

Lord ! 'twas thy power unseen that drew
 The stray one to that place,
 In solitude to learn from Thee
 The secrets of Thy grace.

There Jacob's erring daughter found
 Those streams unknown before,
 The water-brooks of life that make
 The weary thirst no more.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
 Thy gracious lips have told
 That mystery of love reveal'd
 At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee
 Beside the springing well
 Of life and peace—and heard Thee there
 Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more
 Of earthly pleasures now,
 Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
 Of grace and glory Thou !

No hope of rest in ought beside,
 No beauty, Lord, we see,
 And, like Samaria's daughter, seek
 And find our all in Thee.

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