

JESUS AT THE WELL OF SAMARIA.

JOHN IV.

There were two worn and weary ones
 That met at Jacob's well ;
 Both could of earth the emptiness
 And toil and sorrow tell :
 The one had sought in paths of sin
 Her happiness to gain ;
 And found, as all our hearts have found,
 She sought it there in vain.

She comes alone, for good report
 Her company would scorn ;
 Weary, degraded, desolate,—
 At mid-day not at morn :
 Scorched by the blazing sun above,
 Her conscience scorched within,
 Samaria's erring daughter proved
 The bitterness of sin.

But He, who sat by Jacob's well,
 Was weary-hearted too ;
 This earth He found a wilderness,
 In which no rest He knew :
 He toiled, He daily spent His strength,
 His loins were girded fast ;
 There were but " twelve hours in the day ;"
 He'd labour to the last.

From Zion's hill, and Judah's plains,
 To Gallilee He moved,—
 To seek and save the lost, intent ;
 This was the work He loved.
 Love brought Him down from heaven to earth,
 Our mis'ries touched His heart ;