

## SICK-ROOM THOUGHTS AND GLEANINGS.

### FIRST DAY.

#### MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

The floods of sorrow and billows of affliction have well nigh overwhelmed me. Has God forsaken me? No. God hath said: "I will never leave thee, never forsake thee." I do believe God, and I will trust in Him.

Thus I muse while lying on my bed in severe pain, during the silent watches of the night, when all the world seems hushed in silent slumber, and no sound is heard to disturb the almost painful stillness of my sick-room, save the ticking of the clock as it marks the fleeting moments, which are steadily and swiftly passing away to be numbered with the things of eternity.

"What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and most frequently thrown out the Christian anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of His furnace, and kept them glowing till it reflected His image."—*Bishop Thompson.*

Have we swerved from the paths of righteousness? Yes. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the