

## BUBBLES.

**W**HO has not in childhood days, with clay pipe and soap and water, amused himself with blowing soap bubbles and stood admiringly gazing on them as floated in space like watery kaleidoscopes, bright, brilliant, beautiful for a moment, and lo, they are gone.

In youth, manhood and even in old age much time is spent in blowing bubbles. The youth sits on the battlements of his air castle, and blows sentimental and love bubbles, while the bubble of worldly pleasure sparkles and glistens in the sunshine for an instant and seems so real that he tries to grasp it but as he stretches out his hand to do so it fades into thin air. The busy man sits in his counting room and schemes, but how many of his most plausible ones turn out mere bubbles; and even old age spends much of the time in bubble blowing, although late in life bubbles are neither so gaudy nor do they last long.

Life itself is one large bubble with most men, full of warm coloring but flimsy, superficial and useless, and when it bursts naught but a little spray, which soon evaporates or is absorbed in earth, remains in memory to tell of what was once so brilliant, but alas, so brittle. Even the Christian blows bubbles but they fail to satisfy him, and he eagerly turns to that which is substantial and real.

Young men, don't blow bubbles, either at home, in the office, in the store or in the prayer meeting, but let us do real solid personal work for the reclamation and salvation of our fellow young men.

—*Exchange.*

[We might add to the above and say "don't blow bubbles in association work." We fear there is much of this being done. An Association which is counting upon its literary, amusement, gymnastic, or any other but Christian work, is blowing a bubble which must some day burst, and the larger the bubble, the greater the disappointment will be to those who have helped to swell it out. ED.]

# ETERNITY.

## Remember

THE

## EVANGELISTIC BIBLE CLASS

HELD

Every Sunday Afternoon,

AT 3 O'CLOCK, FOR ONE HOUR.

All are invited.

"I FOLLOWED THE LOT."



**O**NE bright summer day some three or four hundred workmen with their wives went out for their annual holiday. After a pleasant drive of about sixteen miles, it was proposed to walk to a high spot of ground about two miles distant. They set off in several companies, and one of these, consisting of about forty or fifty, missed the path, and, after proceeding a long distance, had to turn back in order to reach the desired destination.

"But why did you go with them, as you had been before, and must have known the way?" was the inquiry made of one of them.

"I thought we were wrong, but I followed the lot," was his reply. So because others went astray he forsook his own better judgment, and missed the path which led direct to the place he desired to reach.

How many young men are acting likewise? *They know they are wrong, but they follow the lot.* They go with the stream, rather than follow out their own convictions. They cannot bear to appear singular, or to have a shaft of ridicule aimed at them. They must be like the rest. They must live as *they* live, and walk as *they* walk; and they hope they shall fare at last as well as most others. Be quite sure this is a very dangerous course. If you believe the words of Jesus, you must see that the majority of men are far from God, and in danger of being cast away from His presence forever. "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

Is it a wise thing to continue walking in this way because so many others do?