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THE MOON

The limitations of human knowledge are demonstrated by nothing more forcibly than by the little we know about the moon. Dismissing as without foundation all the old fancies that have been and are even now being advanced concerning the size, distance and relative position of the earth and the heavenly bodies, we will consider for a little while the lunar theory, as it is accepted by astronomers. Just here we may point out that nearly all the things which astronomy professes to teach are theoretical. They are regarded as established because they harmonize with each other, and because they apparently account for all observed phenomena. Thus it is accepted as settled that the moon shines by light reflected from the sun, that the moon revolves around the earth, and also around its own axis, both revolutions occupying the same length of time, and hence the moon always presents the same side to the earth. The waxing and waning of the moon, i. e., the increase and decrease of its illumined surface, and the occurrence of lunar and solar eclipses can only be explained in our present state of knowledge on the above hypothesis of the moon's motion. The fact that the moon is not a sphere, the laws deduced from observations upon the heavenly bodies establish the lunar theory apparently on a solid basis, but it is a theory only.

The diameter of the moon is estimated at 2,153 miles, which makes her volume 1-49th that of the earth. Her density is a little more than half that of the earth, so that her weight is ninety times as much as that of the moon. Her distance from the earth varies from 225,000 to 251,000 miles, so that for convenience we may say that when we look upon the full moon we are gazing at a body measuring more than 2,000 miles across and at a distance of about 240,000 miles. Of course, as the moon is not a flat disc, the distance from one rim to the other, measured upon its surface would be over 3,000 miles, or, said the make of rough compass, as far as from here to Montreal. In other words, to an observer on the moon Canada would appear somewhat larger than one-half the moon's surface appears to us.

At full moon the sun, earth and moon are in a straight line, the earth being between the other two. At new moon they are also in a straight line, the moon being between the other two. But though at these periods these bodies are in a straight line in one sense, they are not in another, for the moon's position may be higher or lower at times. When the line joining the bodies is absolutely straight, either the moon passes directly in front of the sun, which causes an eclipse of the latter, or the moon passes through the shadow of the earth and is eclipsed. The waxing and waning of the moon have no relation to eclipses. These phases are due simply to the fact that the moon is in such a position that a greater or less part of its visible surface is illumined by the sun's rays. When the moon is waxing the curved part of the lighted surface is turned towards the earth; when it is waning the same thing occurs, but it is the side which is dark, when the moon is waxing. Speaking astronomically, we never see the new moon. It rises and sets about the same time as the sun, and even if its surface glowed by reflected light from the earth, it would be invisible in the splendor of the sun's rays. We may infer that it does glow in the manner mentioned, from the fact that a bright crescent, often enclosing within its horns a body of a dull copper color. This color of the moon is supposed to be due to light of the sun reflected from the earth. It may be mentioned, a somewhat distinguished novelist to the contrary, that the crescent moon never rises; neither is it correct to represent, as many artists do, a crescent moon in the eastern sky. One of the best known pictures of Mount Everest is taken from the north and shows a crescent moon east of the mountain, which is an impossibility.

What may be on the side of the moon, which we never see, must remain an unfathomable mystery. The side which we do see appears to be mountainous, and the elevation of the highest peaks has been estimated to be as much as four miles. The height of the mountain peaks, as well as the fact that there are mountains, is calculated from the shadows cast by them. When the moon is waxing, certain isolated points catch the sun's light in advance of the remainder, and when it is waning the light lingers longest on these same points. As this is just what occurs at sunrise and sunset among the mountain ranges of the earth, there is pretty good basis for the theory that there are mountain ranges on the moon. In line with these points there are shadows extending in the opposite direction from the sun. As the moon waxes, these shadows disappear; as she wanes they grow deeper. Photography confirms this theory.

Following classic authority, the English-speaking people of modern times speak of the moon as "she"; but their Anglo-Saxon ancestors always considered our satellite to be the male gender, as it is to the Germans, and as it formerly was to the Scandinavians and the ancient Mexicans. To many of the older European peoples the moon is of the masculine; so also it is to the Hindus. The influence of the moon upon the tides is now generally recognized; its effect upon the weather is disputed, although as meteorology is becoming more and more a science, the probability that the moon causes atmospheric conditions similar to the tidal currents appear greater. Lunar superstitions are innumerable, and it would be useless to attempt here even an outline of them.

THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS

We sat in various attitudes in the small study. A wood fire was sending out feeble, fitful flames from the grate. The blinds were raised, for there was nothing outside but the darkness and the storm. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke. We were all half-dreaming, for the hour was very late, so late that it soon would be early. Our host arose and, going to his small bookcase, took down a volume. Turning up the deeply-shaded student-lamp, he held the book in the small circle of light and began to read an extract from Jean Paul Richter, in which he describes the awfulness of a Universe without a God. "For all things are alike," he says, "not much more than a year, he was a man of surpassing dramatic power, thrilled us through and through. Soon the tension became too great to be borne, and one of the party sprang to his feet. 'For God's sake, B—,' he said, 'throw off that lampshade, while I pull down the blinds!' When the light shone out, we looked into each others' ashen faces, and B— said: 'Boys, we need a God, who is also a Father.' It was Sunday night in a theatre. A great preacher was addressing about two thousand men and women, dealing with the arguments against the existence of a God. By his strong reason, he demolished them one by one, and after an hour in which he held his audience spell-bound by his magic eloquence, he sketched in a few brief sentences a stormy night at sea. You could almost hear the hiss of the waves in the impenetrable darkness, and the shrieking of the wind. He made you realize the terror of the seamen at the thought of being upon an unknown sea on such a night, and how their hearts would beat with joy when, above the noise of the tempest, there came the voice of a hoarse-voiced syren, telling them the way to safety. So, he said, when the time comes for us to set ourselves aloft upon that unknown sea, which we call death,

we need to hear some voice coming out of the darkness and storm, saying, 'It is I. Be not afraid.'

The cry of the ages has been for a God and Father. The lowest savage, with his half-developed intellect, gropes after Him with his crude magic; the great leaders of philosophy have tried to reason out where He must be found; men of science have searched for Him with balances, test tubes and the other appliances of the laboratory, and because they could not weigh Him, or apply chemical tests to Him, or find Him with the microscope, have shaken their wise heads in doubt. Just reflect for a moment upon what the condition of humanity would be if only by searching we could find out God. A slip in some trick of divination, a false link in some chain of reasoning, an error in calculation, a flaw in a lens, a mistake in mixing chemicals, and we would be without a God and Father. Think the passionate cry, which has gone up from the heart of humanity for many thousands of years, is nothing more to our lives than the creaking of a ship's pulleys are to the science of navigation, to seek for a God and Father by magic, philosophy and science is merely to the beat of the air.

In my father's house are many mansions," said the Divine Teacher. Where those mansions may be, and what is the nature of the mansions, each one may think as he chooses. The probability is that no matter what you may think, you will fall immeasurably short of the reality. The great thought is that somewhere, some time and in some way, but in what place, time or manner must of necessity be beyond our comprehension, we may expect to dwell in the unspeakable glory of the Creator. The ancient Hindu philosophers were able to reach that point in their investigations, and they named this state Nirvana, which means the extinction of the individual in the divine, a process which required many aeons of time and involved many transmutations. But Jesus of Nazareth scorned to confuse his followers by subtle arguments. He spoke directly to them. He told them that there are mansions prepared for those who follow the law of love. And this seems to be the beginning and end of the whole matter.

