

Westwood



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Too Late!

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"Lorenzo—O, for yesterdays to come!"—
YOUNG.

"*Exclusa spes omnis.*"—*Plaut.*

Too late! What indescribable anguish is often conveyed to the mind by this brief, but touching sentence! What latent sighs and bursting groans has its bare repetition wrung from desolate or broken hearts! And in what innumerable instances has it poisoned the cup of anticipated enjoyment! How many thousands are at this hour mourning in hopeless grief over the retrospect of neglected opportunities—opportunities which, had they been duly improved, might have secured many personal and domestic comforts, many temporal and spiritual blessings! Now it is too late. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended!" O, how gladly would they recall those by-gone seasons, those golden hours! Alas, they are gone forever! How thankfully would they grasp at "yesterdays to come," and resuscitate their withered hopes! But conscience points to the hand-writing that is against them, and every passing breeze wafts to their ears the chilling sentence, "It is too late!"

A disposition to procrastinate, even in matters of the greatest moment, is too prevalent among men generally, and by cherishing this unhappy propensity, thousands have involved themselves in misery and wretchedness. Even the most benevolent intentions toward a suffering fellow-creature, if not immediately carried into effect, may be forever defeated by the removal of the object who excited our pity to another world, where he will no longer need the tear of human sympathy, nor the benefit of human aid.

An eminent minister in the Methodist connection, who recently exchanged mortality for life, and who, previous to his departure, had filled the presidential chair in the conference, related to me the following incident, which occurred in his own history, and which will furnish a striking illustration of the sad effects of protracted and unnecessary delays. While relating the circumstance he said with tears in his eyes, that the remembrance of that event would not be effaced from his mind, till the hand of death should wipe it away.

In the early period of his ministerial life he was one evening importuned by an aged woman to visit her ungodly