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Qui non Proficit, Deficit.
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STARS AND MEN.

"God's wheeling heaven" has ever been fraught with the most *intense* interest to all mankind. The rude, untutored child of the forest gazes into its infinite depths, and is awed and enraptured, and for the moment civilized.

Wise men, of all ages, have spent their lives in discerning the face of the sky. It has inspired the grandest and most beautiful songs ever sung by poet. And the little babe in its mother's arms is hushed to sleep by this quaint old lullaby,

"Sleep, baby sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones are the lambs I guess,
And the great round moon is the shepherdess,
Sleep baby sleep."

Whether we study the sky by day or by night, we find in it that which interests us intensely. The light of day reveals to us the ever changing forms of the fleecy, billowy clouds that stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of the distant sky. The faded and broken moon that has lingered after the morning light has dawned, drifts among their lofty forms like a wrecked and deserted ship that is gradually sinking and losing in the sea of light that is flooding half the world. Or as a huge pupa case from which the

light and life, gold and glory have departed. We marvel at the course of the sun, day after day, year after year, age after age, the same old journey.

By night, the sky presents an entirely different aspect. Then the myriads of twinkling stars, like gleaming tapers held by angels' hands, dot the darkness that envelops every thing. And of all the hosts that whirl in space, none so interest men as do the stars. There is a bond of sympathy and similarity between him and them that exists between man and none other of the celestial bodies. We can liken men to stars for there is a resemblance between them. We cannot liken men to the sun or to the moon; to liken him to the former would not be appropriate; to liken him to the latter would not be complimentary even if it were appropriate. The moon is too solitary and sad, or else too cold and proud.

Sometimes we see her afar off in the deep blue vault of heaven, trying like a banished and hunted queen to hide from her pursuers behind the giant chains of the cragged cloud mountains. But even they cannot hide her glory for it rifts from between their lofty forms as she moves in her grandeur among them. Again she is nearer to us but is so cold and proud we feel awed by her majesty.