

through the difficulty. Continually and secretly into the soul Jesus will distil his grace. Fresh supplies are furnished to meet the particular wants of the tried and tempted. Muse on heavenly themes and the fire will burn. Excitements that are kept alive by the fuel of human passions and feelings burn themselves out for lack of new material. The foul chimney of fanaticism will play its part for a time startling and rendering disagreeable a whole neighbourhood, but it spends its force and the miserable effects die away. The sparks of temporary impressions will crackle for a while and die, but the fire of a consecrated heart to God fed by a material suited to its own nature, burns higher, brighter and purer; the path of the just is a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. "Higher, Christians, higher! excelsior! Let the church ascend to the heights on which Christ has placed it. Let there be for every one of us in this day of death a real resurrection. Let what is cool come to be warmed, for a little fire will go out unless it be fostered by blowing it, and by adding fresh fuel! Come, Lord, add fresh fuel and blow upon the fire, since Thy breath alone gives flame and life. Breathe upon these half-consumed embers, and may a heavenly fire burn in Thy people! Baptise us with the Spirit and with fire! And despite all those floods of icy water which imprudent workers are now pouring on the altar Thou hast kindled upon earth,—let the house of Jacob become a fire, and the house of Joseph become a flame; and let us all children of the Reformation and of the Gospel, be lights in the world, and manifest in it from this day forward Thy word, Thy person, Thy grace, Thy life, Thy glory, O Jesus Christ, King of the Church, our Lord and our God."

We are next brought to an inspiring page, representing the man who presses boldly into the kingdom. There is something within us that is roused by such a record. The same principle that leads to hero-worship but turned into a gracious channel here largely prevails. This gorgeous sight turns our feet aside—a palace fair and beautiful—dwellers clothed in gold—triumphant entrance there to the matchless glory of the place, to share in it and shout victory—these attract us. See you not in this that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force. Nor can you fail to mark the crowd at the door—ah, many lingerers hang back, afraid to venture—they fear to plunge into the stream and strike out boldly for the other side. A representation of a great fact that wistful glances may be cast toward heaven, the cost of reaching it is however too great. Halting between two opinions they lose themselves. Hear ye undecided—strive to enter in at the strait gate. Set out for Zion above. Say I am the Lord's. How vividly is this presented to us, "Set down my name, Sir." Notice is taken of the deciding act, when the soul says "yea" to the overtures of Christ's gospel. The soldier enlists in the army of Christ. Takes the coin that signifies and seals his bargain. "Are we the soldiers of the cross, the followers of the Lamb?" It is with drawn sword, and with a heaven furnished panoply that the firm determination is to do or die. Salvation's helmet will ward off many a hard blow, while hope throws her lucid light to cheer the spirit in darkest moments. Enemies may press on, thick and fast they crowd on every side but in the name of the Lord we will destroy them. We are more than conquerors through him that loved us. What music so sweet as the sound of victory? To walk in triumph sharing and surrounded with glory in the palace of Heaven's Eternal King, this is enough to fire the heart with ardour in pressing on to the heavenly gate. That success crowns the toil, is quickening to the soul; as the deeds of ancient battle kindle the enthusiasm of the