

I could not keep a straight course. I proceeded onward, however, as well as *reason* could direct me, and most willingly would I have exchanged a little of that *faculty* for the *instinct* that leads the brute creation with unerring certainty through the pathless depths of the forest.

The sun was rapidly declining, and my hopes with it, when suddenly I fancied I heard the murmuring sound of running water. Could it be really so? What a delightful feast I should have! for I had passed the day, like the preceding, without a drop of water to allay my raging thirst. I listened; the sound became more distinct—it was no illusion. I quickened my pace, and soon came upon a charming rivulet, flowing rapidly over a bed of white pebbles, its water clear as crystal. I rushed into the midst of it, and fervently thanking the Giver of all good, threw myself on my knees, and drank draught after draught till my thirst was quenched. I felt refreshed to an extraordinary degree, and concluding that the stream would lead me to the river, or to some lake communicating with it,