

JOHN IV.

"With Thee is the Fountain of Life."

Who is that weary Man, so lone and pale,
Beneath the shade that falls on Jacob's well ?
A lowly pilgrim, from the noon-tide heat,
He sitteth there to rest His tired feet.
No more He seems : but heavenly hosts attend
And wait on Him, where'er His footsteps bend.
They looked with wonder when they sang His birth,
The greatest marvel ever seen on earth.
That humble Man is Israel's promised King,
Though for His head a crown of thorns they'll bring.
Yes, He Immanuel is, The Eternal Word,
Of heaven and earth, of men and angels, Lord,
The Eternal Son hung on a woman's breast,
The mighty God * beside the well takes rest.
... My soul tread softly ! for 't is holy ground,
No finite mind can this deep mystery sound,
But worship and adore the wondrous love
That could the blessed God so freely move
Towards thee, a sinner, and an enemy !
Yes, Lord, Thou hast revealed this grace to *me*.
But see—a woman comes, unconscious, who
Sits by the water, and as careless too.
He asks to drink, and coldly she replies,
Yet gazes on the stranger with surprise,
For there was something in His eye and tone,
That ever marked Him as the Holy One.
Ah ! didst thou dream, poor sinner, that for thee,
Thus faint and weary, He's content to be,
That for the joy of giving thee to know
The living fountains from His heart that flow,
The garden's agony, the Cross, the grave,
He'll suffer all, His guilty ones to save.

But thou *didst* know, the grovelling heart was won,
And found a treasure, ere the setting sun,
Thy happiest hour, thou could'st rejoicing tell,
That hour of noon, which brought thee to the well,
Alone with *Jesus*,—from His lips to hear
What drew the publicans and sinners near,
The gracious words for which our spirits yearn.
O blessed Lord ! we too would sit and learn,
And drink abundantly, yea, drink for ever,
Pleasures of pure delight from God's own river !

* Isaiah xl. 28.