MADAME DE STAEL

Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein, was unquestionably one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her father was a Swiss. His name was Necker, and he was finance minister to Louis XVI. For some years preceding the French Revolution. He was a man of no ordinary talents, but he lacked the genius and, perhaps, some of the courage, which his daughter exhibited. She was remarkably precocious, and passionately attached to her father. Her mother was of an extremely severe character, and it was under the shelter of her father that the young girl was introduced to the French Court. Possibly it was to this cause that the bent of her mind towards politics was due. She was born in 1766. At twenty she married the Baron of Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador at Paris, a man who was a good many years her senior. The union did not prove acceptable to either of them, and they parted, but not until two sons and a daughter had been born to them. When she was 46 she married a French hussar officer, M. de Bocca, who was at that time 35, and she married him for the same reason. This marriage was kept secret until after her death. For twenty years her name was very intimately associated with Benjamin Constant, whose chief claim to fame arises from the fact that he was an opponent of Napoleon's political aspirations; but what the nature of their relations was is uncertain. She spoke of him as "gifted with one of the most remarkable minds ever bestowed upon man." A wonderful conversationist herself, she was at her best when in his company, and Sainte-Beuve says that "nothing was ever so dazzling and consummate as the manner in which, hours long, they tossed the shuttlecock of thought between them with inimitable ease and grace and gaiety." Many of her writings were of a political nature, and in these and in others she exhibited a view of social and political principles that was far in advance of her time. It has been said of her that she had the misfortune to be ahead of her contemporaries and at the same time to have had not as full a comprehension of the questions she discussed as those who came after her, and perhaps derived some of their inspiration from her. The Revolution was a terrible shock to her, for she was greatly devoted to Marie Antoinette, whom she strove to save from the guillotine. She even went so far as to form a plan for the escape of both the King and the Queen, but the former either lacked the courage or had too great a sense of his dignity to carry it out; this time her father had taken refuge in Switzerland, and therefore Madame de Staël returned, returning to Paris after order had been restored.

At this time the singular strength of her character was exhibited. She greatly distrusted Napoleon, and her salon was the rallying point of the opponents of the Corsican. He was eager for her friendship, and she secured it offered to pay her father the sum of two million livres, which had been due him from Louis XVI. She refused the offer with scorn; to threats she was equally deaf. Indeed, she openly defied the man, who was then fairly on his way to be master of France. She was ordered to leave Paris; and as this did not cause her to cease her hostility, she was finally banished from France. Permitted to return, she resumed her criticisms, and was again banished. After Napoleon became Emperor, Madame de Staël's son asked that she might come to her loved Paris again, only to be met by a stern refusal. Her course towards the great emperor seems all the more remarkable in view of the fact that she entertained him in her salon. She was greatly in the vanguard of the French Revolution. She speaks of her first meeting with him. "Bonaparte had then no power; he was thought to be more or less in danger from the vague suspiciousness of the Directory; so that the fear he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his personality upon almost every one who had intercourse with him. I had seen many men; there was nothing in the impression Bonaparte produced on me to remind me of either type." Further on in the same essays she says: "Far from being reassured by seeing Bonaparte often, he always intimidated me more and more. He regards a human creature as a fact or a thing, but not as an existence like his own. He feels no more hate than love. For him there is no one but himself; all the others are mere ciphers." That she should have dared openly to oppose a powerful man, of whom she held such an opinion, speaks volumes for her courage. Her estimate of his character is one of her most valuable contributions to literature. Napoleon seems to have hated as well as feared her. Guizot says that the Emperor's correspondence abounds in spiteful remarks towards her. He told the Prefect of Police that she was "a mad woman," and ordered him "to finish with her." To the Count St. Jean d'Angely he wrote: "Every day I obtain proof that no one can be worse than that woman." To Fouché he said: "That woman is a true bird of evil omen; she believes the tempest has already arrived and delights in intrigues and follies." Certainly the world has rarely seen such a spectacle as this bitter hatred between two people apparently so unevenly matched as Napoleon and Madame de Staël. Her open defiance of him, notwithstanding her recognition of his power and her uncontrollable fear, is a marvelous exhibition of courage. She

was in a sense, the very incarnation of the kingly regime, although by a not unusual apparent contradiction, a staunch exponent of the rights of the people. She defied Napoleon, because she saw in him the very beginning of his career all the elements of merciless tyranny. She loved the Bourbons for their personal qualities. When she left Paris after Napoleon's return from Elba, she said: "Ah! if the Bourbons had the power of will—if they had listened to us! But no matter; I love them; I am fond of them. They are honest men, and they alone were able to give us liberty."

