

The Boy in the Moon.

BY EDITH BRIGAL.

What are you doing away down there?
 Say, little earth boy, do.
 I am just tired of being up here—
 I want to come down to you.
 My father, the man in the moon, says he,
 In a cycle of years or more,
 Will be able to give up his place to me
 As his father to him before.
 But I don't want to be the man in the
 moon—
 Don't want to "govern the tides"—
 I would rather come down and play
 games with you,
 Than anything else besides.
 But I can't, I know; I must wait and
 grow,
 Yet often I cry big tears,
 For I've been (is it queer?) the one little
 boy here
 For more than a thousand years.

What are you thinking about down there?
 Tell me, little boy, do.
 Ever of me? or am I too high?
 I am always thinking of you.
 And I watch you snoring asleep at night—
 I watch you till it seems
 That you and my father, and I and the
 moon,
 Are nothing at all but dreams.
 Then I watch you wake, and I watch you
 make
 Your way to the seaweed shore;
 And I know I'm the boy in the moon
 again
 And you—what you were before.
 But if when you look up you'd think of
 me,
 I wouldn't cry any more tears,
 But you only consider the man in the
 moon,
 And I've been here for years!

Where are you going away down there?
 Eh? you little boy, you.
 If I fell down and if you came up
 Should we meet in the middle,
 we too?
 Or should we freeze in the air or stay?
 Or melt to a drop of rain?
 And never be able to find our way
 Back to our homes again?
 I should be glad, I think. Would you?
 Perhaps you'd turn to tears,
 And stay in the sky like me, up high,
 And—drip—for a thousand years?
 But good night, little boy, happy down
 there;
 Do you ever catch my tears?
 They've slid down the seams of the white
 moonbeams
 For over a thousand years.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XIII.

JUDGE VERSUS MINISTER.

"Oh, mother, I have disgraced you for ever!" cried Maurice, and sitting down by the side of his foster-mother, he burst into tears.

"Why, my boy, what is the matter?" said Phoebe in alarm. Maurice then told the whole story of his wrongs. "Oh, to think I have broken my pledge," he sobbed. "They will take away my silver badge."

Mrs. Dow was justly indignant at what had happened, but she soothed the boy's wounded feelings, assured him that he was not to blame, and that if he explained the matter to Mr. Strong, she was sure he would not be censured or deprived of his badge of honour.

"But I have not told you the worst," said Maurice. "I liked the taste of the stuff, and what if I should learn to love it?"

Phoebe turned pale at these words. Could it be possible that Maurice had inherited a love for liquor? Could she save him from its terrible power? How many times in her experience had she witnessed the unsuccessful struggle to overcome this curse. Brother, husband, and son, had been conquered. Must this young life be sacrificed to the dragon also?

"Maurice," said Mrs. Dow, solemnly, "you have this day learned a bitter lesson. Promise me that you will watch and pray, hour by hour, that you may not be led into temptation. You have a natural appetite for liquor, I fear. Remember, it takes only the smallest sip of alcohol to set in a blaze the unhallowed fire. Encourage this appetite, and very soon the strength of a Hercules shall not be able to conquer it. Knowing your weakness, struggle, fight, pray as for your life. You have already heard from my lips the sad story of those lives that were wrecked by the dragon, intemper-

ance. Be warned, my child, ere it is too late."

Maurice was much moved by her words, and promised, over and over again, to withstand the enemy, and to be on his guard daily.

"You can never do this in your own strength. Never forget this. Let us ask God, now, to keep you safe from the wiles of the tempter." And Phoebe prayed fervently for the child of her adoption, that he might come off conqueror through the grace given from on high.

This hour marked an era in the life of Maurice Dow. He realized his dependence upon God as never before, and with the simplicity of a little child he cast his burden on the Lord, and trusted him to care for his future. Maurice dated his Christian life from this time. He was not a great Christian, but a little Christian. With face set Zionward, and pilgrim staff in hand, he had commenced that journey which leads toward the sunrise.

In the meantime Judge Seabury was beginning to miss his Sabbath privileges, and was willing once more to guide the reins of church government. He had been forecasting the matter in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that Parson Strong must go. Mr. Felton cordially seconded the Judge's decision. Less than one-half the parish were members of the church, and as the yearly meeting was near at hand, the twain felt that this little matter could be adjusted without much trouble. Reuben Palmer was summoned to confer with him on this point.

"I take it you don't like Parson Strong," said the Judge, fixing his eyes on the man's face.

"Well, I don't know as he ever did me any harm," hesitated Reuben. He could not quite banish from his mind the kindness of Mr. Strong to his family when they were in trouble.

"I take it you don't like the parson," repeated the Judge, with emphasis.

"Yes—that is, no—I guess not," answered the poor victim.

