

"God bless you, darling," she said, drawing Marion to her. "You love the sick boy, don't you?"

"Me love him," came the response, "an' me love oo. Will Dod make him better?"

"God will do what is best, dearie. You will pray for him, won't you?"

"Me pray for him every night. Will oo sing to 'im to make him better?"

"Why do you wish me to sing?"

"When I'm sick my mamma sings to Dod. I fink He hears better dat way, an' I det better. Will oo sing?"

"If you wish me to, I will."

"Let me det in oor lap den," and Marion, climbing up, made herself perfectly at home.

Nellie was not in a singing mood this evening, but the child's words had touched her. She thought they were alone—just two, to hear. Verse after verses she sang, and as she reached the chorus of the last verse she gave a start of surprise, suddenly ceased, and looked towards the door. A number of men's voices had taken up the chorus, and they were singing, not loud, but as softly as possible:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Nellie had put Marion down now, had risen to her feet, and crossed the room to the door. Almost uncon-