

## THE WATERS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Spring up, O well, sweet fountain! spring  
And fructify the desert sand;  
Sing, ye that drink the waters, sing;  
They dance along the smiling land,  
With flowers adorn, with verdure dress,  
The waste and howling wilderness.

Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh,  
Fainting with sickness, worn with toil,  
Let him who hath no money, buy  
Both milk and honey, wine and oil,  
Those fourfold streams of Paradise,  
Priceless because above all price.

Come to the pool, ye lame and blind!  
Ye lepers! to this Jordan come!  
Sight, strength, and healing, each may find,  
Approach the waves, ye deaf and dumb!  
Their joyful sound ye soon shall hear,  
And your own voice salute your ear.

In every form the waters run,  
Rill, river, torrent, lake, and sea;  
Through every clime beneath the sun,  
Free as the air, as daylight free,  
Till earth's whole face the floods o'ersweep  
As ocean's tides the channel'd deep.

As moved, with mighty wings outspread,  
God's Spirit o'er the formless void,  
So be that Spirit's influence shed  
To new-create a world destroyed;  
Till all that died through Adam's fall,  
Revive in Christ who died for all,  
[Numbers xxi, 16—18.]