

her great worry was not having enough money—at least, money that she could spare—to go over to the hospital to see her husband. She wanted to visit him very much.

"I told her I thought that could be arranged. And then I asked her if she liked the song she had been singing. You should have seen her face light up.

"Oh, yes, indeed, she loved it! She had found such a lot of comfort out of the Tabernacle songs, especially this one.

"I saw that she was interested in music, and soon she was telling me the whole story of Bill and herself.

" 'Back in England,' she said, 'my father was the leader of the choir in our little church, and I played the organ. You know the sort of life, ma'am—quiet like, and pleasant, but with no chance to get ahead. So, when Bill and I married, we came over here with others to seek our fortune in the new land.

" 'Things went like a bit of all right for a while, but then Bill got in with bad company and started to drink. At first it wasn't so bad. Then he lost the best job he had ever had.

" 'That discouraged him, and he took to drinking harder than ever. Even the baby didn't keep him from it. We had to sell off