

logized 19th century who have a man in the moon, more formidable by far than the "soma" of the old heathens.

Science, literature and art, no less than individuals all have their men in the moon. Some times these produce results so beneficial as to be justly entitled to the homage of all the world. Where would we be now if Franklin and Newton and Galileo had never possessed a man in the moon, whose spectral finger ever pointing upward and onward guided them through all their trials into the triumphs which lay beyond, who but he, piloted the frail bark of American liberty through all its tempestuous voyage, bearing it safe through those many storms which threatened to destroy it, and brought it at last out from the darkness of night into the clear, bright sunlight of independence and freedom. Yet on the other hand the majority of these men are usually merely the inventions of an imagination ever leading their deluded followers on and on farther and farther from the true path until total failure overwhelms them. As the old fallacies have disappeared one by one with the coming of truth and light, we looking back upon them from our more advanced standpoint, consider them exceedingly absurd.

It was the time of full moon and the man was distinctly visible when the earth was considered to be a flat surface, and very little had the size diminished when Christopher Columbus sailing from Portugal expected to reach Asia upon the east. When Florida was thought to contain somewhere within her flowery borders the enchanted fountain of perpetual youth. When the red man considered Europeans angels sent from aerial regions. When Africa possessed a vast mountain range crossing her centre from east to west. When America had streets of gold and walks of agate and jasper. When religious persecution was commended and thousand of brave, innocent men and women perished as victims to fanatical delusions. When the cry of the down-trodden

and oppressed rang through all the groves of the sunny south. These were the times when the moon in all her pale yellow glory shed a dim uncertain light upon the world. Before, long before the eastern sky was rosy with the approach of that dawn whose brilliant sun with its beautiful waves of flashing light, effectually dispelled the deep gloom of that long dreary night which had produced it.

But it may be that future generations will pass the same verdict upon us that we have upon those who preceded us.

Long before another century rolls around the world perhaps may have solved all those troublesome problems which disturb her serenity now. Not many years may elapse until the prevailing ideas and opinions of to-day shall be considered as absurd and ridiculous as those of long ago seem to us at the present time. For growth with its consequent attending changes is the law of the universe. If ideas and opinions and beliefs are to endure the test of time, they must be capable of growing, advancing as civilization advances, keeping pace with the intelligence of the people; for with an increase of years and experience and consequently of knowledge comes a wider range of thought, broader and higher views, more exalted hopes and an ideal nearer perfection's standard. The power of this spectral monarch is rapidly passing away. Those dark gloomy periods when the light of the sun was completely hidden by the thick black clouds of superstition are of the past.

The heavy days of sadness preceding the reformation live only on the pages of history the reign of honor but in the hearts of patriotic Frenchmen. Slavery has been abolished and intelligence reigns instead of ignorance. Who in the face of these facts can say that the world is growing worse? Rather let us be thankful that she is rapidly growing better, that every day is bringing her nearer and nearer that morning's dawn. And once the welcome light has broken, who shall say,