

"Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God! to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with its precious train of human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, welled the song,

"There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven."

Ah! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given";

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond—even when brave M'Clintock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them:

"Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God! to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God! to thee,"

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones, and bleeding flesh; but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death:

"Or if, 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 to thee."

—BELLE V. CHISHOLM, in *Presbyterian Observer*.