and sixteen years and come into its blazing atmosphere just as Cainan was born to Enos in his ninetieth year.

The sun we find to be a seething world of fire whose flames shoot up from eighty to one hundred thousand miles. We can not land upon this flery orb and so we make its circuit, which we do in eight years. (Remember it would take twenty-four days to go round our great Earth.) Now we are at the centre of the grand system of worlds and we are to take the outward-bound stretch and pay our compliments to the different members on our track. In one hundred and twenty years we reach Mercury, at a distance of thirty tseven millions Vulcan, although we kept a sharp lookout for it. reach Mercury about the time of the birth of Jared, the father of Enoch. Finding but little to interest us here we make no stop, but fly on toward the beautiful Venus, a distance of thirty-two millions, which we make in one hundred years, and now Enoch is a father and Methuselah is a boy of thirty-five. Leaving Venus, which we first mistook for our Earth, so much did it it resemble it, we go on again, taking the Earth in our way, which we reach in eighty-six years. In all this time counting six hundred and forty-two years, and passing through a distance of one hundred and eightyfour millions of miles, Adam has guided the train.

Now we start on the outward trip and roll on one hundred and sixty-six years and reach the planet Mars, a distance of fifty millions of miles, and then going one hundred and nine millions more, taking us three hundred and sixty three years, we strike the first "empty place," the first gap, which at the beginning of this century was as far as was known a planetery blank. Four little planets, or planetoids, Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta, were in the first seven years of this century discovered in this empty place. No others were found until 1845, and now more than one hundred and fifty have been found making their harmonious march through this belt, more than twenty of which revealed themselves to the sharp seeing eye of Professor Christian Peters of Hamilton College. Our train arrives here two hundred and thirty-one years after Adam's death. Noah is now eighty-six years alter shall guide the train as it goes on for eight hundred and six years, making a distance of two hundred and forty-two millions of miles, when it arrives at Jupiter, whose sky is brightened by four moons as large and beautiful as ours. We reach this magnificent world, which is some thirteen hundred times as large as our Earth, about the time of the birth of Abraham.

Now a representative Jew shall conduct the train, and we go on for thirteen hundred and seventy years, passing over four hundred and thirteen millions of space, and reach Saturn whose sky is not only full of moons but most beautifully arched with three stupendons bows. We arrive here just as the Jews are carried captive to Babylon and as the Romans and Albans by the decree of the Horatii and the Curatii have fixed the site of the Eternal City, Now who shall guide our train? He must be a representative of all nations and all times, for we have two tremendous journeys to make, and kingdoms and dynastics will begin and end, and that, too, many times before we reach the world's extreme to which we are bound,-thus manned we start once more, and fly on for centuries and decades of centuries, even for three thousand and sixty years, making a distance of nine hundred and nineteen millions, and reach Uranus. But where are we in the history of our race as we touch this distant orb? We

want five hundred and twenty years to enable us to reach the planet.

Now suppose having lived out the human race we. begin again, with Adam in charge, who shall finish ont these five hundred and twenty years and land us safely upon Uranus. Adam is just now in his prime, and shall start us on the last great stage of this almost imitless journey. We go on for three thousand four nundred and forty-six years and through one thousand and thirty-four millions of miles of space and come to the outer edge of planetary worlds and behold Neptune, whose size, motion, place, distance and time of revo of miles from the sun, having seen nothing of little lution were all determined through mathematical tables We in a library in Paris, before anyhody had caught sight of its bright disk through the "optic glass." We reach this limiting world just as the Roman world is giving way to kingly power, when

" Even at the base of Pompey's statue, Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

Thus it has taken us to pass from the sun, the centre of the system, to the outmost orb, a distance of two thousand, eight hundred millions of miles, a time equal to one and two-thirds the life-time of our globe, And yet this distance, great and incomprehensible as it is, is but an infinitesimal unit, when compared with the distance beyond. It represents the magnitude of only our little system, which is but one among the thousands, whose central orbs we see glittering in the clear sky above us.

Will you ride a little farther ? Well, then hold your breath for a little, as we stretch out to Alpha Centauri, the star, nearest to us, whose distance has been deter-mined. It will require seven thousand five hundred such journeys as that though the solar system to reach this orb, and its distance is two hundred, and twenty-four thousand times our distance from the sun. And if we should visit the most remote of the stars, whose distances from us have been determined, it would take sixty thousand such journeys, and require six hundred millions of years. And were we on that orb now, and could we send a telegraphic message back to earth, with a velocity that brings us a message from China in two seconds, it would be three hundred and four years in making the distance, and even light itself, the swift messenger of the sun, which comes to us from that luminary in eight and one-quarter minutes, would be twenty-eight years in reaching us from that star, and if the star should be struck out of existence at this moment, its light would continue to stream down upon us for twenty-eight years. Hence when we look out upon the starry heavens, we see them not as they are in fact now, but as they were ten or twenty, or a hundred, or a thousand years ago.

But we have finished our trip, and will rest; and although it seems to us that we have made a bold push into space, let us realize that we have made no sensible approach to the infinite shore beyond.—National Teachers' Monthly.

Canandaigua Academy, N. Y.

Some Pedagogic Errors.

NOAH Y. CLARKE.

(PATERNALLY DEDICATED TO YOUTHFUL TEACHERS.)

have passed all ancient and modern history, and have come to the last moment of recorded time, and yet which 1 detected in the work of certain teachers. During a recent ramble among schools I jotted down