

But what was my agony when I saw the door closed before me, and heard a solemn voice twice proclaim these words. "*Too late, too late!*" It would be impossible to express the feeling of grief, regret and profound anguish which I experienced as I heard these words ; there was something so sorrowful in the accent of the one who pronounced them.

I wakened, happy to find myself still upon the earth, and thankful to God who had warned me and had given me yet time to turn to Him and to the Saviour. I felt constrained to tell my father the dream. "You see, my child, "said he" how necessary it is, young and all as you are, to go at once to the Saviour before it is too late."

These words "too late" impressed themselves deeply upon my soul they were for me the beginning of my spiritual life. I had no rest for my conscience until I was saved, and until I became a new creation in Christ Jesus.

Dear young friends who read these lines written for you, and who have not yet come to Jesus, do not delay, but come now. Come as you are, do not put it off till another time. It is not too soon to come to Jesus, to become a child of God, but—most solemn thought—some day it will be "too late," the door will be closed, and if closed to you, how dreadful!

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days, come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." (Eccl. xii, 1).