

"SHALL THIRST AGAIN."

"He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again." John iv. 13.

"Shall thirst again," and oh ! how soon,
She comes to draw ere yet 'tis noon.
The weary Master sat to rest
And watched the empty pitcher brought,
Well knowing He alone possessed
The "living water" which she sought.
Thou too art thirsting, and in vain
Thou drinkest here to thirst again.

"Shall thirst again" for what ? for bliss ?
It grows not in a soil like this.
For fame—the mirage of the brain ?
It mocks the traveler's aching eye.
For riches ? They are care and pain,
Nor one short hour of peace can buy.
Are these thy quests ? they cannot fill.
But needs must leave thee thirsting still.

"Shall thirst again"—forever thirst.
Come, lift the veil and know the worst.
See Dives with his parched tongue,
And not a moment's solace given ;
Here cries of burning anguish wrung.
From souls designed for God and heaven.
Their doom is fixed, thou still art free,
Why wilt thou thirst eternally ?

"SHALL NEVER THIRST."

"But he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—John iv. 14.

"Shall never thirst !" Oh, wondrous tho't !
What ! in this barren land of drought,
Is there a river of delight
Whose streams of healing ceaseless flow ?
Wells there's a fountain pure and bright
Unstained by human guilt and woe ?
Oh, weary sinner ! taste and try,
When all thine earthly springs run dry.

"Shall NEVER thirst."—Above the skies,
'Tis there the well-spring takes its rise ;
Its waters feed that blessed tree,
To mortal longings lost through sin,
Unguarded growing now and free,
Where no fell fiend can enter in.
"Take now," thy Saviour says to thee,
"Yea, drink, O friend ! abundantly."

"Shall never thirst."—How canst thou thirst
When He is there who loved thee first !
E'en here His presence to thy heart
Is nearer than the dearest friend,
Though now we only know in part
What there is perfect, without end.
To live is Christ, to die is gain—
Then drink, and never thirst again !

E. M. B.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

REST AND COMFORT.

"If I could only feel it," as a young officer said to me, when I pressed on him that enough had been done on the cross to save his soul.

"But," I said, "you have not got to feel it, but believe it. You may be saved without feeling. I believed in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was saved. I might have known it at once, only I was waiting to feel saved. At last I said, 'Well, if I don't feel saved until I find myself in heaven, still I'll rest solely on the Word of God. God hath said in that Word, He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. I know that now I do believe in Christ ; I used to trust in my prayers, or something that I could do myself ; but I don't trust in anything now except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation ; therefore I have everlasting life. God says I have.'—Then Satan whispered, 'Do you feel you have everlasting life ?' I could not say I felt it. 'Then you cannot have it,' whispered that arch liar ! I remembered, it is written, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' I knew that I really believed in Christ ; therefore I had everlasting life, whether I felt it or not. God said I had, and I surely must be right in believing Him, despite every feeling. I believe then the devil left me ; and I found I was safe, not because I felt it, but because of God's Word, which is unchangeable. I did not feel joy or peace until some time afterwards."

"I declare, I believe you are right," said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention ; "I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good feelings to God before I could be saved."

Reader, the devil has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years ; so he is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome except by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Take care that He is not misleading you—tempting you to "trust in feeling, instead of Christ," or "wait to feel," when you should "believe and be saved."

Feelings are changeable things at the best—like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes up, sometimes down.—Mark how that young man was kept