

fighters for you. Your enemies are His enemies also.

FOR DEFENCE, your armor consists of:

1. The Helmet of Salvation,—a consciousness of union with Christ.

2. The Breastplate of Righteousness: Christ's righteousness, and the purity wrought within the heart by the Holy Spirit.

3. The Girdle of Truth for your loins: the devil being the father of lies, nothing serves better to secure our victory over him than truth in the mouth, in the heart, in the life.

4. The Preparation of the Gospel of Peace for Sandals and Greaves: readiness to walk, to run, in the way the Master has appointed, especially to bear the glad tidings of His peace to others.

5. The Shield of Faith, broad and strong, to quench the fiery darts of the foe, the doubts, the fears, the falsehoods, the wild passions with which he assails us.

FOR ATTACK we are provided with,—

The Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Thus armed and protected a coward might face the fiercest battle. But our advantages cease not here. We have a Commander, a Leader, equal to every trial of strength, skill, and daring. The devil with all his craft cannot circumvent Him. He knows the tactics of the foe; He anticipates every hostile movement; He can unveil every plot, and thwart every ambush. Only listen to his voice, and obey His orders, and all the forces of Hell cannot harm you. You shall escape every snare, triumph in every conflict, and repel every assault from within and without.

The cause in which you fight is good. Your armour is good,—the best ever worn by a warrior. Your Sword is good,—stronger and keener than any blade that ever flashed back the sunshine. Your Captain is good,—truer, braver, lovelier, more skillful than any that ever surveyed a field of battle. What, therefore, need we fear, though the strife be life-long and severe.

We have read a thrilling episode in the last great Eastern War that will serve to

illustrate the warfare which the Christian must wage in his own soul: * The siege of Lucknow was conducted by Sir Colin Campbell with his brave Highlanders. Their first attack had to be directed against a strong building, surrounded by a wall of solid masonry, loopholed all around. The enemy were in this building in great force, but it had to be taken. Cannon thundered against the wall, and at last made a breach two feet square. Through this hole the Highlanders rushed with heroic daring, and flung themselves upon the foe. And, now, woe to the cruel mutineers within! There was no escape, and no mercy,—for that was a merciless war. Now and then a plumed bonnet and a tartan plaid were laid upon the grass without the bloodstained entrance, and beneath lay the lifeless form of the stalwart Highlander, whose eye was never more to gladden his cot under the shadow of the Northern hills. Hour after hour passed in that awful agony of life and death within those gloomy walls. Anxious men stood round the crater outside, wondering how the battle sped, and when it should be won. But the volcano within the thick walls still raged like a fiery furnace, and human life was its costly fuel. At last the struggle closed; the work of death was done. Sir Colin's soldiers, few and brave, had carried the fort against overwhelming odds; and when men saw the heaps of slain mutineers, and remembered the scenes that had been enacted, a few weeks before, by these mutineers,—the pitiless butchery of women and children, and the glutting of that horrid well, they felt constrained to say, "Here is retribution for Cawnpore!"

Is not the heart of the unconverted man like this strong rebel tower? The Captain of our Salvation lays siege to it, and by the working of His mighty Spirit, throws down its walls, and subdues it more effectively than could be done by all the shot ever thundered from cannon's mouth. The Prince of Peace fights the good fight, and takes possession of the strongholds of the soul. The struggle may be long and,

* See Article in *Princeton Review*, on "Higher Christian Life."