

sins will stop your prayers; and that by God's help you must kill sin, or sin will kill you.

2. Because here victory is unmingled joy.

It is not so in other fights. The laurels that are won where groans of suffering mingle with the shouts of battle, are steeped in tears; and when common roar and bells ring out a victory, and shouting crowds throng the streets, and illuminations turn night into day, dark is many a home, where fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, widows and orphans, weep for the brave who shall never return. It is said of God, that, in sweet flowers, and singing birds, and painted shells, and shining stars, in all the beautiful and happy works of his hands, he takes delight; but the best and bravest soldiers have sickened at the sight of the work of their hands in that field of carnage, where, locked like brothers in each other's arms, friend and foe lie quietly together in one gory bed. There are thorns in victory's proudest crown. He, whom men call the Iron Duke, is reported to have said that there was nothing so dreadful as a battle won, but a battle lost.

Thank God, our joy over sins slain, bad passions subdued, Satan defeated, has to suffer no such abatements. Heaven, that I can fancy hiding its eyes from other battles, watches the fortunes of this with keenest and kindest interest; angels rejoice in your success; nor are any tears shed here but such as poured from the father's eye, when, kissing the returned prodigal and folding him in his happy embraces, he cried, Let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

I wish to enlist you as soldiers of the cross. This is a good fight in other than these, in all its aspects: what a captain in Jesus; what arms in the whole armour of God—the very ring and sight of which, as they shine in the beams of the Sun of righteousness, make Satan tremble; what a helmet for the head in salvation; what a shield in faith; what a breast plate in the righteousness that protects the believer's heart; what a sword in that of the Spirit, the Word of God; what a girdle for the body in truth; in peace what shoes for the feet; and last of all, in a crown immortal

what a prize to reward your watchings and prayers, your tears and toils, the blows you strike and wounds you suffer! I can understand men in that terrible war which is now raging beyond the Atlantic, flying, as they are said to do, not through cowardice, but to escape military service. So long as the battle cry is the Union *with* slavery, not *without* it, to me the ground of battle is not clear; I cannot feel, to use the words of my text, that it is "a good fight." But who can doubt that here? It is a fight for your soul; it is a battle for heaven; it is bleeding slaves up in arms against their old masters; doomed prisoners fighting their way to the open door, and dashing themselves on those who would bar their escape to life and liberty. Break away from your sins; and, taking unto you the whole armour of God, throw yourselves into this battle. By that I cannot say you will win heaven, but you will win to it; and thus possess the prize which your Saviour purchased.

No doubt it is a hard fight; I do not conceal or disguise that. How can it be easy for a man to overcome the world and crucify his own flesh? But if that is hard, it is harder far to suffer the pains of a lost soul, to lie down in everlasting burnings. Oh! surely better lose a hand than have the whole body burn; better part with some darling sin than part with Jesus.— You have no choice; they only that carry swords on earth shall wave palms in heaven; nor shall any but they who walk here in armour walk there in brightness. The crown is for saints, not for sinners; not for cowards, but for conquerors. And how can you conquer unless you fight? The promises are to him that conquers, to him that overcometh—not, indeed, by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts— "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God;" "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death;" "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels;" and still higher honour, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."