

Ministers of Mercy.

SOMEWHERE above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of the window at a waterfall which came tumbling and splashing over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool, that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a long cattle train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

“Full in the hot sun stood the trucks; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

“The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

“I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby frocks. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the pre-

vious water with an eagerness that made little barefoot's task a hard one.

“But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her “picking-dish” with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity.”

The Pump at Cologne.

I WAS in Cologne on a very rainy day, and I was looking out for similies and metaphors,

as I generally am, but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump, and what kind of similie I could make out of it I could not tell. Traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard; but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come with a bucket; nay, he



Two Little Ministers of Mercy.

came with a yoke and two buckets. In the course of the morning I think I saw the same friend come to the same pump a dozen times. I thought to myself, “Ah, you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded; you are a water carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than anybody else.”

Now, there was a meaning in that at once to my soul, that inasmuch as I had not only to go to Christ for myself, but had been made a water carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than anybody else. I am sure it is so. In proportion as there is a draw upon you, take care that you keep up the supplies.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*