

these things?" If there was no source of help except in man—the hopeless answer of despair must echo round the world—no one.

And here is the occasion of fear: man ever inclines to trust in his own strength; for if the Christian trust wholly, without reserve, in the Rock of strength he cannot fear; but in proportion as he trusts in an arm of flesh he is beset with fear and surrounded with darkness.

And where is the Christian so full of hope, and joy, and peace, that he does not sometimes need the encouragement here given—"Lo! I am with you." Gracious promise, glorious assurance. Are you weary, Christian brother? Do you feel the burden of sin pressing upon you? or the crushing weight of the care, anxiety, and turmoil of Christian warfare? Hear the voice of your Captain—I am with you. Reflect upon the character of him who thus speaks; upon his kindness, and power, and love, and then upon the certainty of his promise, and let it fill the soul with courage, hope, and love.

THE GOOD FIGHT.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

The Christian's fight is a good fight—

1. Because it is in a good cause.

With the justice and reason of any war, our soldiers are supposed to have nothing to do; these are to be discussed in parliament, but not in barrack-rooms. The theory of a standing army is such, that from the commander-in-chief down to the drummer-boy, the soldier is considered as much a mere machine as the musket in his hands. This presents to many, one of the most serious and difficult questions as to the lawfulness of his profession. While we may feel no such scruples, it ought to make us, as far as possible, live peaceably with all men, and never but as a last resort appeal to the arbitration of arms. How often have good men been found fighting on the bad side! and how often has the trumpet, summoned from their distant homes and peaceful occupations, those who had no quarrels to settle, nor wrongs to complain of, to the bloody work of slaughter; to destroy each other's lives and to mangle each other's bodies, till, in that

poor, mutilated humanity, a mother would not know her own son! In war both sides cannot be right; and the death of every man, therefore, who falls on the side that stands up for the right against the wrong is a murder, on which the almighty Judge will hold severe and solemn inquest—laying the guilt at the right door. But, however soldiers may come to regard themselves, or be regarded by others, as machines who are to obey orders without inquiring into the merits of the war, still a man is a man—he has what his arms have not, reason and conscience; nor can he, though he would, suppress their voice within him.—I can fancy cases where he has little heart to fight. He is not sure that it is "a good fight." Ordered to cut down one, who, though a naked savage, stands on the shore of his country to defend it from aggressors, or on the threshold of his door to protect his wife and daughters from the hands of a brutal soldiery, the sympathies of a generous man cannot be on the same side as his sword.

Now, if, soldiers of the cross, you have formidable enemies to contend with, you have an immense advantage in this—that your cause is just, and noble, and holy and good. It is "a good fight." Your enemies are not your kindred, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh; they are the enemies of God and Christ; of virtue and liberty; of light and peace; of your children and of your race; of your bodies and of your souls—tyrants that would bind you in chains worse than iron, and burn, not your house above your head, but yourself in hell for ever. I am not saying that the sword has not often flashed on the side of the right and been bathed in tyrant's blood; but men never drew sword in a cause like this; nor to any battle so much as that to which I summon you with the world, the devil, and the flesh, are the few pithy words of a brave old general so appropriate. His men were waiting to be addressed ere the fight began. Erect in his saddle, with his gray hairs streaming in the wind, he stretched out his arm, and pointing to the foe in front said, ere he rang out the word Fire! "There are the enemy; if you do not kill them, they will kill you." So with us. We must destroy sin, or be destroyed by it. Be assured that, unless your prayers stop your sin, your