

earnest look that pierced my very soul, she said in sorrowful tones, 'My son, I often spoke to you of this, and told you that if you would be saved you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; now it is too late! *Too late!* The door closed, and she was gone, leaving me with the burning words ringing in my ears 'too late!—too late!' I sank down in an agony of grief, weeping as if my heart would break. Nothing remained for me—all had vanished in one moment—both earth and heaven—my mother and the Lord. In the utter depths of my misery I awoke!

Awoke to find the pillow drenched with my tears. What! a pillow, a bed! Then this scene had been but a dream. It was not yet for me to lift up my eyes in hell, dragged away from eternal light by those fearful heralds of judgment.

'Depart from me ye cursed' had not yet been said. Those terrible words 'too late! too late!' were not yet true. 'The ransomed saints were not yet gathered into the Father's house. One golden hour was still mine; not one moment of it must be lost. I sprang out of bed and casting myself on my knees before God, with many tears cried for mercy, while I thanked Him that He had given me one hour more in His day of salvation.

Blessed be God! there was yet time left for me to find Christ, to be washed in His precious