



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.

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

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.

A LITTLE CHINESE HERO.

Dr. Griffith John, one of the best known missionaries in China, sends to a mission band of children the following story from Hankow:

"It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relatives were very angry because of this, and were determined to force

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 the heavy atmosphere like that round our earth there is at once a very great amount of friction caused. Indeed the pace is so terrific that there is

him to worship them by beating him. But it was of no use; he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused.

"At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. 'Throw me,' he said, 'if you like; but I will never worship wood or stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only.' They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was: 'You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols; I only prayed to Jesus.' A brave little boy that! May you all be as brave. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

"HELPING HANDS."

Little Eliza was grandmother's helper. When grandmother's hands had grown tired and forgot to waken in the morning, Eliza would tie her shoes, fasten her collar and get her cap and glasses for her. At night when grandmother went to bed, it was often little Eliza that would pull off her shoes and help her undress. When any extra fruit or dainty was on the table, this little sunbeam girl might be heard saying, "Where is grandmother's share?" A glass of water brought for papa, an errand done for mother, some little kindness for sister or brother, a kiss given to auntie by this blue-eyed girl, made her a dearly-loved pet in her home. Her hands, though she was only five years old, were "helping hands." What kind of hands have you?

THE HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.

Every one has doubtless noticed the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires. It may have been supposed that it was caused by the action of the wind on the wires. But this is not true. The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both in the wires and the poles. Birds have mistaken this humming for the sound of insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside, as they do upon trees. A bear once mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and tore away the stones at the base of the pole in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.