

It but too well; I am lost" He sighed, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy and passed on the great tribulation to the blessed and devout man did not tire out half his days. He was only twenty-four when he died.

"I fall to find," said Besant. "In any gallery of worthies in any country of any century any other man so truly and so incomparably great as Coligny. The world is forever ennobled life is richer, grander, truer, our common humanity is elevated and dignified, because such as he have lived and died."

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Best, the Cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.' with prices for different subscriptions.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HILLMAN, 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal, P. Q.

Pleasant Hours: A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1900. SHOOTING STARS. BY OLIVER C. FARRINGTON.

All of you have been out of doors on a cloudless evening, and have seen a star appearing to fall from its place in the sky, and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon. Perhaps you have wondered, as I used to do, how long it would be before the star would fall from its place in the sky, since one fell so often. I did not then know, what I have learned since, that "shooting stars" are not true stars at all, but only bodies which appear for an instant, and then disappear forever. Let us call them meteors, and thus avoid confounding them with real stars, for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe. In common speech, however, the term meteors is largely confined to these shooting stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then. Since they do not, however, differ from the shooting stars in any important respect, so far as we know, most of the learned scholars who make a study of such subjects consider them the same. Now, if meteors never came any nearer to us than do those which we so often see, we should know nothing about them. But sometimes one of them is seen to come directly down to the ground. It comes a bright light as it falls sometimes as intense as that heard in the sun itself. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with a hissing, spluttering noise, throwing out showers of sparks as it descends. Usually the loud report is heard only as it passes through the air, as if aerial armies were cannonading one another, and as the sound of the conflict dies away, long rolls of echoing thunder shake the earth. When the astonished people who have abouts have recovered from their fright, and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find buried in the soil, or the soil has any depth, a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hen's egg, but sometimes big enough to weigh several hundred pounds. It is usually still hot if picked up very soon after its fall, and its surface will be found to be covered by a thin crust, or varnish, made by the melting and flowing of its outside. The crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gray in colour, on the pieces of metal it is of a rusty brown colour and the interior of the mass is nickel white. The surface

of these bodies is indented by little pits or hollows which look for all the world as if the mass had once been soft as a piece of putty, and some one had pressed it with his thumb in many places.

Glory to God.

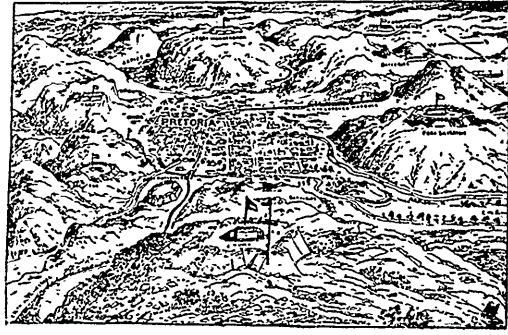
The following lines of the Quaker poet, written at the close of the American war, express the sentiment that fills every heart at the Prospect of peace.

It is done! Clang of bell and roar of gun Send the tidings up and down. How the bellies rock and reel! How the great guns peal on peal, Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells! Every stroke exulting tells Of the burial hour of crime. Loud and long, that all may hear, Ring for every listening ear Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel. God's own voice is in that peal, And this spot is holy ground. Lord, forgive us! What are we, That our eyes this glory see, That our ears have heard the sound!

Loud and long Lift the old exulting song: Sing with Miriam by the sea. He has cast the mighty down; Horse and rider sink and drown; He hath triumphed gloriously!"



PRETORIA, LATE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Ring and swing. Bells of joy! On morning's wing Send the song of praise abroad! With a sound of brass chains Tell the nations that He reigns, Who alone is Lord and God!

A CERTAIN POTATO.

It was a hot day, and Mr. Ball and his two boys, Tom and Joe, had been digging potatoes all the morning. Now, at noon, they sat under the big chestnut-tree eating their lunch. "I wish you were smart, we shall get 'em picked up by three o'clock," said Tom. "O father! if we do, can we have the rest of the afternoon to work on our boat," asked Joe. "Who's your've been good boys to stick so close to this job, and I guess you deserve a little play spell." "I wish we could afford to keep a man," grumbled Joe. "Who's that climbing over the fence?" he asked, sitting up. "Why, it's Jennie! What'd you s'pose she wants?" said Joe. "I'm afraid something's wrong at home," said Mr. Ball, anxiously. "Mother would never send her so far alone unless it was something important." "By this time Jennie was near enough for them to see that she had a letter in her hand. Tom ran to meet her, and in a few moments they knew that Uncle Timothy was coming that very day, and must be

met at Centreville, the nearest railway station. Uncle Timothy had not visited his brother before since the twins were babies, and it was an open secret that this rich city uncle, who had no son of his own, wanted to take one of his nephews to educate and train up in his business. "I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Mr. Ball, "but you can get the potatoes picked up by six o'clock, and your play spell will have to come some other day." "That's all right, father," answered Tom, cheerfully. Joe dug his bare toes into the soft ground, and said nothing. "Oh! by the way, boys," called Mr. Ball, as he started off across the field, "there is a certain potato I meant to look for. Bring it home if you find it." "What do you s'pose he meant by that?" asked Tom. "Oh! it was just one of his jokes," said Joe. "No, he meant something, and I'm going to find out what, if I can," said Tom. "Come on, Joe, let's get it!" "Go chase yourself!" answered Joe, crossly. "I'm hot and tired, and I'm going to get good and rested before I begin again." "Well, then, good-bye, lazy-bones, for we shall have to sprout if we finish before supper-time." Several bags were filled and tied up before Joe felt rested enough to help, and even then his work was "steady by jerks," as his brother told him. At last from Centreville came the faint sound of the six o'clock whistles.

