

success; but, continuing cold and stupid, how can you be received? You are about worn out with the struggle and the search. A word from Jesus to you, dear souls:—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life *freely*." *Freely*. Here is an open fountain, provided for public use—available for all gratuitously. But instead of going to it and drinking, you wander hither and thither. You look at it, you long for it, but you question whether it is for you—for you just as you are. Must you not be more sensible of your thirst before drinking? Ah! what do ye? tiring yourselves in an idle circuit, when a single step is all that is necessary! Missing Jesus by your efforts to merit him! Going on and on wearily without Him, because labouring to find or form something of your own which may recommend you to His notice! Be assured you will never be more fit for Christ than at this moment. The patient needs no preparation for the physician; he is sick—he cannot heal himself, that is enough. Not by reason of your worthiness, nor because you feel your unworthiness, but in the fulness of His own love to the lost, Jesus bids you *now* welcome to Him, and to all the blessings of salvation. To-day, then, hear His voice; and close with Him at once.

One is wearied by common duties, their sameness and smallness, wishing they were altered or ended. But, is that word of Christ forgotten? "Take up thy cross daily and follow me!" He desires to be glorified in *all* thy life, thy looks, thy language, thy little labours of love. To have the heart so "at leisure from itself" as to think for others, nothing is more to the praise of your Lord. Aim to witness for Him wherever you are—whatever you are called to do. "Are you not wearying for heavenly rest?" said Whitfield to an aged clergyman. "No," he replied. "Why not?" was the surprised rejoinder. "Why," said the old minister, "if you were to send your servant into the fields to do a certain work for you—promising him refreshment when it was done,—what would you say if you found him in the middle of the day sighing for the evening? Would you not bid him be up and doing, finish his work, and *then* go home to the promised rest? Just so does God say to you and me."

There are other cases: for each Jesus is ready with a word. What is it for the weary with manifold afflictions? This—"It is I: be not afraid." He does not promise exemption from trouble, but He says it is He who sends; He designs your profit by it; and in it He will be with you. Consider Him. Behold *the man* experienced in heaviness, acquainted with grief—will not *He* feel? Behold the GOD! infinite in resource—cannot He succor? Will He break His word? Are the everlasting arms insufficient? Is He not able to console?

To the work-worn is not this a helpful word? "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Labour lawfully, work wisely and well; in toil you have a glorious fellowship.

To the weary with pain: Is not this the word?—"there remaineth a rest."

To the weary in well-doing:—"In due season ye shall reap."

To the weary in the battle and the race:—"Faint not! Forward! Looking unto Jesus! The prize is sure! Yet a little while!"

To those whom disappointments and difficulties weary:—"Behold ME! Behold ME! In everything make your requests known."

"Thomas Woolman, I have a word for *thee*." So did a devout mystic once believe himself to be addressed audibly by the Saviour. The sound in the air was a fancy; but it is most certain that the Good Shepherd "callesth His own sheep *by name*, and leadeth them out." Every hour He is saying to each waiting weary member of His flock, "I have a word for *thee*."

Reader! turn to Jesus, and trust Him always. He knows exactly what the weariness is, and how it should be treated. He knows when, and what, to speak.

In Jesus' arms we all may rest,
And lose our troubles on His breast;
No more the soul need long for peace,
Nor languish for a resting place.

In Christ alone seek all your satisfaction
Depend on none beside. Go not to glean in another field. Look to HIM who is not only your sole, but your sympathising, Saviour—your faithful Friend, ever near—your Guide and Teacher—your loving Lord—your Hope, and Happiness, and Home! for ever!