"It is well that you do not. If you did, we should have to settle some little accounts of long standing. Now, Palmer, you take this circular and go about with it this very afternoon, at the Cove and down to the Row, and get as many to sign it as possible. See that you do your business thoroughly. I shall know it if you do not, and it will go hard with you. You couldn't raise that mortgage on your house if you sold everything you had."

"I know it," answered Reuben, humbly. "I will do exactly as you say." When he got outside the door he groaned aloud. "Oh, I hate myself for doing it! The minister's been good to me! Oh, if I only could be a man! But the Judge can turn me out of house and home, and wife's sick. Oh, dear!"

The cabinet-maker sallied forth on his mission with a crestfallen air. He found no lack of signatures. Deacon Chapman signed, the apothecary followed, the tavern-keeper was only too glad to add his signature, and Peter MacDuff laughed aloud with glee. A large number of fishermen, seeing that the Judge's name headed the list, put their names down. Reuben Palmer felt mean through and through. There was some goodness in his heart, and the minister had found it. Hoping secretly to turn the tide of events, he hailed Tom Kinmon, who was outside his cottage, calling the seams in his dory.

"I say, Kinmon, I'm doing a dirty job."

"That's no news. Yer always a-doin' them. What wickedness hes the Judge started now?"

"Oh, Tom, don't look so mad to me. I ain't on his side, only he bosses me around. It's about the minister. He's got to go!"

"Got to go?" roared Tom. "What d'yer mean, yer shark? Out with it, and mind yer chew yer words well, or I'll—" The clenched fist and scowling face of the old fisherman made the cabinet-maker's knees knock together with fear.

"Here's the paper, Tom. The Judge sent me around with it, and he's going to put the minister out next parish meeting. I told you, Tom, to see if you couldn't do nothing for the parson. I haunt nothing against the man, but you know the Judge has a hold on me, and I have to do what he says, whether I want to or not."

"Yer old sculpin'," said Tom, regarding the cabinet-maker with contempt. "Yer'd sign the death-warrant of yer best friend ter git yer carcass out of a tight place. Go ahead with yer dirty job. The parson ain't a-goin' eny more'n I be. We'll see which'll beat, the Judge or the parson. Out o' my sight now, or I'll pay you with coal tar, instid o' the bottom o' my dory."

While Tom sets about counteracting

the evil influence of the Judge, let us glance a moment at the minister. Arnold Strong was not blind to the commotion which his active temperance methods had created in Fairport. He had been past the Maypole many times of late, and had heard some of the rough fishermen using profane language and cursing "that teetotal parson who was trying to deprive them of sperrits."

Deacon Ray warned the minister against personal violence. "These rowdies are so full of malice that I am fearful they may lay hands on you some night. You had better go armed."

The minister's eyes flashed fire.

"Do you think they will dare attack me? Let them come! I am a minister, to be sure, but the right to defend my person is not deprived me as yet." With these words he drew himself to his full height and looked every inch a Hercules.

The deacon looked on admiringly. "I would that we could depend on all our church members at the approaching parish meeting," he said. "The fact is there are some weak-minded ones, whom the Judge and Felton have frightened, and made to feel that the church will surely go to pieces if you stay."

"The church ought to go to pieces that is not built on a total abstinence foundation," replied the minister. "But it won't go down. God will take care of his own work. All we have got to do is our duty. I can live on as little as any minister, and what the society loses by my temperance methods, I am willing to have deducted from my salary. As to leaving Fairport, I am not going to do it. I have come here to stay till my work is done, and it will not be done until every place where liquor can be obtained is shut up. They cannot drive me away. No council could justly send me away. The only charge which can be preferred against me is that I preach temperance within and without the church."

"I like your spirit, Mr. Strong," replied the deacon. "Keep up good courage. The tide must turn soon, and I am certain it will be in your favour."

(To be continued.)

ELMA'S GRADUATION.

BY ELEANOR ROOE.

It was a pathetic little figure that sat at the end of the long seat which held the Henderson high-school graduating class. Every time Miss Miles looked at the drooping shoulders of the pale-faced girl decked out in coarse muslin and cheap lace, so different from the filmy mulls and dainty trimmings of the other girls, her heart gave a quick throb of pity. She tried to forget her, and looked determinedly at her niece, Dorothy, who sat a few feet away, resplendent in her commencement finery, self-conscious and smiling, toying with her beribboned essay. But her thoughts and her gaze would come back to the end of the seat.

