

Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angels feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing from the throne of God?"

Every eye was at once turned to that side of the hospital ward, and heads were raised from their pillows to hear. When the lady had finished the first verse, numbers of the invalids joined their voices in the chorus. Some were bass, some tenor, some feeble and trembling, others strong; and they sang:

"Yes we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows from the throne of God.

The lady continued:

"On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever
 All the happy golden day.

At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace."

And after each verse the voices full of emotion of the wounded soldiers, repeated:

"Yes we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows from the throne of God."

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