

These are the only words that they are made to speak throughout the whole course of the poem, and therefore are proportionally precious. Should anyone be so presumptuous as to question the authenticity or popularity of this history and poem combined, we would simply refer such a one to the world-renowned melodies of Mother Hubbard's forty-second cousin, Mother Goose, whose position in the literary world has long since been established.

HAMILTON, Feb. 1st, 1879.

*"The Man in the Moon."*

DEAR SIR,—One morning after a very heavy snow-storm I awoke to find your reply to my letter on my window-sill. I am deeply sensible of the honor conferred by your notice of my humble self among so many aspirants to your Majesty's favor; your condescension in answering my questions so promptly has done away with any misgivings I had as to the impertinence of familiarly addressing you. The information contained in your reply was so startling and so unquestionable, coming from one of your age and authority, that I lost no time in taking measures for its appearance in our last Society Paper; and as your Majesty graciously expressed an interest in the paper, I took the liberty of forwarding you a copy. I was anxious that our mistake about the moon revolving around the earth should be corrected as soon as possible; there will be so many theories to alter and opinions to change on the subject, that the sooner it is done the better. But there was one thing especially for which I want to thank you—for some time it has been with me a subject of much thought—and is this, that man originally sprang from monkeys. Many times when my faith in the declarations of scientists was almost fixed and sure, I was troubled by this question—Why is it that a family of monkeys is not set apart and consecrated to science in order that from age to age their development might be watched? Of course, if long ago they evolved in the same way, with the assistance of a little education and society they would do so now. However, all my doubts have been removed by your statement, and I can now without hesitation accept the fact so beautifully embodied in the following stanza—

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier;  
Centuries passed and his hair grew curlier;  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist;  
Then he was a man and a Positivist."

Now that I have been satisfied regarding the orb which you inhabit, I am impressed with a desire to learn more about this world of ours, and a remark in your letter has emboldened me to again throw myself upon your benevolent disposition for more light. I would very much like to know what was the condition of society in the early days of this planet, and does it compare favorably or otherwise with that of the present day. It is getting rather late in the season for a snow-storm, but if you have such a material as oil-skin in your kingdom your next epistle may come down uninjured with the rain.

Believe me, as ever,

Your humble friend,

LUNACIA.

The following, an abstract of the lecture on "Creeds" delivered by Dr. Burns in Centenary Church last month, is taken from the *Spectator*:

As an animal, man was an innovation against which the rest of the animal creation might reasonably object, for he was given the power of reason, which to them was denied. But if he possesses the power of thought he also possesses the weighty responsibilities that power carries with it. If we enjoy the luxury of thinking we must pay the royalty. But alas, it is a sad commentary on our age that men think too much as their fathers thought before them; they strangle an original thought at its inception. Because a man thinks, he lives; when he ceases to think, he ceases to live. A few centuries ago the human mind was entombed in darkness, but the glorious light of the Reformation broke the bonds that bound the human intellect. Truth and God are always on the same side. Some people say many of the tenets of the present day rest upon faith and not upon reason. Neither your creed nor mine contain anything contrary to reason; if they did we would be cowards to believe in anything which we suspect. The Christian religion is based on the supremacy of reason. The only dark spots on Christianity are where reason has been restrained. The destroying hand of the iconoclast has hardly yet cleared away