Presently, as bouquets and baskets of flowers began to be massed upon the table in front of the stage, to be in readiness for the graduates as they made their bows, she found herself wondering if the little hunchback had any friends to give her any. As if in answer to her unspoken query, she heard a voice behind her saying: "Now, if only we could 'a' got Elmie some flowers! All the other girls'll get 'em most prob'ly. But it ain't any use to think of it; we couldn't 'a' done it, could we, mother?" To which a voice replied in a whisper: "Now, father, don't you go to worryin' 'bout bouquets. Poor folks can't have everything; and when their girl can look as nice as ours—good as any of 'em—I think they ought to be satisfied. She ought to be satisfied; and she is. She was so pleased with that lace! Don't it look nice? I'm so glad I listened to you and got it!"

Miss Miles, glancing sideways, found, as she had expected, that it was the hunchback of whom they were talking. "That child shall have a bouquet," she said to herself. She arose and made her way out of the crowded hall to the nearest florist's.

"A bouquet, ma'am?" the clerk said. "No, we haven't one made up; everything in that line's gone to the high-school commencement. But here's a handsome basket of tea roses that's been ordered and not called for. I'll not take the risk of having it on my hands if you want it. Shall I do it up for you?"

Miss Miles nodded her assent. "I'll take it with me," she said, "and I'll take that bunch of jack roses, too, if you please."

The clerk wrapped up the purchases, and Miss Miles hurried back to the school, reaching it just as Elma rose to read her essay. She gave the flowers to an usher, and made her way as well as she could up the side of the hall. She

soon found herself again near Elma's father and mother. "That girl has genius," she said to herself, as the speaker's clear-cut utterance fell upon her ears. "I want to know more of her." She glanced at the old father. His face was radiant. "He will be pleased about the roses!" she thought.

When Elma had finished, one of the ushers advanced toward the stage with Miss Miles' gift. The donor could see the tears glisten in the girl's eyes as the beautiful basket of tea roses and the great crimson Jacqueminots were handed to her.

"Oh, I am so glad I took the trouble!" she thought. She glanced at Elma's father, who was putting on his glasses, tremblingly, as he gazed bewilderedly at the mass of blossoms in his daughter's arms. There was a tightness in her throat as he whispered excitedly to his wife: "See, mother! no one has got such handsome flowers as our Elmie—no one! The Lord does provide!"

Her eyes followed the father, mother and daughter as they made their way slowly down the aisle after the exercises. Later she found herself by their side, as they stood at the head of the stairs waiting for the throng to pass.

"O father! how do you suppose it happened?" she heard Elma say. "To think that the lady who sent me the flowers was that lovely Miss Miles whom we've heard so much about! How do you suppose it happened?"

"Not 'happened,'" the old man said simply, placing his withered hand on the young girl's shining hair; "not 'happened.'" The Lord sends good things to the dutiful, affectionate child who honours her father and her mother, and who does the very best she can with the chances she's got. He has instruments and ways that we know little of."—The Children's Visitor.

A SPARROW ON THE WHEEL.

The English sparrow is the most bustling, fussy and intrusive bird in all the feathered tribe. He pokes his restless little head into everything he comes across, and the following story of him, which comes from Anderson, Indiana, is not at all incredible, since his staying power is equal to his curiosity:

A sparrow at Anderson flew into a knife and bar manufactory, and, getting too near a small wheel, was sucked in. The workmen noticed it go into the wheel, but knowing that the cylinder was revolving at a speed of one hundred and thirty revolutions a minute, took it for granted that the bird had been killed. When the factory shut down at noon, the men were astonished to hear a gentle chirp from the wheel, and, lo, there was the sparrow as well as ever. They found that the bird had clung to the strengthening rod of the wheel and was in a semi-dazed condition. They picked him up and put him on a table, and thence, after collecting his wits, the little bird flew to freedom. The wheel in which the bird rode made thirty-one thousand revolutions while he was upon it, and so the tiny feathered creature travelled seventy-three and eight-tenths miles in the embrace of a fly-wheel.

DO YOU BELONG?

He was only a little boy in a hurry to get to school. In the centre of the sidewalk lay a large stone, rolled to its position by some child in play, but thoughtlessly left directly in the path.

Many had passed and repassed, moving to one side or the other, some remarking on the carelessness which had left the stone in their way, but all too preoccupied or indifferent to remove it.

He stooped and pushed the obstacle from the walk.

The minister who was watching from his study window smiled approvingly. "Another member of the 'S. A. C. S.,'" he said.

But the small boy hurried by without knowing that he had been enrolled as one of the "Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Sidewalks."

AN EMBLEM OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Among the early Christians, who in many lands held their faith at the peril of their lives, the figure of a fish was a favourite emblem. It has been found carved on rings and seals, on tombstones and urns, on vases and other things. Little ornaments in the form of fishes were even worn round the neck as a kind of charm. This symbol was chosen because the Greek word for fish—ichthus—is made up of the first letters of the following Greek words. Iesus Christos Theos Soter. Literally rendered, this is Jesus Christ, of God the Son, the Saviour.