

FINALLY, very dear Brethren, suffer me to urge upon you, once more, advice paramount to all other—the experience of deeper sanctity of heart and life; then yours will be a brilliant career: you will have “seals to your ministry and souls for your hire”: you will, at the close of the race on which you have started, say, as your Redeemer Jesus did, “Father, I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.” Then, soldiers of Christ, lead on to *victory* the sacramental host of God’s elect, and die with your armour on. You will have your reward; not a perishable garland, that withers in the grasp, but a diadem of glory, that fadeth not away: “For those that sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life, and others to everlasting shame and contempt; but they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. Amen.”

W. A. B.  
Dec. 21, 91

