

no communications of life and power to the soul. I can only exult in His perfections as I experience His saving grace. It is to my thirst He appeals more than to my sense of beauty. If He holds a fascination over my mind, it is because He has wrought a satisfaction in my heart. He gives me to drink. He allays the fever of my soul. He answers my thirst for pardon, for peace, for purity, for knowledge, for love. The human soul is the thirstiest thing God ever created, and nothing can satisfy it but God Himself. The condition of the inhabitants of Jerusalem on the morning of that eighth day of the feast accurately represents the condition of mankind after each attempt to slake soul-thirst by excitements, pleasures, or activities. Though we give our days and nights to religious ceremonies, if we are not in vital touch with Christ, we are nothing bettered. The soul still thirsts. These experiments only leave us with a sense of exhaustion and with the suspicion that the waters have been lowered in the pools. But to open the heart to Christ is to drink in the water of life. One cannot argue to advantage about this matter. He can only assert the fact of his experience. I know the difference between sea-water and water from a mountain spring. It is