

The following Sunday found the rooms again opened. No special effort had been made during the week, but simply to lay the matter before Him and with no will but His she again waited to be used or laid aside. Again the meeting consisted of two, the Master and His willing servant, and a blessed meeting it was. She seemed to get a vision of Abraham who was called to do what his whole soul rebelled against and how, obedient to God's Word, the wood was laid on the altar, and upon it his only well beloved son, that he might be tested as to his willingness to do whatsoever He might say to him and it occurred to her that the Lord might be trying her heart to see whether she was willing and obedient. "He knows my unfitness," she thought, "He could not entrust so important a work to such an instrument," and so disappointment gave way to implicit confidence and with a lighter heart the rooms were again closed.

Another week had passed, it was a dark, wet, chilly Sunday in September. "Surely," she thought, "no one would venture out on such a day," but something seemed to lead her to the rooms once more. Imagine her joy on finding wet foot prints on the stairs, and then seven young women waiting in the upper hall.