

service to Jessie Buchanan. Already several lives had been gladdened and helped by the radiating influence of her consecrated life.

The Buchanan home on the hillcrest had gladly opened its doors during these three months to some who had never expected to cross its threshold. And so to-night, for the third time, the young woman who had unknowingly caused the departure of two families from St. Andrew's Church, sat in the fire-light with her new-found friend.

Wisely and unostentatiously Jessie Buchanan had made her acquaintance, and their meetings had been invariably away from the public eye. But into the broken life was coming the conquering power of an unselfish love. To-night, as the flames diminished, the young woman unfolded a little of her life.

"Please don't hate me for it—I had to tell some one. Oh! if only some one like you had helped me when I first went to the city; but it was my own fault. Still, if you do wrong, there seem so many more