

soil, and under whose shadow we are this day sitting, he had fought many a hard battle; but his hardest was fought in the solitude of the night, and amid the quietness of a dying chamber.

One morning his friends enter his apartment. They find him faint and pallid, wearing the look of one who had passed a troubled night. So he had; he had been fighting, not sleeping; wrestling, not resting, and it required all God's grace to bring him off conqueror. Till day-break Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant; and that long night Knox had passed wrestling with the prince of darkness. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he met Apollyon in the valley, and their swords struck fire in the shadow of death. The lion is said to be boldest in the storm. His roar is never so loud as in the pauses of the thunder; and when the lightning flashes, brightest are the flashes of his cruel eye; and so he who, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour, often seizes the hour of nature's distress to assault us with his fiercest temptations. Satan tempted Job when he was bowed down with grief. Satan tempted Jesus when he was faint with hunger. Satan tempted Peter when he was weary with watching, and heart-broken with sorrow: reserving, perhaps his grand assault on us for times that offer him a great advantage, it was when Knox was worn out, left alone, his head laid low on a dying pillow, that Satan, like a roaring lion, leaped upon his bed. Into the room the enemy had come; he stands by his bed; he reminds him that he had been a standard-bearer of the truth—a reformer—a bold confessor—a distinguished sufferer—the very foremost man of his time and country; he attempts to persuade him that surely such rare merits deserve the crown. The Christian conquered—but hard put to it—only conquered through Him that loved him.

FATAL PRESUMPTION.

"Shall you anchor off—Point, Captain—?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in the dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought perhaps you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir:" and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humours, and I'll bet anything you like that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor, as he passed to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale—and there's one coming on, or I'm no sailor," replied the man; "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors call "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, arousing me from a pleasant reverie, in which smiling welcome home held a prominent place.

"We are going it by the narrow channel, sir," said he; "and with the wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand bank. It is fool-hardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentle-