

around the bedside. Mr. Somerville wished them good bye, saying a few words to each, and exacting a promise from all present to work for the Temperance Cause.

"Giovanni is keeping his vow to the last;" thought poor Dr. Mays.

Then the young lecturer became so quiet that they did not think he would arouse again. But soon the brown eyes opened and rested lovingly on Ronald McFarlane.

"Are you happy, Giovanni?"

"Yes! I'm going home to Jesus! Ronald, please sing '*Hold the Fort!*'"

McFarlane commenced and the others joined in the chorus:—

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

Giovanni lay still with a bright smile on his face—good reason had he to be happy! Was he not washed in the blood of the Lamb? Was he not going home to his Saviour-Captain, under whose Temperance banner he had fought from his childhood?

Those by the bedside knew that all was nearly over, but they sang on.

With the same sweet smile on his face, and "Hold the Fort!" ringing in his ears, Giovanni Somerville entered into Heaven.