

told the Doctor what Abel and Jabez had said, and for some minutes only the pealing thunder and the hewling winds made answer. But John Verity was thinking, and as soon as there was a moment's lull in the uproar, he said, "Oliver is no stranger to the Immortals, Israel. They have heard of his fame. In their way, they have seen and helped him already. Oliver has fought the devil all his life long. While his body lies yonder, without sense or motion, where is his spirit? Is it now having its last fight with its great enemy? Israel, I was thinking of what Isaiah says, about hell being moved to meet Lucifer at his coming."

"I remember."

"May not heaven also be moved to meet a good man? May not the chief ones of the earth arise, each from his throne, to welcome a royal brother, and narrowly to consider him, and ask of the attending angels, 'Is this he who moved nations, and set free his fellows, and brought forth for his Master one hundredfold?' "

"Yet how he has been reviled; and what is to come will be worse."

"He has already forgiven it. I heard him praying ere he 'went somewhere' that God would 'pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too;' and then he added, just as a little child might, 'and give us a good-night.' And somehow, Israel, I do think he is having a good-night. I do surely think so."

"But oh, John, John Verity, all this great life is to be a failure. All our travail and toil and suffering to be a failure!"

"No, indeed! There is no failure. No, no, nothing of the kind! We have ushered in a new era of Freedom. We have made a breakwater against tyranny. Kings will