

lution and childish unpreparedness of those whose thoughts he had tried to raise to the height of his own great cause, and to inspire with courage and self-possession proportionate to the coming danger and trial. It was the hour of his enemies. The power of darkness was upon him. His highest faith was momentarily eclipsed. Presence of mind, strength of purpose, capacity of endurance — all seemed to be giving way. Nothing remained, but to throw himself on God — for human weakness to lay hold of the divine strength. Humility and devout submission were the virtues that now culminated in his soul. They checked all rashness; they beat down all presumption; they broke forth in that one deep and earnest prayer — “Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.” In that breathing of profound and self-renouncing humility — in that entire reference of all things to God — went forth the word that brought back strength to the failing spirit. Sad and solemn rose its accents to heaven on the stillness of the midnight air — with ever-deepening fervour as the sense of weakness and peril grew; — till God’s presence was fully realised, and a helping angel stood at his side; and then all was calm — and the terror passed away. And so it is ever with man, when the highest duties test his allegiance, and perils at which the stoutest quake, are a condition of their performance. There is a fearful struggle within, that bewilders the brain and makes the heart sick; till the will is firmly fixed, and the final resolve is taken, and God is trusted and obeyed with implicit faith. Then strength enters the soul, and the Spirit conquers. This is that victory of faith “which overcometh the world.”