

her word of praise, then jumps down and returns to the window-sill, her ears slightly turned back as she trots along as if she were listening to the exclamations of surprise from the spectators.

There are but one or two other people for whom she will jump, and even then will go but two or three feet, but she has perfect confidence in me and I never betray it. A few times there have been accidents; another cat has been in the way or she jumped before I was ready, so that she missed her footing and fell to the floor. I could see that she did not like it and would not do as well for a time, but I think she understood that it was accidental.

Zoska has a daughter and son, the first a year and a half, and the other six months old, and these are all the kittens she has had. They are as large as their mother and the same color, so that strangers cannot tell the three apart. Her children, however, are not as intelligent and have not as good dispositions as their mother. I have tried to teach them, but although one can jump a little and the other will drink milk from a spoon, they will never be as accomplished as Zoska. —'Pres. Banner.'

### Cyril's Unpleasant Task.

Cyril thought that practicing the piano was the most monotonous occupation in the world. You would not have thought that he was a very musical or pleasant little boy if you had seen his face puckered up in an ugly frown as he thumped up and down the key-board practicing scales and exercises. Mother gave him a tiny clock to stand on the piano so that he might be able to see how the time went, and of all the long half-hours the music practice one was the longest.

As soon as the long hand came round to the last minute of his allotted time Cyril jumped down off the stool, clapped his hands, gave a big shout of joy and soon scampered off into the garden to play. Many a time he begged his father and mother to let him stop learning to play, but they only told their little boy that one day he would be very glad that he had been forced to do what he did not want.

One night years after, in an old city church, the sound of the organ stole softly down the darkened aisles, then swept in soothing cadence up into the high-vaulted roof. The sound widened and again it passed down the centre aisle till it came to the place where a poor penitent, with bowed head, knelt alone, praying for mercy and forgiveness.

At the sound of the music she raised her head, for it dispelled her doubt and filled her with a wonderful peace. The message of the music had entered into her soul and she went back into the world glad and brave, knowing that she had received an answer of peace.

Have you already guessed that Cyril was the organist. He had grown into a man, renowned everywhere for his musical genius, and he loved music more than anything else in the world, but he never knew what the good playing had done to that poor woman. Don't you think that he would have been more than ever grateful to his kind parents for giving him the opportunity of learning to play?—M. Harley Jones.

### Spool Bubbles.

(By Hattie Torrence, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

For three days it had been 'misty-moisty' weather.

'Too damp for my chickies to be out-of-doors,' said mama, as Alice and Harry came into the room where she lay—not very ill, to be sure, but not able to be up and go down-stairs.

'What can we do?' thought the children.

'O mama, can you please give us two empty spools?' asked Harry. Mama told him where to find them, for she usually kept some in a machine drawer for just such requests. Harry brought the spools, got a wash-bowl, and seemed to be washing his hands, but he really was making soap-suds. Then both the children dipped their spools in the soapy water, rubbed the wet end on the soap in the soap-dish, and then blew through the spools.

'Look, mama! O look!' excitedly exclaimed Alice, as an immense bubble grew at the end of

the spool. First it had rosy colors, then greenish, then a wonderful golden tint, gradually changing to a rich purple and indigo, then—snap!—it was gone. Each tried to see which could blow the largest bubble, and they soon found they could spend no breath on exclamations, so they tried to call out without taking the spools from their mouths; but this made such funny little grunts and squeals that they could not blow for laughing.

'O mama, see my bubble grow small!' said Alice.

'Yes, dear. The hole in the spool is so large, the air comes out rapidly. Place your finger over the hole till you blow again. And when you stop to take a new breath put your tongue over it, and the bubble will keep its size.'

Then both Alice and Harry touched the bubbles they were blowing together, and often they became one large one, into which both were blowing.

Then Harry found a reed stem and stuck it into his spool, and stood on a chair, so that the bubbles would be high up in the air. He would blow them the size of very large oranges, and throw them over toward mama, who tried to fan and blow them up toward the ceiling.

'O Harry, look! I blew that bubble in two,' said Alice, as two smaller bubbles chased away from her, followed by 'a tiny baby one,' as Harry called it.

'But just see here, Alice,' and Harry was throwing a small bubble off the end of his spool, catching it and blowing a new one immediately. 'I just now blew seven that way,' said he. So Alice tried it. By this time papa had come home, and after a few minutes of admiring the size and pretty colors of these fairy balls, they went down to supper, as happy as if the sun had been shining all day.

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