



## CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

I'm only a little girlie,  
But mother says each day  
I can scatter crumbs of comfort  
For others, by the way.

Real crumbs for the tiny sparrows  
That flock about the door,  
And greedily eat their breakfasts,  
Then chirp, to ask for more.

Loving words for the baby,  
And cheery, helpful ways  
That will put a gleam of sun-  
shine  
In grandma's darkest days.

Then errands to run for mother,  
And little things to do  
That will keep me out of mischief,  
And make me useful too.

If I scatter crumbs of comfort,  
Passing along the way,  
Perhaps the dear Lord will turn them  
Into a loaf, some day.

## FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

"Auntie, please tell me something nice to do; I'm tired of Sabbath. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said auntie. "Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said auntie; "Benjamin. Now a C."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing our talk; "Daniel."

And so we went through the alphabet; and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower*.