

anything that a child of tender years could not follow with perfect ease.

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I suppose the least reflective person that ever lived, is conscious of the fact that day and night are due to the apparent movement of the sun. Day after day we see him — or can see him if we are so minded — rise in the east, mount the sky till he reaches due south, and then gradually descend to the western horizon, to reappear in the east next morning. It does not require any superhuman effort to perceive that the moon and the stars do the same thing, and thus the conviction is forced upon our minds, either that the world we live in is rotating once in twenty-four hours, or else that it is the centre about which the whole company of heaven is good enough to turn.

But that is not all. We are, perhaps, looking at the sunset, — it may be from the depths of an easy chair, enjoying a quiet cigar, after the labors of the day. Very shortly after the sun's disappearance, we note that charming spectacle, the crescent moon, "like to a silver bow new bent in heaven," and, quite near, perhaps, a gleaming star. The sight is so captivating that next evening we look for it again, but the combination is no longer there. The new moon has travelled far to the eastward, and appears quite a distance — about twenty-six times its own breadth — from the star. Night after night it backs farther and farther away, until in a month it has circled completely round the heavens, and shows up again in the western sky. Now this movement is obvious. It can be seen simply by using one's eyes. Nor does it involve any severe mental strain to deduce therefrom that there must be more motions above than one. It is plain that everything cannot be going round in one piece, as it were, for the moon, while sharing in the diurnal revolution, is manifestly moving among the stars on her own account.

These two phenomena, the apparent daily rotation of the firmament about the earth and the monthly sweep of the moon round the heavens, are gross, palpable facts, patent to any one