!" said Farmer Brown, pointing to the sky

"Well, I am looking. Here, Squibbles, rouse yourself, Farmer Brown wants us to look at the sky."

"I should think," answered Squibbles, gravely, as he adjusted his helmet, "that this was hardly the time for jesting."

"Hear him! jesting forsooth! there's little of it left in me, what with three arrow-heads sticking in me."

"Eh! why don't you pull them out," said Farmer Brown, in great concern for his little friend.

"I did pull them out; but you see the wounds are there all the same; but let us return to the sky. What is it that you see there?"

"Why, see! that huge body hanging in the sky; what a brilliant light is shining from it; it looks something like your moon appears to us, only much larger. And how dazzlingly bright the stars are; it is truly a wonderful sight; pray tell me what you call that large object?"

"It's your own planet, to be sure; ha! ha! do you hear that Squibbles, Farmer Brown doesn't know his own world."

"Really, Squibbs! you grow worse every day," cried Squibbles, shaking him wrathfully by the shoulder. "You forget that everything is strange to Farmer Brown."

"True! true! pray pardon me; but come, I will make amends by telling you what I know about these planets; not that I am much of an astrologer, but I have learned somewhat from our wise men. That large object that you see yonder is the earth, the planet on which you live, and which gives us a far more brilliant light than we give you, for the reason that your planet covers a space on the sky more than a dozen times as large as that covered by ours, in full moon, as you call it. Look closely now, and tell me if you can see the whole of the earth lit up."

"No," answered Farmer Brown, "I see only half lit up."

"Right; but the other half you can plainly see by means of that ring of light round her, caused by the shining of stars as they pass behind her thick atmosphere. And now I must tell you about the way in which your planet is always trying to draw us away from the sun."

"Eh? I never heard tell of that," said Farmer Brown, with his mouth and eyes wide open, as he listened in astonishment to Squibbs.

"No, I daresay you didn't," answered Squibbs, in a patronizing tone, "but it is a fact, as Squibbles there can tell you." Whereupon Squibbles gravely nodded his head.

"Your astronomers speak of our planet as the earth's satellite, and say that she journeys round

the earth. Well, so she does; but at the same time, just as surely as the earth travels round the sun, so does the moon. So we are, you see, two sister planets, travelling round the same sun. Do you understand?"

"I—I—think so—you say our earth is a planet and your moon is a planet, and together we journey round—round—ahem! the—

"Sun!"

"Exactly! round the sun; but wait a bit. I don't see how if your moon journeys round our earth she goes round the sun also."

"How stupid you are, Farmer Brown. Why it is just as plain as plain can be—"

"Well, explain it to him," interrupted Squibbles.

"Oh, come now, I can't stop to answer such foolish questions or I will never get through. I repeat they both journey round the sun, who pulls them with great force towards himself—"

"Dear! dear! you don't say so. What does he pull them with?"

"Farmer Brown! if you ask me any more such questions I will stop. What does he pull them with, indeed! Do you think anybody could answer such a question as that?"

"It is so very extraordinary," murmured Farmer Brown, somewhat frightened at the fierce tone of Squibbs; "but pray continue, and I will try and not interrupt you again."

"He pulls," continued Squibbs, somewhat mollified, "our planet quite as strongly as he pulls the earth. The earth, as I told you, pulls the moon; so also the moon pulls the earth; though the far greater weight of the earth causes her to pull the strongest. If the moon and the earth were of the same size they could pull each other with equal force. So you see our planet is pulled one way by the sun and the other way by the earth; but the pull of the sun is more than twice as strong as that of the earth, and if it were not that he pulls the earth quite as hard as he pulls the moon, he would soon overpower the earth's influence and drag us away altogether."

Here Squibbles paused and looked at Farmer Brown, whose face by this time wore the look of one hopelessly dazed.

"I think you have had enough about astronomy for the present. I will tell you more later."

Farmer Brown breathed a sigh of intense relief and nodded his head.

