

we can eveh tell or speak out loud. . . . So I've come to believe that all these things fetched home a plain message to me, an' I'd do right to follow the rest of the verses as best I could. 'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,' is straight enough, an' I've got to go on offering my life as long as He sees fit to let me, or until He sees fit to take it.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on!

He was speaking now slowly and low and musingly, almost as if he spoke to himself. "My heart has had some sifting too. It was so easy to take this offeh of yo' father's, and live pleasant an' smooth; an' it was nasty to think about that otheh life, an' the muck and misery of it all. But altho' I could be no ways swift or jubilant about it, I came to allow I'd just go again, an' do what I could."

In the silence that followed they heard the quick slam of an outer door, and a minute later their room door swung open and some one entered briskly, stopped in the half-dark and cried out in