

weariness, and my throat became parched with thirst. A multitude of cups surrounded me, cups which a king's ransom could scarcely buy. But, unfortunately for me, they were all empty. Precious as they were, they offered nothing that could meet my need. On leaving the building, however, I discovered, in a niche by the outer door, a plain metal cup immersed in the cool waters of a drinking fount. That cup would hardly be deemed worthy of a place among the vessels I had viewed, but to me it was worth them all. It was filled from the fountain, and I drank and was refreshed. So do the souls of men, weary and thirsty, turn from the empty cups of worldly pleasure to find refreshment at the fountain of Christ's love. It matters not how plain the vessel from which we drink, though it be some lowly task or some undistinguished service, or some quiet hour of reflection, if only it be filled from the fountain, it becomes a cup of blessing, a chalice of refreshing and sustaining grace.