

Victory

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! My ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

The writer of the 23rd Psalm speaks in the third person, when declaring that the Lord is his shepherd, and is leading him beside the still waters, and supplying all his wants in this life ; but as he comes to talk of the valley of the shadow of death he instinctively changes and uses the second person. He no longer talks *about* the Lord, but *to* Him. It is as though conscious of a growing need as the shadows deepen in the valley, he creeps to the side of the Master, and looking up trustfully into His face, he whispers : "Thou art with me." No valley can be dark, and no road rough to the soul that utters that most lifeful, inspiring word : "Thou art with me." "Jesus with us," is the balm that brightens all. Some years ago the writer said to an old saint, who had sat in an invalid chair for years : "You must sometimes find it tiresome and dreary here." "No," quickly responded the old lady, "for Jesus is always with me." Sometime during that night, no one knows when, God's messengers came for her to go home, and