

## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

IT was a lovely sea! The dashing waves with their roaring noise delighted one, and the pretty spray sparkling in the sunshine drew forth the words again and again "It is beautiful;" whilst ever and anon one felt they must fall down *in spirit* and adore the blessed Creator, the God of the mighty ocean.

My friend told me that in the morning it was grand, the waves mounting so high, and then dashing themselves over the whole width of the parade; the many stones and much seaweed washed ashore told how great had been its force. In some parts the water was thick and muddy, and we remarked "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Isaiah lvii. 20.

As we noticed some dark clouds, my friend asked a man who was employed in sweeping the bricks if he thought it would soon rain. He looked around and replied in a pleasant tone, "No, I don't think it will rain yet."

My friend said, "It is a beautiful sea this afternoon, but it has made you a great deal of work."

"Yes, it has," he replied, "but it helps to pass away the time. While I'm doing this I can't be doing anything else."

Then my friend enquired, "Do you know the One who walked upon the sea?"

"I've heard about Him" He replied, with a half