

"but I fear that it might lead you into danger."

"As to that, I cannot be in greater danger than I am every day and every hour. My duties oblige me to be under fire half my time, near the ramparts. You may be perfectly certain nothing can make any difference to me in that respect. I shall not move from this spot till you tell me what I can do for you."

Then she raised her face into the full moonlight, and Pemberton saw that over it was passing a wave of emotion which made her lips tremble and her eyes shine with tears.

"Oh, how kind you are," she said; "it will indeed ease my heart to tell you. Think—think what it must be to me to spend every hour, night and day, attending to the sick and wounded who are strangers to me, and all the while to know that he, who is my first and dearest friend on earth, is most likely lying somewhere within those walls ill, dying perhaps, with none to tend or care for him."

She could not go on, but, bending her face on her hands sobbed unrestrainedly. John Pemberton looked at her with infinite compassion.

"You mean Bertrand Lisle?" he said very gently.

"Yes," she answered, in a broken voice. "I know that he came into Paris at the same that we did. He cannot have escaped from it, as you know; and in no possible way have I been able to hear anything of him. But I have an instinctive conviction that he is ill somewhere, and in need of help. I have visited every ambulance to which I could gain access, and looked in the faces of hundreds of wounded men; but never, never have I seen him."

"Then, Miss Trevelyan, from this moment leave the search to me; and I promise you that I will never rest till I have found him. I can go where you cannot, and I do not doubt I shall succeed."

She put both her hands into his. She looked up into his face, with eyes radiant with gratitude.

"I cannot thank you," she said, "for I know no words which could express what I feel; but our Father in heaven will bless you, Mr. Pemberton, with a great blessing for your mercy and goodness to me."

He pressed her hand in silence, and they walked on to the hospital.

"I ought not to wonder at man's folly," thought Pemberton, as he turned away from seeing Mary within the gate, "after my own insane weakness at Chiverley; but certainly there never was madness like that of Bertrand Lisle, when he flung aside such a heart as Mary Trevelyan's for the sake of the siren Lorelei!"

(To be continued.)

To walk with him obediently! Yes—without choosing.

BELIEVER, forget it not—your are the soldier of the Overcomer.

How many a worldly person hath Satan reasoned into the bottomless pit.

FAITH has nothing to do with reasonings, but is the most reasonable of all things.

UNTIL a man knows himself justly lost, he can never know himself graciously saved.

THERE is the existence of all grace in the child of God—but deficiency in every grace.

FAITH knows that there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust Him when it cannot trace Him.

A CHILD of God should be a visible beatitude, for joy and happiness, and a living doxology, for gratitude and adoration.

FOR USE DURING HOLY WEEK

Voices in Unison.

I.—The Question.

Musical notation for I.—The Question, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

IN His own raiment clad— With His Blood dyed: Women walk sorrowing By His side Oh, whither wandering. Bear they that tree? Heavy that Cross to Him— Weary the weight— One who will help Him waits At the gate. He who first carries it— Who is He? See! they are travelling On the same road— Simon is sharing with Him the load.

II.—The Answer.

Musical notation for II.—The Answer, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

FOLLOW to Calvary— Tread where he trod— He who for ever was SON OF GOD. Is there no beauty to You who pass by You who would love Him, stand. Gaze at his face; Tarry awhile on your Earthly race. As the swift moments fly Through the Blest Week Read the great story the Cross will teach. In that lone Figure which Marks the sky?

III.—The Story of the Cross.

Musical notation for III.—The Story of the Cross, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

On the Cross lifted Thy Face I scan— Bearing that Cross for me, Son of Man. Thorns form thy diadem, Rough wood Thy throne— For us Thy Blood is shed— Us alone. No pillow under Thee To rest Thy Head— Only the splintered Cross Is Thy bed. Nails pierce Thy hands and Feet, Thy Side the Spear; No voice is nigh, to say Help is near. Shadows of midnight fall, Though it is day— Thy friends and kinsfolk stand Far away. Loud is Thy bitter cry: Sunk on Thy breast Hangeth Thy bleeding Head "Without rest. Loud scoffs the dying thief, Who mocks at Thee— Can it, My Saviour, be All for me? Gazing afar from Thee, Silent and lone, Stand those few weepers Thou Call'st Thine own. I see Thy Title, Lord, Inscribed above— "Jesus of Nazareth," King of Love! What, O my SAVIOUR! Here did'st Thou see, Which made Thee suffer and Die for me?

IV.—The Appeal from the Cross.

Musical notation for IV.—The Appeal from the Cross, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

* CHILD of My grief and pain— Watched by My love I came to call thee to Realms above. I saw thee wandering Far off from Me: In love I seek for thee— Do not flee. For thee My Blood I shed— For thee alone: I came to purchase thee— For Mine own. Weep not for My grief, Child of My love— Strive to be with Me in Heaven above.

V.—Our Cry to Jesus.

Musical notation for V.—Our Cry to Jesus, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

Musical notation for V.—Our Cry to Jesus, featuring a treble and bass clef with notes and rests.

Oh, I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Through the deep shades of life To the goal. Grant through each day of life To Stand by Thee: With Thee, when morning breaks, Ever to be. Yes, let Thy Cross be borne Each day by me— Mind not too heavy, if But with Thee. Load, if Thou only wilt Make me Thine own, Give no companion, save Thee alone.

* Part IV. should be sung by a Tenor or Bass voice.

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