

5. What did he say of himself?

I am the bread of life.

6. What will this bread keep alive?

Our souls.

7. When should we come to Jesus for food?

Now and every day.



BLIND MARTHA'S RIDE.

"I think it's a shame that Martha has never had a ride," said Queeny. "She is blind and cannot go out often. She would enjoy a ride so much. Can't we take her in our carriage this afternoon?"

"O yes," answered mamma.

How pleased was Martha with her ride! She leaned back on the seat, enjoyed the fragrance of the fields, and tried to think she saw all the beautiful things that they passed. Mamma let the little girls stop and gather some flowers.

"I can tell you where the flowers are, even if I can't see them," cried Martha, as she ran to the place where a family of clovers were living.

"How can you tell?" asked Queeny.

"Because I can smell them," answered Martha. "The doctor says that people who are blind have to use their noses for their eyes. I can smell the sweet flowers a great deal farther than you can, or than anybody else who can see."

"But here are some flowers that aren't fragrant at all," said Queeny. "Let me hold your hand, so you can feel how soft they are, and guess what their shape is."

As they were driving home Queeny said: "I wish some one would write a story about our ride, so the children who read it can ask their mammas to give a ride to some child who never had one."



A CHILD'S KISS.

Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man serv'd by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest—*Browning.*