
Lost Time

by Eugene V. Debs

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Unsigned in the original, almost certainly the work of Editor Debs.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility, and fidelity; but time once lost is gone forever.

The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness, and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, no effort can bring them back. No prayers, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

Today God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be recalled, the future cannot be foreseen.

Tomorrow, of which we often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live tomorrow. We cannot find it in title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of tomorrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the sea of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

Now in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.

Edited by Tim Davenport

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