

Children's Corner.

GOD IS LOVE, AND GOD LOVES ME.

'Neath the lime-tree's shadow swinging,
Eyes cast down, and book on knee,
Sat a little maiden singing,

"God is love, and God loves me."

"God is love, my little maiden,
Tell me why 'tis thus you sing?"—
Raised she then her sweet face, laden
With the charms of youth's fresh spring.

"God is love," she said, demurely,
"All around His love I see;
God loves me, I know it surely,
For my Bible tells to me

"How He sent His Son most holy
To be mocked and crucified;
'Twas for me"—the tears fell slowly—
"I have sinned, but Jesus died.

"Oh, I thank my loving Saviour,
That He suffered on the tree;
Can I doubt His tender favour?
Can I doubt His love to me?"

Happy maiden! Thus I, musing,
Passed adown the dewy wood;
Thine the treasure there's no losing,
Thine the truest, richest good.

Oh, to know God's love unailing,
This the secret is of rest;
Other love is unavailing,
If we miss the first and best.

And when life's dull cares are pressing,
Lest I overwhelmed should be,
Comes assurance rich with blessing,
"God is love, and God loves me."

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

Tom and his father were long since tired of the dusty city, whose streets they had traversed for hours, endeavouring to find employment for the younger of the two. They lived in a pleasant country village several miles from the city, where flowers in the summer time were very abundant, and where even in early spring-time their home had beauty and fragrance. All the morning they had been upon the hunt, calling upon acquaintances as well as upon strangers to whom they bore letters of introduction, and calling nowhere save with a view to find the desired employment for Tom. After many disappointments the young man was fortunate enough to secure a position in

a large warehouse, and arrangements were made for him to commence work almost immediately. This settled, father and son were hurrying to the depot to take the earliest possible train home. The keen March wind and the dust had added greatly to their discomfort, and tired and weary as they were, the din and roar of the city's busy thoroughfares, and the jostling of the crowd, were very disagreeable.

"Oh, how delicious!" suddenly exclaimed Tom, as he caught the fragrance of lillies, roses, violets and pinks, "and see, father, here is the secret of it," he continued, as he directed his father's attention to a small glass case on a street corner, filled and covered with flowers. These were all put up in button-hole bouquets, and offered for sale by a young woman, who seemed quite anxious to dispose of them. True enough, amid the dirt and dust, amid the hurrying, bustling crowd, these little bouquets were shedding their delightful aroma, and feasting and fascinating with their beauty the eyes of many a passer-by.

The walk seemed less disagreeable after that, Tom thought, and he hoped that when he came to the city every day to attend to his newly-arranged labours, he should often pass those pretty flowers and take a peep at them and inhale their delicious fragrance.

"I think we may learn a lesson from them," suggested his father. "They seem to preserve their fragrance and beauty in spite of uninviting surroundings; and here, in the very heart of the city, to speak of the country and to bear witness, amid the abounding works of man, to the fairer and purer works of God. I think the Christian young man should seek to shed about him the fragrance and to show the beauty of true piety. The quiet, consistent Christian life, amid uninviting surroundings and associations, is undoubtedly an acceptable service to God, and is as reasonable as it is acceptable. Surely the servants of Him who is called the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley should thus, by their actions, speak eloquently of their Master."

Tom had but recently made public confession of his interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he did most heartily desire to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour, in all things. Thus his father's seasonable words were not lost upon him, and many a day after, when upon errands for his employers, as he passed the flowers, they preached to him the same suggestive sermon.