

and that if I should die, hell would be my portion forever.

I then thought I would get a minister to come and pray with me, with the idea that I might thus be comforted. He came; he spoke to me of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the precious blood of the Saviour shed on Calvary for poor sinners, but I was so blinded by Satan that I could not understand him, and the precious word of God was for me a sealed book.

The dear servant of God came often; he read and prayed with me, but it all seemed to make me more unhappy, because I knew that all he said was true as well as all that I read in the bible, and because of that the burden of my sins weighed continually more heavily upon me. I passed thus several sleepless nights; I seemed to be on the very brink of the bottomless pit.

One day I had a dreadful dream. I thought I saw the Saviour in the air clothed in a white robe and standing on a cloud of dazzling brightness. He held in His hand a great trumpet and I thought he had come to pronounce my awful sentence with the rest of the wicked. I awoke, believing I heard cries of grief and despair arising from the depth of hell.

Oh! how I wished to blot out my past, and how I prayed to the Saviour of sinners! I had heard that He is love and I at last resolved to go to Him and tell Him all the sad history of my sins. I felt that if I must perish I would