

“‘And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand ; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spit upon Him, and took the reed, and smote Him on the head * * * * * And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha * * * they gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with gall * * * * * And they crucified Him * * * * * And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads * * * * * And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying * * * My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me !’”

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire, and mechanically handed a cup of barley water, flavoured with lemon juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

“Thank you, nurse,” said the last speaker. “‘They gave Him gall for His meat, and in His thirst they gave Him vinegar to drink.’”

“She is talking about Jesus Christ,” said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side ; “but,” added she, “talking about His sufferings can’t mend ours—at least, not mine.”

“But it lightens hers,” said the nurse.

“I wonder how ?”

“Hush !” and the gentle voice again took up the strain.

“‘Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows * * * * * He was wounded for our