

I will put a **NEW** spirit within you.
Exekiel xi. 19.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will buy the gift of God?"

SUCH is the cry of the water-carrier as he goes about the streets of Egyptian towns with his water-skin thrown over his shoulder, during the season of drought, when the water, from its preciousness, may well be called, as it is, "the gift of God." As the water-carrier goes along his way—now coming into a wealthy part of the town—a rich man, thinking of the need of the poor, and wishing to bestow a kindness on them, steps out of his mansion, and pays the man for all the water he has, desiring him to go into the poorest quarter and give it away.

The man hastens off, and reaches a lane where the poorest have their dwellings, and now changes his cry, and instead of saying,—

"Who will *buy* the gift of God?" he cries out—"The gift of God! the gift of God! Who will *take* the gift of God?"

We can easily imagine how eagerly and gladly the poor thirsty ones gather around him, and that there would not be much delay before the empty vessels were brought out of their houses to be filled. "Give me a drop!" "Remember me!" "Fill up my pitcher!" "Let me have a draught!" and such-like eager appeals, in beseeching tones, would make the water-carrier think how best he could dispose of the precious liquid; and, while gladdening him to be bearer of so free and prized a gift? he would go to his very heart that he had not enough for all.

What a grand picture we have here of the water of life, which is offered "without money and without price" to every one that thirsteth!

Jesus has paid for the water for which our souls were dying of thirst; and as we have "no money," it would be a

hopeless case indeed for us, if He, in His love and in His pity, had not thought of our need, and came forth from His glorious mansion above, not only to purchase it for us, but actually to bring it with His own hands to our parched lips.

But with our Jesus there is enough and to spare. The fountain of his grace never fails—the stream of His grace is never dried up—no one need be afraid of being sent empty away, for every one is invited; and it will never be exhausted until the last poor thirsty sinner, who has felt his need has come for a supply of the gift of God. 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

A LITTLE girl of my acquaintance was once looking at a picture, with which many are familiar, which represents a stormy sea, with a rock in the midst of it, bearing upon its summit a cross, to which a female figure clings, while at her feet a hand, grasping part of a wreck, is just disappearing beneath the angry waves.

"What does that mean," asked the child.

"It is called 'The Rock of Ages,'" was the answer. "That means Jesus to whom we cling for salvation. You know the hymn says, 'Other refuge have I none.'"

"Oh, yes," said the child, after a moment's hesitation; "but that rock isn't *my* Jesus. When I cling to Him, He reaches down and clings too."

Let us preach this Jesus "who reaches down and clings too," to whom we hold, not so much from fear of falling, since underneath are the everlasting arms, but because, like the trusting child whom the father safely carries, we love to cling, that we may draw Him closer.

He hath put a **NEW** song in my mouth.
Psalm xl. 3.