"Wait till you've seen the other one," was the answer. "Who's Tom?" he asked, turning to Joe. "Why, there he is now!" he exclaimed, without waiting for an answer. "How is this, Joe? Why are you here with your clothes changed, and Tom only just coming home?" "I thought you'd want me here to meet Uncle Timothy," said Joe, his face flushing a little under the steady gaze of the two. "Did you do your share of the work?" asked his father sternly. "I worked till six o'clock," came the rather defiant answer. "Come, James, don't be hard on the boy; let us see what the other fellow is like." And, suiting the action to the word, Uncle Timothy disappeared around the corner of the house. Tom had just finished scrubbing head and hands and feet at the pump in the yard, and now, in spite of bare feet and overalls, it was a bright, healthy, good-natured looking boy who came to speak to his uncle. "Well, young man, why weren't you here with your brother to meet me? This is a cool welcome for an uncle who only has your case in mind, you see?" "I know, uncle, said Tom, giving his hand. "I was dreadfully sorry not to come up sooner, but I've only just finished my work, and I leave your work until it is finished?" Uncle Timothy asked, with a quizzical smile. "Oh, yes! I might if 'twas my own work," laughed Tom. "Yes, said his uncle, "I see." A week later, when Uncle Timothy started for his Western home, Tom was the boy who went with him. "You see, Joe," he explained, the night before they left, "I want a boy who will look after my interests, one who is willing to work overtime, if need be. The surest way to advance number one in this world is to forget all about him. Look out for your father, Joe, and perhaps your turn will come yet!" "Father," asked Joe one day a week later, "what did you mean about that special potato you wanted us to look for?" "Oh!" laughed Mr. Ball, "the last one was the one I wanted, and Tom found it." - S. S. Times.

The Testimony of the Man Born Blind. BY JOHN BAYS. (John 9. 25.) He stood before the Sanhedrim; The scowling Rabbis gazed at him; His red eyes, of light, were not to blame; There was no fear, there was no shame. For one upon whose dazzled eyes The whole world poured its vast surprises. The open heaven was far too near, His red eyes' light too sweet and clear. To let him waste his new-gained ken On the hate-colded face of men.

But still they questioned, "Who art thou? What art thou been? What art thou?" Thou art who he who yesterday Sat here and begged beside the way, For he was blind. "And I am he. For I was blind, but now I see."

He told the story o'er and o'er; It was his full heart's only lore, A Prophet on the Sabbath day, His red eyes' light too sweet and clear. And made him see, who had been blind. Their words passed by him like the wind. Which raves and howls, but cannot shock The hundred-fathom-rooted rock. Their sneers and fury all went wide; They could not touch his Hebrew pride, Their sneers at Jesus and his band, Nameless and homeless in the land, Their boasts of Moses and his Lord, All could not change him by one word. "I know not what this man may be Signer or saint; but as for me, One thing I know—that I am he. Who once was blind, but now I see." They were all doctors of renown, The great men of a famous town, With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and keen, Each with his broad phylacteries; The wisdom of the East was theirs, And honour crowned their silver hairs. The man they jeered and laughed to scorn Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born; His name was better far than theirs. What came to him that Sabbath day; And what the Christ had done for him, He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

Joe straightened himself up, and called: "Six o'clock, Tom! I'm going to quit." "Why, we can't quit till the potatoes are all picked up," answered Tom, with one hand on his satchel and the other on his hat. "Can't! What's to hinder, I'd like to know? Father didn't say they'd got to be done to-night, and besides they're all home pretty quick now, and Uncle Timothy ain't going to catch me looking like this now, I tell you! First impressions, you know." "Ma says he was always awful paring peculiar about his clothes," admitted Tom, "but father expected us to finish this job. Come on, Joe," he added, coaxingly, "it won't take long now." "No, sire, not if I know myself. I'm going to look out for number one." "A hard-bye, old feller," he called, as he climbed the fence. "You'll be sorry you didn't come too when you see me start for the city." Poor Tom! He did want the promised education, and Joe would certainly get ahead of him in his uncle's favour if he was neatly dressed, and ready to greet the travellers. It was slow work, this picking up potatoes one at a time. The sun seemed hotter than ever, if it was near sundown. Altogether, Tom's thoughts were gloomy, but he kept bravely on, and at last had the satisfaction of tying the last bag, and starting faithful Dobbin toward home. The long-expected uncle had just arrived as Dobbin plodded up the lane. Tom could see Joe shake hands, and hand the satchel and umbrella from the carriage. Really the bright, manly-looking fellow, in his best clothes, was so attractive that Tom felt sure the choice was made already. "Ready-made boys don't grow on every bush, but it looks as though you had the one I want right here," said Mr. Timothy Ball quietly to his brother.