

THE BIBLE'S SWEETEST VERSE.

At a beautiful watering place noted for its bold sea-cliffs and its smooth, wide-spreading beach, a gentleman one day commenced drawing with his stick some large letters on the sand. A group of children gathered round, when the gentleman kindly said, "Now, my little friends, I want your help. Will you bring flints and large pebbles, and put them in the little channels that I have made in the sands?" Willing hands and feet were instantly in motion; and before long the Gospel text—

"GOD IS LOVE,"

appeared in large letters on the beach. With numerous pieces of seaweed a border was formed around the text, giving it the appearance of being in a large picture-frame. By this time a goodly company, both of adults and children, had gathered together, to whom the gentleman gave a deeply interesting address, which was enlivened by the singing of various well-known hymns. The attention of both young and old was riveted, and some of the parents who were present felt grateful to God that their children had been favored to hear the Gospel so simply and earnestly preached.

Some of these children, like the one represented in the picture, afterwards formed the letters of the Bible's sweetest verse in the clean white sand, and as they did so they thought of the precious lessons which this good man who delighted to carry out the Saviour's command, "Feed my lambs," had taught them. May they never forget the lessons and impressions of that day. May they, and all our readers, be able to say from the heart—

Oh tell to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found:
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day.
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.

How happy is our portion here!
His promises our spirits cheer:
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay:
He will be with us all the way.
God is love.

What thought my heart and flesh should fail
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail.
Through Jordan's swell I need not fear,
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear.
God is love.

In Heaven we shall sing again,
God is love.

Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love.

CHAPTERS FULL OF NAMES.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

The children had come to read their morning chapter with mamma. Philip, as usual, came last. Not that Philip did not love to read his Bible; he liked to get his mother all by himself and read over the chapter about Naaman the Syrian, or talk about Joseph's history; but the regular morning chapter

"Well, mother, what's the use? The chapter was full of nothing but hard names. I don't see the use of reading 'Salute Rufus,' and a lot of other fellows with such dreadful names."

"Dear, even if you don't see the use, you ought to read the chapter carefully and reverently, because it is God's Word. But that chapter has taught me a lesson this morning, so you see it is of use."

"Tell me, mother; I always like a chapter you've talked about."

"As you each read over those

gives great pleasure sometimes, and we are all too apt to forget these little things. Don't you know, Philip, how you always want to know whether Uncle George says anything about you in his letters?"

"I declare, mother, I never thought of it! I s'pose then we ought to try to remember folks' names?"

"Yes, my son. I am quite sure that a Christian who remembers names well will find it a great source of good. I know a boy whose whole life was changed because a kind Christian gentleman remembered his name. The boy was called 'Dirty Jack' by the other boys in the village. Poor fellow! he could hardly help being dirty, for his father drank and his mother was a very shiftless, careless woman, that had never taught Jack to be neat and clean."

"Well, one Sunday somebody coaxed Jack into the Sunday-school and after the school was opened the superintendent came to the seat where Jack was and asked his name. The boy was shy and did not answer, and another boy said, 'Oh, he's Dirty Jack.'"

"Jack was very angry, but the gentleman said kindly, 'I am going to give this boy his real name. I shall call him John—it's a splendid name for it was the name of the one whom Jesus loved best when He was on earth.'"

"Jack didn't come to school the next Sunday; his father in a drunken fit had given him a black eye, but two weeks after the same gentleman was walking near Jack's house and saw him playing with some boys. He walked up to them and shaking hands, said,

"Why, John, my boy, how d'ye do? I wish you'd walk a little way with me."

"Now that boy was so pleased to be remembered and to be called by a decent name that it made him wish he was more worthy of such a kind friend. He began to try and keep his face and hands clean, and then had to comb his hair to match, and then his clothes looked so bad, compared with his clean hands, that he never rested till he had earned money enough to get some decent ones; and now that John is grown up he says that he might still be Dirty Jack if it hadn't been for that kind gentleman remembering his name."



always seemed to interrupt some plan of Philip's. He would just have his dog (who was being "broken" to drive) harnessed, or he would be making a boat when his sister would call, "Phil, mamma's waiting to read."

On this morning I want to tell you of, Philip felt quite put out at being called, and every time his turn came to read he had to be told the verse.

"Philip," said his mother, when the reading was over, "wait a moment; I want to speak to you. My boy, you did not pay any attention."

names of different men and women, I thought how a true Christian ought to try and remember his friends—remember them by name; send kind messages to them. Paul, who had the care of all the churches, did not forget Rufus and his mother, Philologus and Julia. As you read 'Greet Mary, who hath bestowed much labor on us,' I felt ashamed to think I had sent no message to poor sick Mary Reilly, who was such a faithful servant to me years ago. Just a few kindly words of love, in a letter; the mere mention of one's own name