

end to everything through suicide, as after all she felt the past year had been but a miserable sort of existence. Before doing away with herself, something prompted her, she said, to come in and confess what she had done, as she did not even wish to die without making an effort to clear her conscience of at least that much. With sympathy and great tenderness Mrs. McAuley at last persuaded her to wait twenty-four hours before personal injury in any way, promising to call or send some one to see her. Although consenting to this proposition, the very look of determination on her face as she walked out, gave evidence that the thought of self-destruction was still entertained.

Being informed of all this the following day, I hastened to the hotel where she was staying (for notwithstanding everything, she managed to keep up appearance, as far as accommodations were concerned).

As she entered the parlour—for a few seconds I could not utter a word, feeling so shocked to see such a poor, forlorn-looking girl. Her eyes were not only wild in appearance, but her face was haggard, and the drooping head told its own tale; it seemed almost unable to hold itself upright any more.

Ah! that morphine demon had faithfully performed its work on the wreck before me, and sadly transformed the once stately girl, whose conduct had been so proud and defiant the year before.

After a few words we went up to her room, and when seated, I quietly placed my arm around her and said, "O—, killing yourself is not going to help matters; that is not what you want, dear; I know *what* you really want."

Almost impatiently she turned her eyes on my face and asked what it was. Drawing her still closer, I leaned over, and as I kissed her forehead, answered, "It's just love, dear, that's all—a little love, my girl."

O how pitiful was the cry from her lips, as the tears ran down her face, and she threw her arms around my neck and said, "Yes! yes! I do indeed, but there is no hope; now no one will ever trust me again," etc.

I interrupted her with the assurance of the pardoning love of Christ, and that if there was no hope I would not mock her grief with a falsehood. She then asked permission to return to the "Door of Hope" and promised to try and do right. As a proof of the sincerity of it all, I asked her for the pistol she had intended using, and proposed keeping it as a token of love to God for so wonderfully staying her hand in its use.

On noticing that this weapon was not only loaded, but cocked, as she placed it in my hand, I confess—never having studied the art of handling the like before, and being ignorant as to the unloading of such dangerous articles—I trembled for an instant, still did not consider it wise to trust her to unload it for fear the evil one should suddenly cause her to yield to his power, and then she might shoot herself or let it fall and kill us both.

Having a Christian paper with me, I opened it, placed the pistol inside and took hold of the centre with three fingers, not daring to carry it in my hand for fear of touching the trigger. I bade her good-by, promising to come back shortly, and as I walked downstairs I thought I could, in some way, rid myself of the horrid thing outside, but, on reaching the street, I suddenly remembered that concealed or unconcealed weapons was against the law. I was about entering a store to hand it over, when, like a flash, I saw the awkward situation it would place me in, for some explanation would be necessary, and the very one I was desiring of helping and shielding would be exposed. I was strongly tempted to throw it in the gutter, but the fear of explosion restrained me. In the meanwhile my fingers, from its weight, were beginning to ache, and yet I could not change their position lest it might suddenly go off, and being some distance from home, I decided to get into a stage. It was crowded, and, for a time, I had to stand. With every jerk of the wheel I almost lost my balance, and, for a few moments grew very nervous lest some one should accidentally hit my arm and cause the pistol to fall, for by this time it seemed as if every muscle was on the strain, in fact,