

prevented the dawn of the morning. His sins grew heavy—a load too great to be borne.

At last, one night, overborne with weariness, he fell into a troubled sleep, and in his sleep he dreamed.

He thought he had fallen into a ditch, not very deep. It seemed to him at first easy to make his escape, but when he attempted it, he sunk down deeper and deeper with each successive struggle, until at last he found himself sinking in the mire over his head, and just about to be drowned in the filthy waters of that horrible place.

Just then, lifting up his eyes, he saw stooping over him, the bending form of a strong man, with his hand outstretched to save.

“Oh that he would save me!” thought the young man, and he ceased to struggle to save himself. Then the hand of the rescuer grasped him firmly, and lifted him easily out of the mire, and placed him upon the bank of the ditch, and in a moment he had stripped him, washed him, and clothed him anew—and just then the troubled dreamer awoke from his sleep.

“Ah!” said he to himself, “I see. I see. I can never save myself—all my struggles are in vain, and worse than in vain. I do but sink deeper and deeper. Jesus must save, or I must perish.”

And Jesus did save. His feet were taken from the horrible pit and the miry clay. He was washed and clothed, and made happy in a sense of sin forgiven,—and the hope of heaven.

His spirits rose, and his health returned—that is to say, the health of his body, from the waist upward. From the small of his back downward he was paralysed and shrivelled away. From his waist upward he grew fat and fair.

He applied himself to sewing for employment and for a living, and soon acquired skill to earn a fair maintenance, with something to give to the poor, and to the treasury of the Lord.

He was happy until, by and by, thoughts of his desolation began to grow upon him. Others, God had set in families; to him this was denied. None would ever love him as he longed to be loved. He should never have wife or children bound to him by the tender bond of matrimonial or filial affection. His heart yearned for the endearments which he felt in his soul he was created to enjoy. And as the certainty pressed upon him that he could never enjoy them his heart sunk within him and seemed to be withering away like his limbs.

“Alas!” he thought, “must it be so? Yes, it must indeed. None can ever love me as the bride loves her husband. I can never have one to love and cherish, as the bridegroom loves and cherishes the chosen companion of his life.”

Again he became intensely wretched. His troubled soul denied him the embrace of even “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” until at last, in sheer exhaustion, he fell into wakeful slumbers, and dreamed again as before. In his dream he seemed to be entangled in logs and trees, lying criss-cross over the ground in utter confusion, as they are sometimes found in our forests,