

I remember talking with a young woman one evening about the consecrated life. She told me that for ten years she had been a church member, but a very selfish one. Her life was barren. She had not thought of soul winning or any real service for Christ. A few days later she related an experience that was most humiliating yet most exalting. She said that that evening when I had spoken to her about the deeper Christian life she went home, and alone with God, settled it that He should have her whole life for sacrifice and service. The following morning she was tested to the very death of her pride and self-life. "I was coming up James street to business," she said, "when just before me on the walk I noticed a woman carrying two big black bundles and followed by two very untidy little children. She was a foreigner who had just come in on the morning express. She had been travelling all night and was tired and dirty. As I looked upon her I felt such a strong impression to speak to her and offer to assist her, but with it came the feeling of repulsion. How can I? Why the people on the street might think she was my mother and these dirty children are my sisters and I tried to get away from the thought that it would be like Jesus to help her; but, just as I was passing by her, she turned