

"IT NEVER DRIES UP!"

I WAS once stopping at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring their water from a well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired of a young girl who came to draw water.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often, in hot weather."

"And where do you go for water then?"

"To the spring, a little way out of the town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never! It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hill—not with torrent leap and roar, but with soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden along the dusty road knew the way to the stream that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the Rock of Ages, and brought within the reach of all men—of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may become dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Thirsting soul, you may come and drink. Wearied and fainting, lingering disappointed around the broken cisterns of human hope and consolation, Jesus calls you to Himself. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—*Good News.*

COME JUST AS YOU ARE.

It seems to be a law, more or less fixed with unconverted people, that they will try to better their condition before coming to Christ. Every sinner seems to take it for granted that he is not what he should be, although in many cases this is not openly avowed. Down in his heart, he feels that he is at fault. He has a more or less strong sense of his unworthiness and unfitness for receiving any saving

power from God. Hence he attempts to improve his appearance when he has an idea of coming to Christ.

Years ago, there was an artist in Rome who saw a beggar on the street; he was such a destitute, forlorn, and miserable-looking object that the artist desired to have him sit for his picture, as a typical beggar, and he hired him for that purpose. But the beggar hired the clothes of a companion, and went to the artist the next day so much changed in his appearance that the latter did not recognize him at first. Upon learning what the man had done, the artist said to him, "No! I hired a beggar, and wanted him just as he was, or not at all." So Christ wants every sinner to come to Him, just as he is, in his own ragged garments, and He will freely clothe him in His righteousness. It matters not how great a sinner you are, Christ will freely and heartily welcome you and make you a child of God. —*Messiah's Herald.*

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And so, each step in my onward path,
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me as
I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For, perhaps, the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has, waiting
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh! restful, blissful ignorance,
'Tis blessed not to know!
It keeps me so still in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing;
I would not if I might!
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
That the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows."

Our ills are not so many,

Or so hard to bear below,
But our suffering dread of the future
Is more than our present woe!
We see, with our vision imperfect,
Such causes of doubt and fear,

Some yet that are far in the distance,

And some that may never be near,
When, if we would trust His wisdom,
Whose purpose we may not see,
We should find, whatever our trials,
As our day our strength shall be.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

DECIDING TO PUT OFF DECISION.

EACH decision to put off decision of itself gives a triumph to the will in its perverse rebellion; and that inevitably strengthens the grip of vicious indulgence. One's conscience will never be so tender again after he sears it with so hot an iron. There was a brief little answer once made by Alexander the Great, when they asked how he had conquered the world; he said, "By not delaying." One hour there is for that man who is even just a little anxious for his soul, in which the way is open; there is no promise of any other. And when these unusual solitudes, these wishful regrets, these desires, so new, although perhaps so vague, arrive, then "The Master is come and calleth for thee." If you put Him away, then wilfulness wins a victory, and all the good in you is demoralized. Sin at once rushes in violently, and this time becomes heavily entrenched behind new barricades and grows more defiant. —*Episcopal Recorder.*

"I ONLY WANT YOU."

NEARLY four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting, I said to my dear invalid sister, who is in glory now, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from the town." She interrupted my question by saying, with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"; and, oh, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this, too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not want, sometimes, to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service, and patient endeavors? But He, too, turns from all, and says, "I