

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."



OUR  
YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
MISSION UNION



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**Bubbles.**

"**D**O look! do look! Eddie and I are playing soap bubbles! See there!"  
And he dips into the frothy basin his

long white pipe, and blows through it into the calm, still air—what? Don't you know? The most exquisite shining balls, one after another, like the finest, silkiest, most delicate gossamer, truly in form and beauty perfect. Of course, I stand, and look, and admire. Who would not?

"Lovely indeed, Charley."

But no sooner do I say the words than they burst into—nothing!

Perhaps you have seen Sir Noel Paton's picture, "The Pursuit of Pleasure." There you watch men and women, young and old, learned and unlearned, of every rank and clime, eagerly pursuing the fairy form of Pleasure, around whom float innumerable shining bubbles, exactly like Charley and Eddie's. But not a single hand can ever reach and grasp them! No, not one!



Now, in the old book of Ecclesiastes, more directly than in any other book of the Bible, we are taught that on all things here below—riches, honours, possessions, friendships even—is solemnly stamped, VANITY. Can you tell me how many times that little three-syllabled word is repeated

from its opening to its closing verses? If you cannot, I leave you to take pen or pencil, and to underline it in your daily readings. A most profitable exercise.

But I think some boy or girl asks: "Is there actually *nothing* in the whole wide world but bubbles? *nothing* real? *nothing* which my poor, empty, longing heart can seize, and enjoy, and call its own for ever?"

Yes, my dear children, there is just *one* thing—

your heavenly Father's love in Christ, His Son. "He satisfies the longing soul as nothing else could do." The living personal Saviour has satisfied weary thousands, and He will certainly satisfy *you*!

As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed.

So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.

—Selected.