



A METEOR SHOWER.

FALLING STARS.

To see a star fall is quite a common sight, especially in the month of August, when we have counted as many as twenty stars falling in a single hour. Meteoric displays like the one shown in the picture, however, are very rare. It seems to the people living in the little town that the end of the world has come, and that the heavens are falling. Some are on their knees praying, others are too terrified to know what they are doing, children are clinging to their mothers, while a few good, fearless people are enjoying the grand and wonderful spectacle.

HARRY'S FIRST DAY.

Harry was a very little boy when he first went to Sunday-school. Can you guess how old he was?

"Three years," you say.

No.

"Two years."

No.

"One year, then."

No; only six months.

Of course he could not walk, so his mother was the coachman and took him in his baby carriage.

As he sat in his mother's lap before the class, the teacher said: "We have a new scholar to-day. His name is Harry." Then all the children spoke his name and looked with smiling faces at Harry. Harry smiled, too.

Then the teacher put Harry's name on a narrow white slip of paper and placed it in the Cradle Roll, and just as that was done the class sang their welcome song: "Again a new baby we welcome to-day." The minister's boy, Robert, was so pleased that he forgot to sing, and just smiled at little Harry.

Next a little girl stood before the class, with a pretty green cup in her hands, and all the boys and girls marched by with flags, singing, "Hear the Pennies Dropping!" As they sang they dropped their pennies or nickels into the cup.

At the end of the song they stood a min-

ute, while the teacher put in a nickel for Harry. After that Harry's father would give the teacher a nickel each Sunday, and one of the boys or girls would put it into the cup, until Harry should be big enough to come to Sunday-school, when he would be glad to do that himself.

Then Harry's mother took him home. He had been good all the time.

Harry's father and mother wish him to grow up to be a good man, to learn God's Word, and to do his will; so that is why Harry is now a member of the Primary Class.

A METEOR SHOWER.

One of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen in the night skies of certain months is a so-called meteor shower. It is a common enough thing to see an occasional falling star shoot across the sky like a flash, leaving a long trail of glory behind it. But when these are seen chasing one another through the darkness by the hundred and even by the thousand it is a very different sight; a grander and more beautiful display of light it is difficult to imagine, except perhaps the terrible red flames that leap out of a volcano and seem to set the sky on fire. The explanation of these falling stars is interesting. The scientists tell us that space is full of pieces of broken-up worlds or of the solid matter which will one day be brought together, and formed perhaps into a new planet. When one of these pieces in its headlong course through space comes into contact with a heavy atmosphere like that round our earth there is at once a very great amount of friction caused. In deed the pace is so terrific that there is sufficient heat generated to cause the fragment to ignite. A brilliant flame and all is over; while the burnt-up ashes fall very slowly to the earth. The weight of the earth is thus said to be increased several tons every year by the meteoric dust which falls in this way on the tops of high mountains. This dust may often be noticed and picked up in small quantities, and in the ocean a sufficient deposit has fallen and sunk to the bottom in the past ages of the world's history to form a distinct geological formation.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RECITATION.

Did you ever speak a piece and find

That all the poem words

Had flown away out of your mind

Like little frightened birds?

The people were so very near,

Their eyes so big and round,

Your voice came out so high and queer,

With such a funny sound?

The platform was so long and wide,

You felt so very small,

You had to run away and hide,

And spoke no piece at all!