

doubt God—and softly sang the chorus. While she was singing the last verse we who knelt, watching that peaceful face, saw the smile brighten and grow sweeter, as her eyes sought the face of her husband, and then looked upward, again and again.

“Jesus, my heart’s dear refuge,  
Jesus, who died for me,  
Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o’er,  
Wait till I see the morning,  
Break on the golden shore.

Safe in the arms of Jesus——”

“Jesus,” said the voice from the bed, strong and clear, and Dell stopped singing; for, with that Name on her tongue, Mother McIvan had entered upon the life eternal.

A little bird twittered at the open window, and the daylight began to brighten, making the lamp-light dim and uncertain. In a double sense “the night was o’er”; but the light that dawned on us was not to be compared with the morning that she beheld “on the golden shore.”

I lifted the sobbing child from the bed and tried to quiet him. Then Dell took him and the two younger girls out of the room (for their cries of “mother” were heartrending), and putting my arms around my husband’s neck, whispered words of love and comfort.

A moment later he rose, and true to his unselfish nature, put aside his own grief to comfort his father