

WATER

"Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters."

"The Christian's life may be compared to the mountain stream whose rise is small, and whose course is ever toward the open sea; so, also, the Christian's course is ever toward the ocean of God's love, which is boundless and eternal."

How wondrously Creative Power displays
The mind of God in all of Nature's ways!
The indwelling spirit points to truths divine,
That man may read the book whose every line
Is fraught with wisdom and illumed with
love,
In types most clear, God's workmanship to
prove,
Guiding our wills to search where treasure lies,
And point our earth-prone thoughts toward the
skies.

Though we shou'd soar amid the spheres of
light
Which seem to dwell so near the infinite,
Rise on the mountains, glide across the seas,
Joy in the sunshine, triumph in the breeze,
Or wonder o'er the boundless skill and power
That gives an insect life and forms a flower,
In every phase, some lesson we may trace
Some parable of life, or type of Heavenly
grace.

How gently from the grey or purple cloud,
Which doth the mountain tops so lightly
shroud,
Fall the pure drops of Heaven's most blessed
rain
O'er all the thirsting forests and the plain,
Until the sated earth can hold no more;
From the high hills see surplus bounty pour,
Or trickle down the crevices and walls,
Which silently receive the blessing as it falls.

Thus flows the life divine from Heaven above
O'er hearts receptive, filling with its love;
Tho' small its rise as drops of gentle dew
It will the fainting soul to life renew;
In quiet streams by secret winding ways,
It issues forth at last in songs of praise,
Like gurgling stream, or springing crystal well,
Where weary travellers rest, and long to
dwell.

Within some cave, a deep, o'ershadowed pool
Lies in the silence, calm, and clear, and cool;
A sense of mystery around it broods,
As round some lives in holy, solemn moods,
Who pause and listen, wait and wonder still,
And watch the revelations of God's will,
Which points the outlet that His wisdom
planned
To rise, and flow, and run at his command.

Released, the narrow currents swiftly glide,
And hurry on with earnest, silent tide.
Quivering and glittering in the glorious light,
As ransomed spirits in new found delight,
Eager to win the longed-for distant goal,
And reach where oceans' billows ceaseless roll.
Thus will the Christian's soul desire to move
To reach the unfathomed ocean of God's love

Betimes the water, like a child at play,
Ripples and dances through the summer day,
O'er the smooth pebbles breaks in tiny
waves,
Laughs as the blue forget-me-nots it laves,
Or where the beautiful lilies brightly grow,
Kisses their pure white bosoms in its flow;
Thus, too, the Christian hath his times of joy,
Peace as from God which earth may not alloy.

The mountain stream still widens in its course,
Deepens its current, gathers strength and force,
Till as a river broad it doth expand,
Bears on its bosom wealth of every land;
This is its phase of glory and of power,
Its day of service, its true triumph hour.
So runs God's servant strengthened for the race;
His holy mission must the world embrace.

It rests not ever till it gains the sea,
To mingle with its waves eternally,
Bound o'er the rocks, the precipice o'erleaps,
And brilliant revel in the sunshine keeps;
Each drop becomes a diamond pure and bright,
The wreathing mist reflects with rainbow light;
All full of life, exhilarant and free,
Thus will the pure in spirit joyful be.

How full is every drop of allusions bright,
To "living water" sparkling in God's light,
"Cold flowing water" for a thirsty soul,
And "healing water" that shall make it
whole,