

of the worldly is setting for ever; his best things are all beginning to blossom and bloom for ever, when those of the worldly are all slipping out of his hands and passing away." ("Ryle's Y. M. E." p. 68).

Pardon the length to which I have run in these suggestions—my excuse is the vast importance of the matters touched upon. Do not reject them. Test them. Put such of them as, after due deliberation, you approve of, in force *at once*. Drive procrastination from your path. How many are wrecked by her Syren song: "I will to-morrow, yes, I will, I will be sure to do it. To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes, and still it is, *I'll do it*. And so repentance is delayed from one day to another, until the day of death is one and judgment is the other." To-morrow is the devil's day: to-day is God's.

Prepare this night for the race. At once "let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us."

Nought will support you amidst calumnies, misfortunes, the falseness of friends, and the bitterness of enemies, but the divine promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Thus supported, a Wilberforce or a John Howard can smile serenely at malevolence and suffering: and thus you will be lifted so far above all earthly trouble, that already, amidst that which makes many droop, with the piercing eye of faith, reaching to our far-off Father-land, we triumphantly exclaim: We are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God."