

"theory of tidal action," and to state the following proposition which to a certain extent can be experimentally shown to be true. A body revolves about another and sets up tides upon it; the central body is rotating more rapidly than the other revolves; then the revolving body, in this case the moon, will be thrown farther and farther off, and the rotation of the earth will be slowed down; finally there will be accordance between the rotation period of the one body and the revolution of the other, when the latter will be again drawn in and in, until at last it will, with ultra-filial ardour, fall upon the bosom of its parent.

Dismissing then the questions of the moon's birth and ultimate destiny, we have the familiar problem before us, how would the lunar surface appear if we stood upon it, and through what stages has it passed? Is it a waste of barren rock or a mighty iceberg? Those hill tops we so plainly see—have their morning songs of praise to the Creator been silent ever, or have they re-echoed the living voice in ages of the past? Those depressions, valleys, great plains—have they from first to last been scenes of desolation, or have they been watered by kindly streams, nurturing organic life in all its varied forms?

These questions are of perhaps no immediate interest to us as regards our affairs to-day, or our work to-morrow—but he has only half lived his life who has not sought to learn from the book of nature itself something of the Power which fashioned the characters to be seen therein. One may seek to trace the law of progress and order in the heavens. Another, more humble in his aspirations, may love to tear in pieces and subject to scrutiny a simple blade of grass. Both are

standing immediately in the presence of the Infinite.

The moon does not tell us, even when interrogated by our noblest instruments, whether it is a rock-bound or snow-clad waste. But a dead waste it assuredly is. Emblem of inconstancy to the poet, seeking to retain the imagery of the ages when the moon was only noted for its changeful phases, it is in real truth a fitting witness for vows meant to be eternal. It looks down upon us with the same ever beautiful face. A cloud passes, but it is not a cloud of the lunar sky. There under our gaze in the telescope is the enlarged image of some great ring-plain, it is ever the same, no great upheaval since we last looked upon it. Upheavals of some kind there must have been once, else what do those volcanic-like formations mean? But there are none now. All is silent and firm.

When the observer has studied the lunar surface for even a little while, he becomes impressed with the idea that the great dark tinted spaces, marked "seas" upon a lunar map, have really been at one time seas of water. It is an easy step from this to picture a world throbbing with life at one time in the course of its history. It is somewhat of a shock then to learn that the existence of water at any time is one of the disputed points. The true meaning of what looks like water action is among the mysteries. Although some think the argument a little far-fetched, it still has to be met, that the gases which form water and air could never have existed on the moon or on any body of such small mass. This is because the velocity of the atoms of these gases in a free state, is too great to be controlled by a body much lighter than the earth. The gases would escape before combination became possible.