

my very fingers appeared to be getting numb holding on to it as I did. In a little while I was seated, but still so many thoughts kept crowding upon me, and I moved sideways so that if it should go off suddenly it would shoot out of the window. The people little imagined the dangerous companion they rode with that afternoon, or they might have invited me to occupy the entire stage.

Before long, however, the dear Lord so quieted me that I could not but feel ashamed of the nervous feeling that tried so hard to assert itself.

As soon as I reached home my husband unloaded the deadly weapon. Touching the trigger it went off very quickly, and I realized more fully the divine protection granted all the way from that hotel, and could not but praise God in much gratitude while asking Him to relieve the distress caused by the strain on my hand and fingers, which was acutely painful.

We went for C—— that same evening, and, coming up in the cars, she begged me not to be influenced into giving her morphine, etc., no matter how much she craved it, as she had fully determined, with God's help, to get complete mastery of both drugs.

For the following three weeks her sufferings were intense and the physicians agreed that her entire being was fairly saturated with the poison and that nothing could alleviate, unless some of the same was resorted to. She resisted most bravely, although her nerves were all unstrung, and at times it seemed as if she would be bereft of her reason.

The crisis at last came, and for a few hours she was very low indeed, but she rallied again, and, in full surrender to God, was soon comparatively well and a new creature in Christ Jesus. Before many months had passed God provided a suitable position of trust for her, and by the letters received since entering upon it, none could but feel encouraged and blessed to continue, at any odds, the endeavour to rescue others in similar positions, or worse.

If this account of one so gloriously redeemed is read by any dear girl who is weary of a reckless life, and is desir-

ous of being right, be free to call or write to MRS. E. M. WHITEMORE, "Door of Hope," 102 E. 61st St., N. Y.—*Sel.*

A CHANGED HYMN.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay,
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away;
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the tempest's reach,
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

"Other refuge have I none,"
Here all dark forebodings cease
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace.
I am covered all day long
With the shadow of His wing,
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing:

"Thou, O Christ art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul on Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone,
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved me by Thy love,
Thou hast scattered all my fears,
And the sunshine of thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

"Thou of life the fountain art,"
Thou hast washed me white as snow;
I'm content to dwell apart
From all else, Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee,

That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.
—*Sel.*

A NEW CREATION.

God never repairs; Christ never patches. The gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, He does new—new heavens, new earth, new body, new heart. "Behold I make all things new." In the gospel, thus, we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a regime of gaols and hospitals and reform shops. We get live effects direct from God. That is the gospel. The gospel