

## THAT WORD WAS "ETERNITY."

**A**BOUT twenty years ago I was a young boy in my father's house. I was very happy there, for my parents loved their children, and did all they could for their welfare and happiness. That number of years has passed since God spoke to me in the middle of the night, and I can never forget it.

I slept with my brother in the attic, and one dark night—whether asleep or awake I do not know—I saw a word written upon the wall at the foot of my bed; and that word was "*Eternity*." I remember well how I hid my head under the bed clothes, and tried to go to sleep again; but, although I closed my eyes, and tried to persuade myself that it was an illusion, I could not get rid of the solemn question which God Himself had presented to my soul, "Where will you spend eternity?"

It was that indeed that troubled me. I was wholly given up to the world. Young, and in good health; having agreeable companions, I found life very pleasant. However, a passage in the word of God came again and again to my mind, "But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" (Eccl. xi. 9). It was this "but" which filled me with anxiety. A dreadful abyss separated me from God.

How senseless people are! They run towards eternity with their eyes closed, blinded by the devil, who leads them at his will. Yes, those who vaunt