

Rarely is this highest of victories achieved without terrible accompaniments even of bodily exhaustion and pain. The flesh sympathises with the struggles of its nobler companion. Sweat and blood attest the inward agony. The immortal overpowers the perishable. The ethereal spark is too quick and strong for its earthly vehicle, which melts and wastes away before its consuming energy. Yea, our very infirmities bear witness to the might of the spirit, which tramples on the body, and subjugates it to its will, and asserts its own kindred with the eternal and divine. When the agony has been undergone, and the conflict is past — sweet indeed is the final peace. It is the peace of conscious strength, reposing after victory, and calmly awaiting the certain issue of God's merciful providence. Then comes the assurance of faith and principle — the steadfast resolve — the hand prepared for every good and noble work — the soothed and trusting spirit that shrinks no more at the aspect of danger, but looks out on all things with an eye of quiet and hopeful love. Then the martyr-soul goes back from the solitude of prayer and faces the world anew. Filled with a holier vigilance and tenderer solicitude for those who are yet weak and timorous and dull; and when it finds them "sleeping for sorrow," it puts words of warning in their ear, and cries — "Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Then — whatever may yet remain of pain and grief and peril for its further trial, it can meet it all without dismay. With spiritual insight it discerns in these things, the orderings of that invisible hand which it rejoices to own and obey — the transitory process of earthly discipline, which is still needed to draw out its strength and complete its purification — a renewed