

flowers which had been taken into the church during the anniversary exercises.

She came up to the platform and stood there with her husband.

They were both reminded of that first night when they had gone into the little church and had made their promise.

"It is not like the old room, Malcom, is it?"

Dorothy said it with a feeling as if a Presence was in the church that was not human or earthly.

"No, my dear. God has been very good to us all these years."

Dorothy crept up nearer to him and Malcom put his arm about her, and they looked out into the dimly-lighted church together. The battle in Conrad was still going on. There was still the rum power to meet in one form and another. There were still ugly forms of evil, selfishness in many shapes to face, but God had gloriously used these two disciples for the building of His kingdom on the earth. Their children, also, were going out to fight the same good fight of faith, to battle for the right, to relieve distress and overcome the world. It seemed almost certain that as they stood there an Angel of Light noted their lives, and breathed over the town a benediction of peace, and Malcom and Dorothy passed out of the church and into their home with God's blessing on their hearts. It was not by any chance that Malcom chose for his text as he took his Bible and went up into his study that night the words in the Book of Revelation:

*"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."*

THE END.