

mental conflict and physical suffering our young friend fell asleep. He dreamed that he was walking along a hot, dry, dusty road. The fierce, burning sun was beating down upon him and there was no shelter and no shade for his weary frame. Tired and worn he dragged himself along, longing, oh! how greatly, for a draught of water for his parched throat and lips.

One cup of cold, clear water, and he could face the rest. Could he but quench his thirst he could go on strengthened and sustained. But no water lay before his tired eyes, only the heat and the dust and the terrible longing within. There was no "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" for him; there was no fountain of living waters for his fainting spirit. When suddenly, as he turned the road, he saw a broad, clear river lying before him. Calmly its pure waters were sparkling beneath the blue sky and the hot sun. Nothing was soiling its purity, nothing disturbing its even flow. Without one moment's hesitation, without one questioning thought—no "how" or "why" tortured his thirsty spirit—he *stooped down* and *drank*.

And then clear as a living voice came:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say

Behold I freely give,

The living water, thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live."

And he awoke. Awoke to see it all. He was questioning and reasoning instead of accepting. He was wanting proofs *about Him*, when the living water was lying at his feet, and the loving Saviour stood before him saying, "Come unto *Me*"