

COMFORT IN THE DARK HOUR.

“THERE never was such affliction “as mine,” said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital; “I don’t think there ever was such racking pain.”

“Once,” was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused for a moment; and then, in a still more impatient tone, resumed her complaint, “Nobody knows what I pass through; nobody ever suffered more pain.”

“One,” was again whispered from the same direction.

“I take it you mean yourself, poor soul! but—”

“Oh, not myself; not me!” exclaimed the other; and her pale face flushed up to the very temples, as if some wrong had been offered, not to herself, but to another. She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds, and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now wan and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if by pain, yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear grey eyes, and a refinement on the placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart acquaintance with Him who is “full of grace and truth.”

“Oh, not myself; not me!” she repeated.

There was a short pause; and then the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly, broke the midnight silence of the place—

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