

A Page for the Young.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

"If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink."—

JOHN vii. 37.

WATER! Soft water!" So cries the water-carrier as he bears his burden through the country town. Thrifty housewives come to their doors and buy, and lay up a store of soft water against the day that shall bring none, and children are running out with cans to procure some of the coveted liquid. By-and-by another water-carrier passes by that way,—“Water! spring water!” Now they come out again and buy. This water they will drink, so the better vessels are brought out to receive the sparkling stream as it is poured out by the carrier. Old and young are there with their pitchers—everybody wants to be served first, and they regard this water as being very precious. But another water-carrier goes up and down the same streets, and cries out all day long and through the night, too,—“Come, buy, without money and without price.” And He calls out to those who need, for all are in want of the water He offers them, “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, . . . yea, come buy without money and without price” (Isa. lv. 1). He requires no payment for what He offers,—it is a free gift; and yet so few come out to take the Water of Life, that the Giver passes up and down, and is sent away hundreds of times without one accepting His gift. Not so with the Arab water-carrier; he passes along with a peculiar swing in his gait, carrying his load slung over his shoulders, or on the back of a mule, and he calls out—“Water for the thirsty! Water, cool and fresh, for the children of the sun!” You should see how the poor scorched Arabs come out with their leathern bottles and pitchers—not one in the straggling Arab village but comes out to buy. And yet they do not need the water so much as those who reject the offer of Him who gives the water of life without money or price. Fancy, on hot summer days—when the dust of the road and the heat of the way have parched our throats, to be offered a drink that shall quench our desire or thirst for ever! And this is what Jesus is holding out to us—the “cup of salvation”—just as He did to the woman of Samaria eighteen hundred years ago. He is, dear child, offering *you* the cup—will you reject it? Will you send this precious gift to dusty, sin-parched souls away? No; you feel you must accept it; you feel that the loving invitation, Come, is too much for you to refuse, and so you will resolve to take the water of life, and as the Saviour

tells you, drink of it “freely.” Jessie was a small child who loved Jesus, and when I said to her, “*How* did you go to Jesus at first?” she said, “‘I came to Jesus as I was,’ and I found He was so good to me that I love Him better every day.” Oh, my dear child, whoever you are, Jesus wants you *now*—will you not drink of the *living* water and follow Him who has said “I am the way”?

DIP IT UP.

A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them: “What is the matter?”

“We are dying for water,” was the response.

“Dip it up, then,” was the answer. “You are in the mouth of the Amazon River.”

There those sailors were thirsting and suffering, and fearing and longing for water, and supposing there was nothing but the ocean’s brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though it seemed to them that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to “dip it up.”

Jesus Christ says:—“If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.” “And the Spirit and the Bride say, come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.” Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you: “dip it up, then!” and drink, and thirst no more.—*British Workman*.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.

HERE is an easy sum in multiplication. Reckon it up. But why choose seventy times seven? Peter once asked Jesus, “Lord, *how often* shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?” I dare say he thought that was a great many times. But mark the answer; it is very weighty: “I say unto you, not until seven times, but until seventy times seven.” That is to say, we *must keep on forgiving*. There is no room for ill-feeling against anybody.

When people get angry and will not speak to each other, or talk against and try to injure each other, they forget this word of the Lord. They forget also that in the Lord’s Prayer they ask God to “forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.” Think of that little word “as.” “Seventy times seven” is none too often to forgive others. How many, many more times have we sinned against and grieved our Heavenly Father! How often have we need of His forgiveness and favour!