

UNQUENCHABLE THIRST.

THE theatre at I——, was in a state of great excitement, a renowned actress was to perform, and the old scenery and rubbish of the stage was replaced by new, and everything was done to please the STAR, and make the new play a success. The night came—the hand-bills and placards had done their work—and the house was crowded. While carrying beer to the orchestra I was called to carry some wine to one of the boxes. I did so, and there found Miss D. (the star); she was chatting familiarly with one of the actors about the crowded condition of the house and made the remark, “Oh! suppose the gallery should give way.” “There would be a great many more souls in hell, I am sure, if it should,” he said. The words seemed to touch a hidden chord in the heart of the actress, for she turned to me instantly and said, “Oh! leave this place—leave it—you are too young to be here—there is something better than this, leave now, before it is too late.” And oh! the look that was in her eyes, it told of the THIRST in her soul that had never been quenched. She had been at the well, oh! so often, and had drank, and drank, and *drank*, but had never been filled. She had never got her fill from the pleasures of the world, and she knew it. “Who-soever drinketh of *this water shall thirst again*,” are Christ’s own words, and they were so true of her. Her words cut me to the heart, and I left; ’twas the last night I ever drank of those waters.