

to labor and to die for this beautiful work for which I feel myself irresistibly drawn."

By the following words we may measure the bitterness of his sacrifice: "God has willed that I make to Him the sacrifice of the *Society*, for on first entering into religion I had to sacrifice only a father and one sister."

To be continued.

❖ MY TREASURE ❖

Apart from the surging thousands who throng the city street,
From the noise and glare and tumult and tramping of many feet;
I seek Thee, my heart's own Treasure, upon Thine altar throne,
For here would I lay my burden and speak with Thee—alone.

I hear Thy voice, 'mid the silence: "My child, I have travelled
[wide,
O'er lonely moor and woodland and over the mountain's side;
And now at last have I found Thee, weary and bowed with care.
Come, lay thy head on my bosom, and rest in safety there."

Oh keep me, my heart's own Treasure, close in Thy fond embrace;
Help me to see through the darkness a smile on Thy loving face;
Guide gently back to Thy pathway the feet that have gone astray;
Hasten the end of the journey and the breaking of the day.

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