

## WHAT A CONTRAST.

ON a bitter cold night in mid-winter I was called from my bed to go ten miles over a bleak and drifted road, to see a young man who was sinking in the deep waters of death. He was but twenty years of age. He had been a Sunday-school scholar and a church goer. He knew all about the way of salvation. But he had broken away from all these hallowed influences of earlier years—he had yielded to the enticements of evil companions, and now he was dying without hope. The messenger who came for me in haste was one of those who had helped him on the way of darkness, but he could not lead him back to the light. I bade the dying youth look to Jesus—pled with him to look, but his wild and wandering eye could see no Saviour in the darkness that was gathering around him. His despairing look and heavy groan only answered “Too late, too late!” He kept sinking, sinking till the billows of death passed over him, and no word or sign of hope came from his dying lips.

As I went back to my home in the cold starlight of that winter morning, it seemed to me as if the icy north wind that swept the frozen earth and swayed the naked branches of the trees by the roadside, took up the refrain of those sad and despairing words, “Too late, too late!”

Again, in the same city, on a summer's afternoon, I was called to visit a dying man. I walked hastily