After the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, she returned to Paris, when the King, Louis XVIII, received her with every mark of esteem, and she was repaid the fortune which her father had advanced to Louis XVI. Her health, however, broke down, and in 1817 she died in her fifty-first year. As a writer she was remarkably prolific, in view of the strenuous nature of the life forced upon her. For several years her life was almost intolerable owing to the constant surveillance upon her actions carried on by orders of Napoleon. To escape it she travelled impetuously from one European capital to another, finding security at last in England. It was in that country that she wrote her famous work, "De l'Allemagne," in which she gave what was undoubtedly the best description of the character of the German people, which up to that time had never appeared. Its publication increased, if possible, Napoleon's antipathy to her.

Madame de Staël's literary style may be best described as conversational. It is a quality that tends to popularity rather than to permanent fame, seeing that it does not enable a writer to deal profoundly with topics, but rather only to suggest thoughts, which others afterwards elaborate. This is perhaps one reason why her writings are so rarely referred to now by students of political and social development. Her circle of acquaintances was very wide. In fact, there was hardly a distinguished public man, soldier of prominence, author, philosopher or artist, whom she did not know and with whom she was not on terms of friendship, or the reverse. Her life was never a happy one, and on her death-bed she lamented that in all her life she never had found one to love her as she herself loved. Perhaps her character prevented any one from getting close enough in touch with her heart to feel true affection for her. She said of herself: "I have always been the same; full of life and full of sadness; I have loved God, my father and liberty."

THE ADVANCE GUARD

N. de Bertrand Lugin.

It has been said that the greatness of her cities depends upon a country's farms. This is, of course, an incontrovertible fact; but where there are vast mineral resources, the mines, those who have discovered and those who work them, are responsible in the first place for the prosperity of the towns. How much we owe to the advance guard, to the prospectors, who first discovered the chalk deposits. As soon as a country is found to be rich in minerals, the attention of the world is attracted to it. It was because Pizarro had brought to Spain gold and silver ingots from Peru, and because Cortez had discovered the precious metals in Mexico, that the cupidity of the Spanish people was excited, and the end of the world was the first of the chalk deposits. As soon as a country is found to be rich in minerals, the attention of the world is attracted to it. It was because Pizarro had brought to Spain gold and silver ingots from Peru, and because Cortez had discovered the precious metals in Mexico, that the cupidity of the Spanish people was excited, and the end of the world was the first of the chalk deposits.

Mining is one of the oldest of the arts, just how old it would be impossible to say. We know that extensive mining operations were carried on in the time of the Phoenicians, and in King Solomon's days. The most primitive of the nations seem to have had some knowledge of it; witness the early lake-dwellers, who mined flint out of the chalk deposits. As soon as a country is found to be rich in minerals, the attention of the world is attracted to it.

A large and robust Irishman appeared in court recently to prosecute a case in which his husband was charged with having beaten her. The defendant, a small, stoop-shouldered man, had the appearance of having been run through a threshing machine, and seemed scarcely able to stand. The judge surveyed the two with an amused light in his eyes. "Why say this man beat you?" he asked the woman.

"He did not," the prosecuting witness said with emphasis, folding her powerful arms. "He knocked me down."

"You mean to tell me you were knocked down by that physical wreck?" the judge queried.

"It is only since he struck me that he's been a physical wreck, your Honor," she explained.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has probably to thank his maternal grandfather, the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, for the vein of wit which helps to make his novels so piquant.

As a young man, Mr. Macdonald wooed and won the daughter of a very strict Methodist. The latter had very strong opinions on the question of propriety, and one evening he came into the room where his daughter and Mr. Macdonald were sitting without giving judicious warning of his approach.

The result was that he found the young people occupying the one chair! Deeply shocked at this, he solemnly said:

"Mr. Macdonald, when I courted my wife she always sat on one side of the room, and I sat on the other."

"Well," replied young Macdonald, "that's what I should have done if I had courted your wife!"

When Amos Kendall was postmaster-general at Washington, so the story goes, he wrote one day the postmaster at a little station on the Tombigbee river:

"You will please inform this department how far the Tombigbee runs up."

To which the postmaster answered: "I have the honor to inform the department that the Tombigbee river don't run up at all; it runs down."

