

But even as I called upon God, I felt, in my anguish, that there was none to hear; the prayer came back as an idle echo to my own bosom. I knew it was too late; the day of grace was over, the day of judgment had begun!

My eyes again sought those bright messengers of the Lord. One of them must come to our home, for there was undoubtedly *one* child of God there. A faint hope arose within me that when the messenger came for that one, there might be yet mercy for another; that perhaps (not having positively refused salvation, though so guilty in delaying to accept it) I might find forgiveness and be caught up with her to join the glad throng around the Lord.

The door opened, and a radiant angel stood before us, his face beaming with the love and peace of Him from whose presence he had come. I felt the decisive moment had arrived, and that my fate was sealed. How many of the inmates of that room would he call? Beckoning to my mother, the angel said, 'Follow thou me,' and she arose up and quickly followed him.

Will he call but one? Has he no word for me? Oh! how gladly would I go too. As a poor suppliant, my entreating eyes were on the angel's face, but not one look or word had he for me. It was the voice of my loved mother that pronounced my doom as she left me for ever. At the door she turned, and casting on me an

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