

IT IS TOO LATE NOW.

I N the spring of the year 18— I went to live in a remote part of the country, where as servant of the Lord Jesus Christ I preached the gospel among the poor, alas! wholly ignorant and indifferent as to all that concerned their souls, and the things of God.

My first visit was to a poor woman who, attacked by a terrible cancer, suffered cruelly and was at the gates of death. She received me well, listened until I had finished reading part of the third chapter of John's gospel, then, regarding me, said ; "Sir, it is too late now."

I spoke to her of the love of God who had given His only Son, of the love of Jesus, who died to save sinners ; I reminded her of the purifying power of the precious blood of this Lamb without blemish and without spot, and I besought God that this poor soul might be saved.

The following day I returned to see her, but the only response was ; "It is too late now!"—It was an awful scene! sometimes cries of grief, sometimes words of despair, at the thought of the eternity which opened out before her. Between these moments of anguish she recounted to me somewhat of her history. She had formerly made a profession of religion, but had fallen back ; the Spirit of God had striven with her, but she had resisted ; she felt that she had