

## Drawing Water.



SHALL not soon forget the circumstances under which I heard an outline sermon upon Isa. xii. 3, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

It was a hot Sunday afternoon, when five of us, engaged in village mission work, had been toiling over the Chilton Hills. To escape the sun, and get a few minutes' rest, we threw ourselves under a small clump of trees; and, as one friend remained standing, it was agreed that he should address the other four, acting the part of preacher for their spiritual good. Perhaps feeling the value of a refreshing draught at that particular moment, he announced as his text, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" giving as divisions—

1. The persons drawing.
2. What they draw.
3. Whence they draw; enlarging, under this head, upon the wounds of Jesus as being the wells of salvation whence believers draw the water of life.

As a fourth division, some one suggested that the speaker had forgotten—4. The spirit in which they draw, viz., "with joy."

But the best part was to come, for as we pursued our way, our friend gave us an illustration of the text from his own experience:—

"I remember," said he, "being in a family where all had been blessed but one, a young man. Of course, the mother wished me to speak to him, but he avoided giving me the opportunity. One day, however, I caught him at home attending to his birds, for which he had a great fancy; and as I manifested interest in the little pets, I soon gained his confidence, and was shown how he had taught them to draw their own drink by means of a little pulley and bucket. But there was one new comer amongst them, a redpoll, who would not attend to this little performance.

"I shall not give it water in any other way," said the young man.

"Will you let it die?"

"Yes; I have provided the water and the apparatus, and if it will not draw, it must go without. Mother says I am cruel, but I do not see it so. What do you think?"

"No, it does not seem cruel: the others do it, and this one sees them. If he dies with water within reach, I think it deserves to perish."

"Agreeing with the young man in this little matter completed the friendship; so I got him to sit down, and quietly quoted, 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;' adding

'other birds do; mother does; sister does. Why not you? God has provided it. You have seen how they got it. He will not do more for you. Why not draw?'

"The young man was startled at this unexpected and appropriate word. He must draw or die. God would not do anything more. The Holy Spirit blessed the simple illustration. He drew, and drawing, sang a sweeter song of joy than was ever warbled by birds."

Is it any wonder that I commenced this little story by saying, I should not soon forget the circumstances under which I heard such an exposition of this text? May the reader not only remember about the "drawing," but go and do likewise. Others do; why not you, my reader?

WILLIAM LUFF.

## "That was Faith."



HERE is a man living in the city of New York who has a home on the Hudson river. His daughter and her family went to spend the winter with him; and in the course of the season scarlet fever broke out. One little girl he put in quarantine, to be

kept separate from the rest. Every morning the old grandfather used to go and bid his grandchild "Good-bye" before going to his business. On one of these occasions the little thing took the grandfather by the hand, and leading him to a corner of the room, without saying a word she pointed to the floor where she had spelt out in what we call crackers, but what you call small biscuits, "Grandpa I want a box of paints." He said nothing. On his return home he hung up his overcoat and went to the room as usual, when his little grandchild, without looking to see if her wish had been complied with, took him into the same corner, where he saw spelled out in the same way, "Grandpa, I thank you for the box of paints." The old man would not have missed gratifying the child for twenty pounds. That was faith.—"The Way to God." By D. L. Moody.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.

John iv. 14.