

her lips moved as though repeating with the singer the words of the hymn :

“And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

As the sweet voice ceased, she whispered something that none of us could hear but her husband.

“She wants you to sing, ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus,’” he said, brokenly.

Tenderly and triumphantly, the grand old hymn arose, that has been the stay and comfort of so many dying saints.

“Hark ! ’tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.”

The light increased on the face of the dying one, as she whispered to her husband, “I hear them, sweetheart.”

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world’s temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.”

Dell omitted the last half of that stanza—because, as she said afterwards, she didn’t believe that a woman with a face like Mother McIvan’s ever did