

said a good soldier of the Cross; but if thou hast not faith, how canst thou fight? Here is thy weakness, reader; for it is faith that saves us. Dost thou inquire how? By teaching us to have no confidence in ourselves, but great confidence in God; by taking us to the blood of Christ for the forgiveness of our sins; and his righteousness for the justification of our persons; by helping us to realize the presence of God—and who can sin in His presence?—by fetching fresh strength, and enabling us to watch, wait and, pray. But now mark, dear reader, while faith through these means, bruises Satan beneath thy feet, thou mayest not praise thy faith, deify thy faith, attach merit to thy faith; thy faith saves thee because Christ prays and prevails, because He lives. "I have prayed that thy faith fail not." We cannot be saved without faith, but Christ gives it, and his intercession is the root of strength. Faith works, but works by love, and Jesus finds this and keeps it alive. Like Peter, we sometimes forget to pray, forget to watch, but oh, what a mercy Jesus does not! His eye never sleeps, His arm never grows weary, His lips never falter, but the sweet incense of His adorable intercession constantly ascends before the throne, and hence His people live.— This explains how it is, believer, that thou hast been helped to persevere, and informs thee why thy faith has not become a withered blasted thing, and thy life as barren as thy faith; how, though often cast down, thou hast not been destroyed, though often wounded thou hast not been killed. Oh, then, while you watch and pray, and seek as for your life that your faith fail not, see to it that the praise of its strength and its victories be given to Him who is its great Author and Finisher!

But, dear reader, what if thou hast not faith? Then thou hast no intercessor? What words can describe thy danger; art thou not afraid, dost thou not tremble at the thought of being left in the hands him who has ruined myriads? Art thou a match for him who is the prince of the power of the air? art thou equal to his knowledge, power, cruelty, and perseverance? Oh, let him but loosen upon thee the full blast of temptation, and, unaided of God, all thy fancied strength, wisdom, and courage will be torn to pieces, and fly like a spider's web before the whirlwind. Fly thou to Christ, let Him be thy shield and buckler, and teach thee how to conquer him who otherwise must be thy victor and lord.

But if we have learnt these truths for ourselves, there is a duty incumbent upon us.— "And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," said Christ; "tell them never to despair, that I can subdue their temptations,

and preserve them from the tempter; proclaim my love and faithfulness; let the weak, the timid, and the doubting hear how I saved thee from the hand of the spoiler; I have restored thee, go thou and restore others; I have bound up thy wounds, go thou and bind up the wounds of others. Dost thou see men rushing forth like moths towards the fire of hell, warn them of their danger, and inform them of your escape." Thus Jesus teaches and exhorts His servants, especially those whose backslidings He heals, and who are restored by His grace. Our plan is to keep the gold from the fire; His plan is to bring it through the furnace that it may the more abundantly reflect His praise. Our plan is to fill the mouth with words; His to fill the mind with thoughts and the heart with love.— "Prayer, temptation, and meditation," still make the ministers of Christ; let us pray, therefore, for such, and entreat the Lord to send forth men who, being thus qualified of Himself, shall be able to speak to the hearts of both saint and sinner, that so both may be profited and saved.

"Thou seest my feebleness:
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

Give me to trust in Thee;
Be thou my sure abode;
My horn and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.

Myself I cannot love,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul, to Thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thine own,
And love me to the end."

THE WORLD'S DISTINCTIONS.

Differences of high and low, rich and poor, are only calculated for the present world, and cannot outlive time. In the grave, at the day of judgment, and in heaven, there are no such distinctions. The grave taketh away all civil differences.— Skulls wear no wreaths nor marks of honor, Job. iii. 19. When civil differences vanish, moral take their place. The distinction then is good and bad, not great and small.—*Manton*.