

third generation now meets me at the window. In the cold realms of space I have watched starry specks, till, with nearer approach, they grew into suns; and I have darted from their effulgence into other realms of starlight and frost. I am a flash of divine intelligence. I am a messenger from the Infinite, I bring tidings of the immensity of creation, of the recognition of one supreme authority among all the constellations—the unity of the vast empire which stretches as far as light of star has flown or electric thought has pierced.”

So I listened to the message of the starlight, and my thoughts were stirred within me. They wandered through the vast spaces of the silent worlds, and I saw them all balanced on the invisible threads of gravitation—the same gravitation which drags the sands of the Cordilleras down to the Gulf. I saw worlds in pairs and triples, waltzing about a common center of gravity; I traced the ellipses which they make in space, and found their *radii vectores* describing equal areas in equal times—just as the moon moves round the earth and the earth around the sun. No new geometry—no new mechanics in the systems of Sirius or Aldebaran or Polaris. I saw the same ethereal pulsations flash light into being in the constellation Boötes, as in the flashing of a match in my study. Capella and Vega and the Earth are islands in one ocean and the same waves beat on all the shores.

My thoughts still fondly caressed the theme. They recalled to me now the magical achievements of the spectroscope. What had the spectroscope done? It had taken such a ray of star-light as had come to me this evening, and become its confidant. To it the little ray had recited more than to me. It has revealed the fact that the orb which sent it on its way was a globe of incandescent vapor. Another ray brought tidings of a world beginning to liquefy; and still another bore a message which seems to mean that its parent orb is approaching a stage of incrustation. These are familiar thoughts to us who floated down the history of our own fire-born planet. The confessions of a star seem a reminiscence of the earth's infancy. What has the spectroscope further