



BUBBLES.

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WAS there ever a child who failed to find pleasure in bubbles? See little Fritz; how pleased he looks, because he has just set a bubble free, and sent it floating on the air! He'll watch it until it breaks, and then he'll make another. What beautiful colours are found on bubbles! they are like the colours of the rainbow.

But, beautiful as bubbles are, they do not last long. They float for awhile, and then, while we are looking at them and admiring them, they burst. There are many things in this world just like bubbles; they are pretty to look at, but they are not of much use, and soon pass away.

It is to be hoped that Fritz will not spend too much time in bubble-blowing. It's a very good thing for play, but even little boys have something else to do in this world besides play; and they enjoy their play all the more for having worked a little.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you who gives it to me—isn't it?" "Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother. "Where do I get the bread I give you?" "From the baker, mamma." "And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of

which he made the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?" "Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?" "Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?" "Why, no," said Nellie, looking sober. "Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven who never forgets to give us what we need."

A TEXT WELL PUT IN.

A LITTLE curly-headed girl who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimming her aunt was making, and begged her aunt to give her a piece for her doll's dress. "O no, Lena! I can't cut it," said her aunt. "Just a little piece, please, aunty," pleaded the child. But again her aunt refused. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her, put both arms about her neck, and whispered in her ear: "Aunty, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Here, child, take your trimmings, every inch of it," said her aunt, crowding it into her hands with an affectionate kiss and a hug.

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky!"

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in the fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
Oh, Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

—Selected.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"LITTLE boy, you don't know Jesus, do you?" asked Elma Byington of a little barefooted boy with a checked apron, who lived in a house on the way to Aunt Jennie's.

Elma had sat down on a log to rest, for her new shoes hurt her feet, and while sitting there heard this little boy saying some very naughty words, because he could not make an old cabbage-stalk, which he was trying to plant in the dust, stand up straight.

"No; I don't know as I do," said the boy. "Who is he?"

"He is the Son of God, who came to die for you and all the other people in the world; and he don't like to hear you talk that way," said Elma.

"Don't he?" asked the boy with surprise. "I didn't ever know anything about him."

"Can't you come to our school Sunday afternoons?" said Elma. "You can hear about him there. My teacher tells us lots of things about him. Just wash your hands and face clean, and comb your hair nicely, and I'll come by this way and stop for you. They have picture-cards and everything at our school," said Elma.

"Give 'm away?" asked the boy.

"Yes, they give them to you for being good and learning your lessons," replied Elma.

"I'll be there," said the boy.

And this is the way it happened that Elma took a new scholar to Sunday-school the next Sunday. Could not you, every one, find at least one new scholar for your class or school? Try.