

*O Little Town of Bethlehem.* Happily in not a few rural districts of England

“The singing waits, a merry throng  
At early morn, with simple skill  
Yet imitate the angels’ song  
And chant their Christmas ditty still.”  
Noel! Noel! Noel!”

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## RELATIVITY

W. E. MACLELLAN

Is man a chimera inane,  
A phantasm fantastic of night?  
And is he the sole creator  
Of that which he thinks of as light?

What knows he of darkness or light,  
Except by the sense of his eyes?  
Before him did either exist,  
Will either survive if he dies?

Apart from his thoughts, knows he aught;  
Aught is there, indeed, to be known?  
Is matter an empty conceit;  
Is he, in a void, all alone?

Is space a mere concept of mind,  
And time but a figment of dreams?  
Are motion and force unreal;  
Is nothing of all what it seems?

Do the nerves which react on his brain  
Only vain simulacra impose?  
He is certain they do not deceive.  
He is conscious. He knows that he knows.

And his sureness of knowledge begets  
Faith in wisdom above and beyond.  
To a universe, ordered and true,  
All his thoughts and his feelings respond.