

learned, even professional men and men ornamenting the bench, infected with this *bacillus lunae*.

To this weather superstition is associated superstition of the influence of the moon on man and beast, animate and inanimate matter, for example: sleeping in moonlight causes deformation and distortion of the face as well as sickness (a common belief among sailors); fish are poisoned when exposed to moonlight; the full moon drives away clouds, the French cover this by the proverb—*la lune mange les nuages*—(why not the sun?); farmers kill their hogs at certain phases of the moon, so that the fat swells and not shrivels in converting it to lard; similarly shingles are laid that they will not turn up; fence-posts are set so that they may draw down and not up; sweet-peas, other peas and seeds are planted to conform with the phases of the moon—and a lot of other nonsense.

My friends, all this is humbug, humbug, humbug. The moon has no more to do with the weather and those other things than I have to do with the digging of the canals of Mars. Hence, I ask you, implore you, beseech you, entreat you, exhort you, beg of you, to spread the gospel of truth, combat this superstition, destroy this false weather-god, crush this belief, build a funeral pyre and burn this heirloom of ignorance and superstition, although such heirlooms die hard.

If you do such, your visit here to-night has not been in vain.

A SWAMP.

BY FAITH FYLES C.E.F., OTTAWA.

The swamp to which I should like to introduce the reader, if he does not already know it, is one belonging to Mr. S. Chilcott, on the shore of Lake Johnson about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from North Wakefield station. This swamp is quite accessible. Mr. Chilcott owns both a telephone and a 'bus as well as the swamp, and he is very willing to meet you at the station, to drive you to the swamp, to provide a dinner and a guide, and in short, to arrange everything very nicely for you. In front of the swamp there is a little stream looked upon by some as the Rubicon, on the other side of which lies the land of the enemy in the form of black flies and mosquitoes; but those who love wild flowers see beyond, only one more delightful hunting ground. There is a rough road through the swamp which was made by cutting down the trees and allowing them to remain where they happened to fall. This is a little difficult at first, but you soon reach a smoother