

Though not quite such extravagant notions are held at the present day, still the influence of the moon in regulating such matters as the weather, the growth of crops, &c., is inseparable from the minds of the majority of people. Many natural phenomenas are attributed to its influence and it is a common belief that planting, cutting of timber, and several other ordinary operations should, in order to be successful, be done during the decline of the moon. Many are the proverbs and wise sayings popularly used with reference to the moon's influence on rain, and other changes at certain seasons, and we may easily understand the cause of this, for, as there is some change in the moon in about every seven days, no change in the weather can take place further than four days from one of them, and it is very easy for unthinking minds to connect the two, but an examination of meteorological records kept

in different countries for many years proves conclusively that these popular notions are not grounded on any observed facts, and are but the remnants of past superstitions.

But, though our silent companion in the voyage through space has no such power over the concerns of men, and its entire disappearance from our heavens would cause us little or no inconvenience, still, there is no reason to doubt that, following the wise laws of an all-ruling Providence, it will, as long as earth and matter exist, continue to gravitate around us like a faithful satellite, guiding the mariner on his way, and rendering less dismal, by the gladsome light reflected from its pale and withered face, the long hours when enveloped in the gloom of our own shadow, we lack the genial rays of the more distant and majestic luminary.

J. T. McNALLY, '92



### OUR PRECEPTRESS.



WAKE, ye slumb'ring founts, ye streams, awake !  
 Ye silent woods, your solemn stillness break !  
 Ye forests dark, with warblers' music, ring ;  
 In loud refrain,  
 Proclaim the reign  
 Of Auster's florid king !

'Tis Spring !—no longer clouds of leaden hue  
 Bedim the peerless canopy of blue,—  
 Pierc'd by Apollo's shafts, they slit away,  
 Whilst crystal streams  
 Pursue his beams,  
 Shot through the ranks of gray.

Young nature, clasp'd in Winter's chill embrace,  
 Felt March's swollen breezes fan her face,  
 Felt a re-animating current flow  
 Through her young veins,  
 Which burst her chains,  
 Letting the captive go.