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not quite quenched. Something has been kept, but is very little, enough for bare existence, not enough for happiness or for power. It may be nearly lost or altogether lost in the study of grammars and dictionaries and books of criticism, in the bitter discussion of ecclesiastical affairs, even in much serving and skilful organising. What right have we to think we can keep it if we do not live in communion with God, His Word, and His saints? What right have we to think that we can keep it if the heart is suffered to become a high road, trampled by the cares of this life, by the ambitions of time, by the passion for intellectual distinction? The saddest thing in all the world is to see the young men, who once were aflame for God, faint and grow weary, perchance utterly fall. Of how many it has to be said in these days that they once burned and