

of quicksilver filled the gorges, dotted with diamonds, for islands, bigger than the Board of Trade building, and blazing with light more dazzling than the dog-star. After a few hysterical hopes had been hushed, in which ideas of ownership and opulence danced in wild delirium, he settled down to sober study. What did all this lead to? He had mastered the mystery of the moon! No water, soil, vegetation, or even limestone visible; he had seen the bottom of the lunar sphere and would now try to see the top. He directed his camera to the side of the planet to see if there were any indications of lighter rocks and minerals half way up the side. On account of the perspective and the bad side-light he could not get any satisfactory pictures, and after several attempts, was about to give the whole thing up in disgust, when a lucky chance opened the way to the most startling among recent discoveries.

A dog-fight in the next street to his observatory brought the entire populace hurriedly to their doors, as is to be expected when any important event occurs. The sudden rush shook the sidewalk, and even his house, on top of which he was making his experiments. His instruments were not set with a view to such a contingency, he being himself not of that practical and patriotic turn of mind which would tend to make him take into account the probability of such important events, and their effect on society. The result was that his camera was slightly shifted, and on taking a last look before giving up he found he was looking quite closely past the western limb of the moon, and right into the ribs of Orion, in which constellation the moon then was. Something made him pause. These patches were not nebulae; they were not bright enough; and there were no stars showing through; there were markings that could not be accounted for by any astronomical theory known to him. He determined on trying a long distance snapshot and knowing the worst at once. He put in a new background, shifted the dings, screwed an eye-piece in the tiller, hung the headlight on the fore hatchway, lowered the back sights, set the wind guage well to leeward, unlimbered the link-pinion, threw the throttle wide open, saw the line run for a hundred yards, then reeled in slowly, and landed

as fine a negative plate as you would wish to see. I am not quite positive that he did all these things, being a little in the dark about particulars, but you may be sure he did enough of them to get the desired result. After the proper treatment in the dark room—to take the dark out of it—and a few enlargements and reproductions, he got the plate that has revolutionized all former legions of lunar lore. It showed that the discoveries on the face of the moon led to the true solution of the laws of lunar gravitation; the atmosphere was at the back, or on top, from our point of view, or indeed from the only logical and sane conclusions of the lunatics themselves.

(To be continued).

IS THERE A SOUL TO REINCARNATE?

Perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of a general acceptance of Theosophical teachings in England lies in the unfamiliarity of the idea of Reincarnation. It is so utterly foreign, and comes in such a strange guise that men fight shy of it. And the difficulty is made greater because of an unconfessed scepticism which, spite of professions to the contrary, doubts the very existence of a soul at all. Over and over again I have seen this fact illustrated; and it was very well met by a friend of mine, who, after many discussions with a mutual acquaintance about Reincarnation, at last said:—"Look here! hadn't you better make up your mind first as to whether you have a soul or not?" The start and the silence that followed proved that he had driven the point home.—*Northern Theosophist*.

"Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another soul wouldst reach.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Will be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

"Poems Grave and Gay," Lyrics, Sonnets, etc., and The Peanut Ballads, by Albert E. S. Smythe, 184 pp., cloth, with portrait, post free, \$1, from THE LAMP Office, and at all Booksellers.
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