

admired the beauty of Christ as seen in her life. But though I earnestly desired to be a child of God like her, some day, I still kept putting off the moment of deciding for Christ.

And so my boyhood passed away. The time was drawing near when I must leave my home and go out in the world, and I was yet unconverted, out of Christ, notwithstanding my mother's constant, earnest pleadings. At length, God Himself spoke to me through a warning dream. It is now more than thirty years ago, but it is as vivid to my mind as if it were but yesterday.

I dreamt one night that I was busily engaged at my studies with the tutor, my mother sitting at my side. It was mid-day, when light should have been at the brightest; but suddenly the sunshine faded away, and a deep gloom overspread the heavens. Awe-struck I arose, and groping my way towards the window, flung it open, and stood looking out into the ever increasing darkness, which became a darkness that might be felt. In the far distance I descried one tiny luminous speck, coming straight from heaven, which steadily increased in brilliancy as I gazed upon it. A terrible foreboding seized me. 'Can this be the coming of the Lord?' I exclaimed. This was no new thought to me; for my mother in her solemn warnings had often told me He was coming again, begging me to be ready to meet Him.