

Him, as the inevitable judgment overtook them. I heard them blaspheming His name as they were hurried to perdition, into the outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Dear friends, I beg you to remember that this is but a dream, and so to bear with some details that are not scriptural. It is not the angels who shall come to lead the redeemed into the Lord's presence. You will see if you turn to 1 Thess. 4, 16-17 that He will not entrust this mission to any other, but that He Himself will descend from heaven with a shout and call His own to join him in the air. The terrible judgment that will fall on the wicked will not take place until after the children of God are safe at home in the Father's house, far away from this scene of woe. However, in my dream, God in His grace purposing thoroughly to arouse me, brought vividly before me all the horrors of the damned, at the same time that he showed me the blessedness of the saints. It was truly an appalling moment. I cried aloud in a fever of anxiety for that mercy which I knew had been so freely offered me a little while before. Mercy from which I had then turned away in indifference, but now realized to be of such eternal value—the salvation I had delayed accepting when it was within my grasp. I besought for but one hour more.