

ial are temptations, and may issue in cruel defeats. A word spoken to a comrade may gain a great victory for Christ. An angry moment may throw open the citadel of the soul to its beleaguers, and the watchful conscience hears the stealthy footfall of traitors within the ramparts, and many a time there is stern battle, deadly onslaught, and high defiance, and repulse of the attack by the arm of Christ himself, when the ear is filled with the tumult of the market, or the hand with implements of lowly toil. And if our life is dignified by no such experiences, it is because we have fallen asleep, forgetting where we are, and what; only conscious through our drowsiness of the dripping rain and cold, but not of the noble meaning of our life.

3. No occupation is ever dull that engages and excites the *heart and affections*. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed but a few days for the love which he had for her. No hunted patriot in garret or cave or thicket, planning still the salvation of his fatherland, is stranded in the ooze and marsh of stagnation as the proud and luxurious often are; no! the full tide of emotion and sensibility still flashes and sings about his heart. The worst hour in any life is when the mortal coldness of the heart like death itself comes down; when it looks at its old gods and sees them to be wood or stone, or only mortal at best, and it either festers into cynicism or else freezes into ice.

Who shall restore what is lost then? in what waters shall the leprosy of the soul be washed that its flesh may come to us again as the flesh of a little child? or can these dry bones live?

We often speak of the poor man's squalid home as half excusing his intemperance and waste, but it is not only his home, it is his associates, and the coarseness and vulgarity which cling to himself and his wife and children, of which he is dimly and undefinedly conscious, and cannot even set about ameliorating. These sometimes kindle his rage against his betters, and sometimes plunge him into loveless apathy and despairing recklessness.

Now then, show him—O God, show us one and all!—that grand and radiant character which turns all our conventional refinements yellow, as gaslight in a flame of noon. Show us Christ, and teach us that Christ may be formed in us; that meantime Christ is our friend and brother, has worked and suffered and still pleads and rules for us. What a change! How noble the thought that our privations are sacrificial offerings when life is laid upon that altar which sanctifieth the poorest gift. How sublime the moment when even a small and mean provocation moves in our