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To which went the following reply: "The receipts of the office for the last year have been \$4.27 and the office rent more than double that sum. I please to kindly instruct my successor to pay me the balance and oblige."

surroundings have a charm which he alone can understand and appreciate. The wonderful silence that surrounds him may be eloquent to him with a music that is far beyond the comprehension of ordinary men, and the very air he breathes may to him be freighted with some intangible strength-giving potency. Perhaps as he sits by his lonely campfire he may see in the clouds of sparks and the wreathing smoke wonderful visions of the great cities of the future. It may be said that he can hear in the roar of the flame and the rush of the wind the march of the multitude that are to come after him.

Whatever are his thoughts, whatever are the compensations for those things which he deliberately foregoes in taking up his calling, we must all unite in doing honor to him who has so nobly earned it, and if we like to believe that he is inspired to undertake his work, and that in those limitless, pathless lands he is closer in touch with the Infinite than is ever possible for the rest of us with the noise of the city about us, and its thousand disturbing influences, who shall gainsay us? We do know this, that a man who has once made prospecting his calling is seldom or never satisfied with anything else. What called him to his task in the first place, calls him again and yet again. Once he has become a member of the advance guard he is never satisfied with a less noble place.

THE STORY TELLER

Col. George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, tells this story of a green cook. She lived with one of the leading families of my native Peacham. On Christmas Day, as soon as the burning Christmas pudding had been portioned out, a general cry of horror rose from the Christmas feast, and the cook was summoned from the kitchen. "Martha," said the mistress, sternly, "what on earth have you done to this pudding?" Martha shook her head in bewilderment and hurt innocence. "Why, nothing, mum," said she, "only I split the butter, ye give me an' so I poured kerosene over it instead. Won't it burn right?"—Washington Star.

Fire Commissioner Lanty told this story:— "I was out on a green, to be a fireman. A young fellow of only average pluck was serving at his first fire and the chief rushed up to him and shouted:

"Shin up the ladder to the eighth story, crawl along the cornice to the fourth window, drop down three stories and catch that wooden sign you see smoking there; swing yourself along to the second window that the red glare is coming from, break the glass and go in and rescue those three old ladies. Well, what the devil are you waiting for?"

"For pen and ink, sir," said the new man. "I want to hand in my resignation."—Circle.

"Did Santa Claus bring you everything you wanted, Johnnie?"

"I assure you, madame," replied John Beaconsfield Hill, aged eight, of Back Bay, Boston, "that I expressed my wish to have the mythical personage, Santa Claus, should deposit in my history, because of the fact that I am quite well aware without any equivocation that Santa Claus exists only in the imagination of the mentally diseased, and the idea of sending any article of my wearing apparel for the purpose of having it used as a receptacle for tokens of affection is repugnant to one who is deeply interested in the study of disease forms and microbes, to say nothing of—"

But the inquirer had fainted away.—Home Magazine.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden told a New York reporter that Americans all worked hard and looked happy:

"In my country," the Prince went on, "we work hard, too, but we have not your happy look. Perhaps it is the climate. At any rate, we tell a story that will give you some idea of our national expression, though not, I'm sure, of our national character. It is a Frenchman visited a Swede in Stockholm, and one morning the two friends set out for a walk. Suddenly the Frenchman exclaimed impatiently:—

"You look as sour as a pickle. Why don't you smile? Why don't you have a pleasant, good-natured air when you are out of doors?"

"What?" growled the Swede. "And have everybody stopping me for a match, or asking me how to get somewhere?"—Washington Star.

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WITH THE POETS

The Shining Road
Come sweetheart, let us ride away beyond the city's bound,
And seek what pleasant lands across the distant hills are found.
There is a golden light that shines beyond the verge of dawn,
And there are happy highways leading on, and always on;
So, sweetheart, let us mount and ride, with never a backward glance,
To find the pleasant shelter of the Valley of Romance.
Before us, down the golden road, floats dust from charging steeds
Where two adventurous companies clash loud in mighty deeds;
And from the tower that stands alert like some tall beckoning pine,
Even now, my heart, I see afar the lights of welcome shine!
So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us race away
To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of Today.

