

elixir of holiness—a draught, however, which is by no means “without money and without price,” for at every turn they are taxed by the wofish priests, and compelled to give alms far beyond their ability. By the time they are shorn of every available coin, and have scarcely retained the sum necessary to purchase their daily meal of rice on their homeward journey, the rains set in in good earnest.

Such of the multitude as have secured a right to lie down anywhere under cover are deemed fortunate, even though they be packed close as herrings in a barrel. Vast numbers have no option but to spend days and nights without shelter of any sort, exposed to the pitiless rain, which pours down in sheets on the miserable multitude, who have no option but to lie still, helpless and hopeless, literally sodden—soaked to the skin, without the possibility of a change of raiment, and, moreover, half-starved. Meanwhile the rain is busy stirring up the foul accumulations of filth from every corner, and overflowing such substitutes for drainage as may exist, till the whole town becomes altogether abominable and pestiferous, and the lurking cholera and fever fiends start up on every hand, and hold high revel on a stage so admirably prepared for them. Of course multitudes perish, and their unburnt and unburied bodies are left a prey to foul birds and dogs.

A Beggar.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more: [be—
From the depths of your hearts' pity let it
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children, for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best:
Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
That the weary may have rest,
That a bird caught in a net may be set free—
Pray for me.

I beg of you who stand before the altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the sin and all the sorrow of the ages,
All the love and all the praise, [be—
And the glory which was always and shall
Pray for me.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day;
I am standing on your doorsteps as a Beggar
Who will not be turned away,
And the Charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me!

Our Next-Door Neighbour.

BY PROF. WILLIAM HARPER, FARMINGTON, M.E.

In large cities people sometimes do not know their nearest neighbours, although they might be very desirable acquaintances. The universe contains more objects of interest than any city. The sky has more stars than London has houses, and it is not at all strange that our acquaintance with them is limited. Our nearest cosmical neighbour is the moon. It may be that now and then a comet pays us a closer visit, but the average distance of comets is many hundred times that of the moon. They all pass around the sun, which is some 400 times as far away as the moon.

The distance of the moon has been determined in a very simple and interesting way. You are aware that when you change your position with respect to any object, the object also changes its position with respect to you. Thus if you are on the west side of a tree the

tree is east of you, but if you pass around to the south side the tree is then north of you. Suppose that you had to take ten steps in changing your position, another tree, say a mile off, would change its position so slightly while you were going that distance that you could scarcely notice it, and one much farther away would not be seen to change its position in the least. In a similar manner some of the heavenly bodies appear in different positions when seen from different places at the same time, though the places of observation, instead of a few feet, have to be thousands of miles apart. The moon shows by far the greatest displacement, hence must be much nearer to us than any other of the earth's neighbours. This difference of position as seen from different points is called *parallax*, and the distance of the body is determined by a simple mathematical calculation. The average distance of the moon from the earth has thus been found to be 240,300 miles.

You can readily see that the farther off a body is the less its *parallax* must be, as we notice in the case of the trees. Most of the stars have no parallax that can be detected, although observed from points on opposite sides of the earth's orbit, and therefore about 185,000,000 miles apart. What an inconceivable depth of space must separate them from us!

The diameter of the moon is 2,160 miles—what a long face the man in the moon must have!—about the distance from New Orleans to Hudson's Bay, or a little more than quarter of the diameter of the earth. This makes the size of the moon not one quarter of that of the earth, as you might possibly suppose, but only about one fiftieth, as those who understand the measurement of solids will easily see. The surface of the moon, which is all dry land, is not so large as the continent of Asia, but larger than Africa.

Astronomers have learned a great many curious facts about the moon. I will tell you about some of the most interesting.

The sun always appears about the same, the changes being so slight that the naked eye can hardly detect any. With the moon it is far different. She presents us every month with a magnificent series of changes. Only once a month does the moon appear to us “full orb,” and there are a few days—at “new moon”—when we cannot see her at all. All the rest of the time she varies from the smallest sickle-shaped crescent to first quarter and full moon, then back through a similar series of changes to new moon again. Her appearance at any one time is called a *phase*.