"Bless my heart!" he said to himself, "supposing he should question me about that pulling business; I can't for the life of me answer one question. Eh! what is it he said," suddenly starting up, as one of the guards poked him with a spear. "Oh, yes, to be sure, the sun pulls the earth; no, I mean the earth pulls the moon—"

"What is the man talking about," cried the guard in astonishment. "Here, I say, wake up; its time to march."

"Ay! ay! to be sure; to be sure. I thought you wanted to know something about—"

"You have no right to think at all; you have just to listen and obey orders."

CHAPTER VIII.

QUEEN VENUS AND HER FUGITIVE ARMY LOSE
THEIR WAY AND COME TO A WEIRD AND
AWFUL PLACE IN THE MOON.

"It is very strange," said Squibbles, after they had been marching for a long time, but it is cer-

tainly growing dark, and it must be near morning."

"You are right, Squibbles, it is growing darker, and look at the scenery we are passing through, it has been gradually becoming more and more rugged. See!" and Squibbs pointed to a lofty range of mountains upon whose summits and sides not a tree or shrub could be seen. "Never before did I see aught so desolate in all our wanderings over the moon. What if we should have lost our way and are coming to that dreadful place of which I have heard somewhat from our wise men. They say that nothing lives there, and that the mountains send forth fire."

By this time they had reached the mountains and were passing through a gorge.

"Bless my heart; you don't say so," cried Farmer Brown in great fright.

"Yes, and that day and night last a fortnight."

"Had you not better go and inform Her Majesty?"

"And get my head cut off for interfering."

"I think," said Squibbs, in his grave way, "that it is our duty to inform Queen Venus of the danger that you think threatens us, even if we have to lose our heads for it."

Suddenly the order to halt was given as they came out of the gorge, and found themselves in a vast, desolate, rough plain, with ranges of rugged hills and towering cone-shaped mountains rising on all sides. Not a tree, bush or blade of grass was visible, while a deadly stillness pervaded the place. The atmosphere was charged with sulphurous vapor which rose from the various cone-shaped mountains. The heat was intolerable. Hastily consulting with her officers, Queen Venus was advised by them to send for the three prisoners.

"For Your Majesty may learn somewhat from them concerning this dreadful place, whether it will be advisable to continue on our way or to turn back."

So the three were brought before Her Majesty and questioned, whereupon Squibbs related all he knew, and that undoubtedly they were now in that part of the moon, and to penetrate further would be certain death.

Scarcely had he finished speaking when a dense darkness settled down and the ground began to work violently beneath their feet.

And the next moment a flame of fire shot forth from one of the distant mountain peaks, while at the same instant a noise like furious cannonading rent the air and from the sky there rained down what looked like balls of fire. Fortunately but few fell where they were.

As soon as darkness had settled down Squibbs and Squibbles had placed themselves one on each side of Farmer Brown and taken firm hold of him, resolved to be true to the trust imposed on them by their king.

"Don't stir; keep where you are!" said Squibbs, as Farmer Brown showed signs of restlessness as he felt the ground shake beneath his feet. As the flame of fire shot from the mountain and lit up the darkness, Squibbs saw a large opening in a rock near them, and shouted as loud as he could, for the noise of the cannonading was tremendous.

(To be continued.)

The Daffodil.

O, I love the daffodil, the brave and bonnie daffodil;
Frailer blossoms shake and shiver,
When the Spring winds through them quiver,
But with saucy smiling face,
With a lovely laughing grace,
Blows the bonnie daffodil, the fresh and fearless daffodil.

O, dear daring daffodil, golden gracious daffodil,
Shining bright and never weary,
Brighter still when skies grow dreary:
Storm-stayed sunshine swept from heaven,
To thy heart for shelter driven,
Merry, mocking daffodil, Spring's sweet darling daffodil.

Ah! poor drooping daffodil, summer stricken daffodil,
Petals pale and paler growing,
Summer beauties round thee blowing,
Softly grieving, gently going
To the after world of growing,
Fare thee well! O, daffodil, dearest dying daffodil.

Halifax, N.S.

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