

down by the river's side, where his humble dwelling stood in the midst of noisy workshops and surrounded with all the sounds and activities of busy life. I entered his lowly room and approached his bedside with awe as well as compassion, for I felt myself to be in the company of heavenly messengers, who were waiting to conduct an emancipated soul from the bed of death to the throne of glory. I felt that I must speak fit words for a redeemed and immortal spirit to remember as the last accents of human lips in this world. And I spoke of Him who is the light of heaven and the hope of earth. The man was dying in great agony, but he could still signify, by the pressure of his hand and the glance of his eye, that in Christ was all his hope, and that beneath him were the everlasting arms. He had lost the power of speech, but he wrote upon a slate with a wavering hand words that he wished to have read. I looked earnestly at the irregular lines, but could see no meaning. One word in the middle of the sentence was larger than the rest, and he pointed to that as if it contained the meaning of the whole. Still I could not spell it out. With dying energy he seized the pencil and slowly printed, "VICTORY." It was his last effort and it was enough. I could now read the whole sentence: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the VICTORY through our Lord Jesus Christ."

And as I went from that bedside to my home, it seemed to me as if the roar of the waterfall in the river, and all the sounds of busy life around me took up the word and echoed—VICTORY. And for many