The moon does not shine by its own light but by the reflected light of the sun. The sun and stars, on the other hand, all shine by their own light; though there are a number of bodies called *planets*, which look like stars but shine by the light of the sun.

The earth, as you know, turns on its axis every day, but it takes the moon nearly a month to turn around once. It takes exactly the same time to turn on its axis as to go once round the earth, and the result is that we always see the same side of the moon. No one has ever seen the other side. The sun turns on its axis in about twenty-five days, so that in about two weeks from now the farthest side will be turned toward us.

Are there people living in the moon

and looking down upon us and wondering whether the earth, which looks to them like a great moon, is inhabited? This interesting question we cannot answer with absolute certainty, but it is probable that there is no life of any kind on the moon. There appears to be neither air nor water, and it is certain that if there is any the amount is exceedingly small, so that beings such as those on the earth could not exist there.

Another reason why the moon could not be inhabited is the long and fearfully cold nights which the inhabitants would have to endure. If our nights were twice as long as they are now there would be a sharp frost almost every clear night all through the summer, in the temperate zones at least, and the result would be that scarcely anything could grow. But as the moon turns on its axis once a month the nights are more than two weeks long. Hence, even if there was plenty of air and water, nothing could live in such a climate.

Without an atmosphere the nights are far colder than they would be with an atmosphere like ours, which acts like a blanket to prevent the escape of heat at night. It has been intimated that the temperature of the lunar night may go down to two or three hundred degrees below zero. This is little more than a guess; but at any rate it must be fearfully cold.

Faithful in Little.

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.”—Luke 16:10.

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee might say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share,
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

Sunday Newspapers.

THE Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the N. Y. *Christian Advocate*, has recently visited Toronto. The following extract from an interesting article setting forth the impressions produced by his visit, have a special bearing on the question of the desecration of the Christian Sabbath in certain aspects now exciting general interest:—

“In Toronto a larger proportion of the people go to church than in any other city on this continent. This fact is to be attributed, doubtless, mainly to two things: First, that Sunday papers are not published there. They can be relied upon to diminish the attendance upon divine worship from one-third to one-half, in any city where they are introduced, in the course of a very few years. But until the insurrection broke out in the North-West, a few weeks ago, such papers were not published in Toronto—or, at least, if we are correctly informed, had not been since the last rebellion. It is certain

that if they are introduced the same dissipating tendency and disinclination to attend the house of God, the day being filled with other thoughts and occupation given at home, will take possession of all except those who are governed by principle or who really love the sanctuary of God. The second reason is that the street cars are not allowed to run on the Sabbath. It might be supposed that the running of the street cars would have a tendency, in a city of great distances, to increase the attendance upon the house of God. But that is not the case. Men and women in Toronto walk one and even three miles, twice—many of them three times, including the Sabbath-school to the house of God. Street cars make it easy to get out into the country, to go upon excursion, and, at the same time, debilitate the people. In some American cities walking is a lost art; nothing but shopping will induce women to perform the feat. In Toronto the health of the city, both morally and physically, is undoubtedly better, because of the necessity imposed upon the people of walking to church. Another important reason is that the most influential people of the city and province are devout church-goers. Of course, there are exceptions, but this is the general fact.”

What are Christians For?

A Christian lady, who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded, was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people.

“It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work,” her friends said. “You sit beside these people and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you knew all about them—just what they are and from what places they come.”

Her answer was: “Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth are they not the very sort of people that he would strive to reach? And am I better than my Master? Would he feel himself too good to go among them?”

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity, “Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for.”

The objector was silenced, and what wonder? Is not that what Christians are for?

If not, then what, in the name of all that is good, are they for?—*Am. Messenger*.

ALAS for the cripple Practice when it seeks to come up with the bird Theory, which flies before it.—*Emerson*.

“MANAGING.”—“You can't drink so much brandy with impunity,” said a physician to a gouty patient. “Perhaps not with impunity, doctor, but with a little peppermint I can manage it,” was the serene reply.

WHISKY is the key by which many gain an entrance to our prisons and almshouses. Wine causes many a man to take a winding way home. Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches. Ale causes many ailments, while beer brings many to the bier. Champagne is the source of many a real pain.