

I stood transfixed, unable to remove my earnest gaze from the bright light, which seeming to overpower the darkness, grew larger and larger, and came nearer and nearer, until I saw distinctly in the midst of the glory the Person of the Son of God Himself, and knew that my worst fears were realized.

Shining angels issued from that glorious centre, and sped downwards, entering one dwelling or another, wherever the Saviour's blood-bought ones were to be found. I watched the heavenly messengers' returning, some leading but one, others two or three, of the saints into the presence of the Lord, and I saw the sweet reception of each one by the Saviour—the look of tender love and welcome that He gave them—and understood that they had indeed entered into fulness of joy. My soul was filled with longing to share such glorious happiness, but I knew I was not ready. Oh! if I could but recall a few hours of that precious time, which God in His long patience had given me—now gone forever!

I would gladly have looked longer at those faces lit up with such holy rapture; but another scene attracted my attention and riveted my horror-stricken eyes—a scene of misery, desolation and woe going on in the blackness beneath. Lost souls who in that terrible hour had vainly sought to hide themselves from the wrath of the Lamb, were cursing God, and railing against

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