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STRANGE TALES FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

THE DARK HOUR.

ON returning from a morning appointment at Lower-place, on Sunday, the 15th of November, 1859, two strong, big-boned, but very poorly-clad men, were coming in the opposite direction. When we met, I took hold of an arm of each, and, in as kindly speech as possible, asked them where they were going to spend God's good day.

The elder one answered,—“We are going to waste it as fast as we can.”

“Waste it! waste it! Did you never hear that Queen Elizabeth offered her physician a great sum of money if he would prolong her life a single day?”—I inquired.

“Yes, she might; but what we say is true. The fact is, we both came into town last evening, and are in a miserable lodging-house, and prefer rambling through the streets to sitting in such a wretched place; though I have left two children in the house, for I did not like to fetch them out into the street this cold day,”—replied the same man.

“Did you not see a paper on the wall in the lodging-house you speak of?”—I asked.