

fear and trembling the request was made and granted to visit the head dressmaker, an opportunity was given of speaking to the girls personally and soon they made her feel quite at home. One sitting by a machine said, "Girls, I think it would be just lovely, let's go."

Inspired with a new hope from this visit, all the leading houses and printing offices were then visited and invitations distributed.

At length the long-looked for Sunday arrived and immediately after Sunday School the rooms were opened and seats carefully arranged, while she wondered if her audience would consist of eighty or one hundred. Surely, she thought, there would not be less than forty, for hundreds of invitations had been given out. After looking nervously over some carefully prepared notes on the text, "The Lord is my Portion," she waited for the first sound of footsteps in the long corridor, but the only sound that broke the awful stillness was the ticking of a large clock which soon caused considerable uneasiness by striking five, half an hour after the appointed time of meeting and no one had appeared. What could it mean? Surely there could be no mistake about the call. It seemed so clear and definite. Almost overcome with the nervous strain of the previous few days, she threw herself at His feet and poured forth her grief and disappointment.