



JEWS AT JACOB'S WELL.

WHERE JESUS SAT.

Why should we care for a picture of this rough hole in the ground? There are earthen water-pots in the foreground, and a group of Arabs is scattered about, some lounging, some sucking their long-stemmed pipes. Every year people go thousands of miles to peep into that dark hole, and drop pebbles into it. One Scotch minister, who had been reading about the well in his Bible, carelessly dropped that in too. The well is seventy-five feet deep, and as there was no bucket the dominie had to leave his Bible to soak. Several years later another minister, who was a luckier angler, fished out the Scotchman's water-logged book. But we haven't told you why men go there. It isn't because it is deep, nor because a man once fished a Bible out of it. It is because this is the only spot on earth where we know Jesus once sat and taught. We know where Bethlehem is, but we are not sure about the manger where they laid the baby Jesus. We know where Nazareth is, but we do not know the whereabouts of Joseph's carpenter shop where Jesus learned his trade. We know where Jerusalem is, but we are not really certain where Christ preached, or drove out the money-changers, or ate the Last Supper. There are three or four Gethsemanes, and as many Calvarys, but there is only one Jacob's Well.

This is the way Jesus came to be there; his friend John tells the story:

He left Judea with his disciples, and

started for his home in Galilee. The road led past a city of the province of Samaria, called Sychar, near a lot that Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph, the same who had the little coat that his wicked brothers labbed in blood to break old Jacob's heart. Jacob was a sheep-raiser, and here he dug a deep well for his flocks. In that hot, dry land a well is a valuable property, and great care is taken to keep it stoned up and cleaned out. So this deep well was famous all the region round.

Foot-weary from walking, Jesus sat by this old well. He had sent his friends into a village near by to get something to eat. A woman came from the village to draw water. Christ asked her for a drink. She was a bright woman and a good talker. Our Lord told her wonderful things. She said that God had promised that he would send a Messiah 'who will tell us all things,' Jesus said, 'I

that speak unto thee am he.' He said too, 'if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of the water of this well shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

The wonderful living water that Christ offered to Photina he offers to us all. It is salvation. If we believe on him, and love and obey him, it will be to our souls as cold water is to our bodies. Let us think of this as we look on this picture of the old well, and let us say, like the woman, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst no more."

On a bright and beautiful day in April, with other Canadian tourists, I had the pleasure of visiting Jacob's well just after visiting the ruined city of Samaria, we reading the beautiful narrative of the Gospel of Jesus who sat weary at the well-side and talked to the Samaritan woman.

My friend, the Rev. George Bond, of Halifax, a few years ago had a unique experience at this well. He said to his companion in travel, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible in Jacob's well as Dr. Bonar lost his wife's. It seems that each of these gentlemen carried his wife's Bible as being smaller and more portable than his own. Just at that moment, Mr. Bond, by an inadvertent movement let his Bible slip out of his pocket and into the well.

The well is very deep and very difficult to descend. He therefore gave it up for lost. A short time after he was telling the story at a dinner-table in Damascus, when a lady present, the wife of a medical missionary at Nazareth, said, "I will try and get it for you and send it to you at Beyrout." This she did and Mr. Bond received his Bible in a few days at Beyrout. But the edges were saturated with water. "Hereby hangs a tale." The well was dry when the Bible fell in, but as a band of Russian pilgrims were approaching who wanted water from this sacred well as a souvenir, the Arab sheik who had charge of it poured some water in to have some for the pilgrims. Thus Mr. Bond's Bible got wet, but being tightly clasped it was not hurt. I presume no one living has a Bible which has had just that kind of experience.

HER GRANDPA.

BY CHARLES D. STEWART.

My gran'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be;
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me;
I've told him forty thousand times,
But 'tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon,"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me 'most every day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once,
And dressed up just like me,
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why he can't talk right,
He says, "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man;
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And love him all I can,
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name),
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times,
But 'tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon,"
And calls a house a "hoose."

DON'T FORGET

That women are made out of girls, and that men are made out of boys.

That, if you are a worthless girl, you will be a worthless woman; and if you are a worthless boy, you will be a worthless man.

That the best educated men and women once did not know the A B C's.

That all the things which you are learning now had to be learned by them.

That the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to our own happiness.

That a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.