

standing ; and while I am dressing I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness ; and when I have washed me, I ask for a washing of regeneration ; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day ; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul ; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed of all impurities ; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the word ; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as *my* Father and pray for the spirit of adoption, that I may be His child ; and so on all day, every thing I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

"Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent ; go on, Mary" said he, "'pray without ceasing' ; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that 'the meek will He guide in judgment.'"

THE METEOR FELL AT HIS FEET.

The remarkable experience of witnessing a meteor flashing across the firmament, watching it in its course and seeing the stone drop to earth within a few yards of where one is standing comes to but few people, yet such a happening occurred recently to a citizen of Albina, Oregon, says the Portland Telegraph. It was shortly after 10.30 p. m. that Mr. Hall started to go to his lodgings. Reaching the corner of Rodney Avenue, he was startled by a sudden illumination of the sky towards the east. Gazing aloft, he saw what at first he took to be a ball from a Roman candle fired from some pyrotechnic display incident to the many processions. As the flaming

globe approached, however, it assumed such size that the Roman candle supposition was precluded. Nearing the earth, the oncoming ball of fire could be seen to be bringing with it a trail of bluish sparks, which left the main body with a peculiar cracking sound resembling the snapping of charcoal.

Barely missing the roof of a house, the visitant from the heavens took a long, swooping flight, as though repelled by the earth's surface, finally alighting in a bed of hardpan, burying itself to a depth of some five inches. The distance from where Mr. Hall was standing to where the meteor alighted was so slight that he had a fair view of that portion of the meteor exposed. From this came a shower of sparks, much the same as though the component parts of the meteoric visitor contained a percentage of saltpeter.

Going over to the spot where the fragment of some heavenly body broken loose in space had alighted, he found the meteor still at a white heat. Having no means of handling it, he informed some people there of the phenomenon he had witnessed.

Hall and two other men then returned to the lot. On the way an empty lard kettle was picked up, and reaching the spot an attempt was made to scoop the fragment of a disintegrated planet into this plebeian receptacle. The piece of the meteor, on being moved, emitted fumes so pungent and nauseous as to drive the meteor hunters away. After waiting some minutes for the stone to cool, the party again tried to get it into the kettle, but were again driven back by the odor of the gases. A third attempt was, however, successful, and the meteor was borne back to Turner's.

The piece is of an irregular shape, much resembling a lump of hard clay that had broken loose from a cut and rolled to the roadbed below.—Scientific America.