

of life: if this can be called life, there is nothing much worse; I am utterly weary; I pray thee, O Lord, come forth and carry me hence." And Cowper in pensive sadness prayed—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more."

The old historian said that no man had ever lived yet without coming to the day in his life when he cared nothing if he were to see no to-morrow.

But not thus, dear brethren, can you reach your rest. Step by step you must fight your way there—rising sadder but wiser from painful falls; finding real foes in fancied friends; curbing evil tempers; watching against besetting sins: thus only can you reach the Kingdom of God. And he that enters upon that war will understand the Apostle's lament, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." *Are you tired of this world?* It is a sad thing when man becomes really tired of earth and earth's duties. Weary and sometimes irksome as they are, we should gather strength to encounter the task. Yours is no conqueror's heart if you quail in the presence of hard labour. Do not imagine that the meaning of the expression "heavenly-minded" is being too holy to do the cold severe work of this planet. Such "heavenly-mindedness" would soon loosen the moral securities of the world, and plunge society into the heathenism of the dark ages. It is sentimentalism; a maudlin, half-hearted existence; part of the man is in Heaven and part of him on the earth. He is not a robust hero in the race or fight, but a dizzy-headed dreamer resting himself on the pillow of self-ease.