Draw rein and rest a moment here in this cool vale of peace;
The race half run, the goal half won, half won the sure release
To fight and win are flowery fields, and brooks go singing down,
To mock the sober folk who still are prisoned in the town.
Now the trail again, dear heart; my arm and blade are true,
And on some plain ere night descend I'll break a lance for you.
O sweetheart, it is good to find the pathway shining clear!
The road is broad, the hope is sure, and you are near and dear!
So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us race away
To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of Today.
Oh, we shall hear at last, my heart, a cheering welcome cried
As o'er a clattering drawbridge through the Gates of Dreams we ride!
—From Meredith Nicholson's novel, "The Port of Missing Men."

Musae Silverum
O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sing in field and sky
The simple songs of love and joy ye sang in days gone by
I hear you in the meadows now and up the mountain stream,
And as I listen to your voice I dream an old-world dream.

O singing birds, O singing birds, ye sang in ancient Greece
Ere Paris found the fatal fruit, or Jason found the fleece;
And from the Attic mountain tops ye saw the dawn appear,
Her feet upon the golden sea and wonder in her eyes.
Ye heard the shepherd pipe at dawn, and piped again with him
Until the flocks came winding out where forest glades were dim;
Ye sang in dewy dell, and woke the wild-flower from its dream,
And watched the fauns and satyrs dance beside the woodland stream.

Ye sang your songs at noonday when Athenian crews went down
Between the dusty walls that joined Piræus with the town,
Until across the sparkling deep the triremes sailed away,
And up Poseidon's altar steps the women went to pray.

Ye sang your songs at eventide when on the sacred hill
The light was slowly dying down and mists were sleeping still;
While two by two the maidens went, with lilies in their hand,
And asked each other of the love they could not understand.

And in the night, when stars looked down and herds were gathered in,
And little brooks with tinkling voice made music clear and thin,
At intervals your note again would thrill the forest's rest,
When woodland fancies woke your joy or breezes stirred your nest.

O singing birds, O singing birds, who pipe in shade and sun,
Ye fill the world with gladness still, ye bind us all in one;
Your songs are of untroubled days, of mornings glad and free,
And merry rivers leaping down the mountains to the sea.

O singing birds, O singing birds, the ages pass away,
The world is growing old, and we grow older day by day,
Pour out your deathless songs again to men of every tongue,
And wake the music in man's heart that keeps the old world young.

—Frederick George Scott.

The Dessert
Who dares so forth unsummoned from the feast
Of the sacred feast, too sacred for the dark and old,
Who waits not for the word to be released,
But braves the night, unbidden and alone,
Him we call coward, we that stand and wait,
Lacking the will to follow, though we deem
That braving night is but the dawn of day,
Higher than hope, and deeper than our dream.
Yet in the grasp of each there lies some key,
That we might fit into the fast-closed door,
That shuts us from the one great mystery,
Barrier between the After and Before.
That hath courage either let him flee,
But we must call him coward evermore.
—Mary Madison Lee in The Pacific Monthly

Old Mothers
I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes,
There is something in their quiet grace
Of sweetest calm, and peace, and serenity,
A knowledge in their deep, unaltering eyes
That far outstretches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver threads of life and death and old,
While all the echoes of forgotten song
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step
Their trembling hands are gently to youth's strength
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.
—Century Magazine.

Mutatur Terra
O Earth, that changeth as the changing moon!
Elate we tread thy Gardens of Delight,
Nor wis that Fate's more breath must sometime
Blow the flowers of life to naught and night.
The Passion Flowers which make our days seem June,
Mutatur Terra!—Soon, O Earth, too soon
Thy gorgeous pageant dies: our rapturous years
Become a waste of foliage wet with tears,
And scentless of the swiftest memorial boot.
That ruddy Love gave Life. Then teach us, Earth,
By thy vicissitudes the more to prize
The things that are, and give, which fleeting gain still dears worth,
Ere we behold with sad, averted eyes
The glory of thy Gardens turned to grey,
And all the bloom of Life in black decay.
—J. D. Logan.