

PREFACE.

IN seeking to lay before the public this plainly-written, unpretentious work, I am actuated by the purest motives. During my life of sixty years I have oftentimes heard Christianity alluded to as being a melancholy thing, and have frequently known young people answer to such as cared for their souls: "Oh no, not yet; I want to have a little pleasure first." If I should be so happy as to disabuse one mind of the false and foolish impression that by entering the service of the Lord Jesus they shall sacrifice their pleasure and enjoyment, my effort will not have been in vain. The heroine of my story is not simply a creation of the imagination, but a living personality. In my earliest recollection of her she was an earnest young Christian worker. I have often heard her speak of the love of Jesus so precious to her heart, while her eyes filled with happy tears. Her consecrated life has been a blessed fact. The secret of her