

room ; but I had only thought that the devil was making use of that to keep her from Christ. I was willing to make the sacrifice, though it was blessed to realize every moment I was not only filled with God, but surrounded. Six weeks after she dreamed that a pious brother who had died some years previous, laid his hand upon her, and told her she must be born again or she would never see the Kingdom of God. She sat in her room reading her prayer book, and would not take any breakfast. She told me of the dream, and asked if she could get that change without going to the Methodists. I assured her God was everywhere, and was waiting and ready to receive her when she sought with all her heart. Turning from her sins, she exclaimed, I am a great sinner ; I see everything I have done all my life has been nothing but sin, for I did it not from a pure motive of love to God. Ah, she saw then God looked at the motive and not at the act. I let my mother and sisters know her state of mind ; we united in a prayer meeting, which lasted from one o'clock till four. After a severe struggle, and mighty faith, she was brought out of darkness into His marvelous light : her load of sin was gone, and for the first time in her life she was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour, and exclaimed, I am now on the way to Heaven, and I know it, bless the Lord. She lived to testify of this grace seventeen years, and died at the age of ninety-five years, trusting in Jesus, saved at the eleventh hour—a brand plucked from the burning.

F. H.

Thoughts on Time.

Oh time ? how awful is thy flight,—
But, ah, more awful still,
That I, with wings as swift as thee,
Must earth's decaying portals flee,—
As heavy, dull, and chill,
Ye draw the deeper shades of night.