

'That He will,' says Francis, as a smile played on his face, which, in spite of the devouring disease, had lost none of its sweetness.

'Sing,' requested the dying man.

'Sing!' exclaimed the pastor. 'How can we sing? Our hearts are breaking.'

'Sing "I've reached the land of corn and wine."'

Wistaria alone was able to start the song, and others gradually joined her. Sweetly, tenderly, and yet with a peculiar triumph, the hymn was sung.

Francis Luke closed his eyes as they sang. A seraphic smile was on his face. Dr. Stokes held his hand, watching the uncertain pulse. As the friends were singing the last lines of the second stanza—

'He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land'—

the pulse ceased its beating, a little tremor crept over the body, and when the chorus was sung, the doctor said quietly—

'He has gone—gone to be with his Saviour.'

Wistaria sank at the bedside and buried her face in her hands.

'Let us pray,' said the pastor.

They all knelt around that bedside, and the minister lifted his voice to pray; but it was more a thanksgiving at the privilege of witnessing the translation of a saint. His conquering spirit was with them. Living monuments of his devotion