

At the other end of the street stood the church on rising ground, and further on, as far as the eye could see, the usual poplar-lined French chaussée stretched away in one straight line towards the distant Eastern hills. The church looked undamaged, and so did the adjoining Presbytery in its little grove of elm-trees.

Outside the portal of the church stood the old curé, and at his side another old man who proved to be the mayor and the village doctor in one person, eyeing with uncomfortable curiosity the approaching stranger. The sight of the red ribbon on his dilapidated tunic removed their uneasiness at once, and when the stranger told them that he was a doctor and belonged to the British Red Cross they received him with open arms.

"It is God Himself who has sent you here, Dr. Martin," said the Curé in his kind voice.

The doctor did not look quite so sure of that, but was evidently pleased to be spared any explanation as to what had landed him there, with all his kit lost and nothing but a morphia syringe in his pocket and a packet of cigarettes and a little tea in his haversack.

"We are badly in need of help, *mon cher confrère*," said the old village doctor as they went in.