

A Lesson from the Pump.

BY J. N. ERVIN.

On my father's farm there used to be a well of most delicious water. It had been dug about thirty feet in solid clay, and always had about five feet of clear, cold, sparkling water at its bottom. It was inexhaustible, and when, in the long, dry summer months, other wells failed, and streams became dry, man and beast came to this well, and found water to quench their thirst. When I was a boy on the farm, there was an old pump in that well that had been fashioned many years before. It had been made out of an oak-tree through which a great hole had been bored by some wonderful augur. In fact, I used to wonder often how they ever did bore it, but I never knew.

Now, the inside of that pump was something the worse for time and use in the days of my memory. The water had soaked the particles of wood so long, that, when the long shaft, with its valve attached, was worked up and down by the sweep of the long handle, they became detached, and were thrown out with the water.

Many a time have I gone to that old pump on a hot summer's day, heated and thirsty from following the plow, or tossing the hay, or gathering up the wheat after the reaper. I have pumped up the great dipper full of water, anxious to satisfy my thirst. I have looked at it a little while, and then thrown it out on the ground, preferring to be thirsty for the present. The water that was so pure was so polluted by its passage through the pump that it was undesirable. Today, fortunately, a new porcelain-lined pump has displaced the old one.

But the old pump has its counterpart in other realms. The teacher with the class in Sunday School is sometimes of the same kind. He has long had a class, and has been with them while they have gone from Genesis to the Revelation. They have studied together the law-giver and the sweet singer and the prophet and the apostle. They have read the Master's invitation, and his proclamation of the truth, and his warning. They have followed the fortunes of the good man in history, and seen him crowned in glory. They have not failed to note that the godless man was doomed to be banished from his God.

The teacher has not allowed oppor-

tunities to pass without urging his class to surrender their lives to their Saviour and Lord, and to identify themselves with his people. He has renewed his invitation whenever a revival was stirring the church. And yet, after it all, they were not in the church, and did not count themselves Christians. There was a reason for it. He brought to them water from the wells of salvation, but they could not forget the life through which it was brought. They knew too many stories he was accustomed to tell at his club, or in the shop—too many of the things he did when he was away from his home, too many of the deliberate inconsistencies of his life. These souls wanted eternal life, they yearned and panted for it; but when it came to them through him they turned away, and preferred to remain thirsty. Fellow-Christian, if you would be a soul-winner, learn a lesson from the old farm-pump, and let the water of life flow through a clean life for other souls. Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord.—S. S. Times.

Men Wanted.

It is said that the members of the official board of a leading Methodist church in Chicago not long ago pledged themselves to attend Sunday School, and to perform any service that the superintendent might request. This action was caused by a statement from the superintendent, setting forth the difficulty of preventing boys from dropping out of the Sunday School when they approached young manhood. The superintendent attributed this to the fact that there were so few men engaged in the work of the school. He thought that if there were more men in the Sunday School, it would have a tendency to disabuse the minds of young men of the impression that the Sunday School was a place for only women and children, and that it was beneath the dignity of young men to remain in the Sunday School after they had attained the years of early manhood. There are many superintendents who have the conviction, based on observation and experience, that it would add greatly to the strength and influence of the Sunday School if more men would engage in the work of the school. There are many superintendents who believe that the older boys and young men of

the Sunday School are already a part of the church. The writer has experienced many young men who are crated and are secure in the Sunday School?—N. Y. Times.

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