

innermost recesses of the soul. How absolute, how oppressive, how irresistible is his sway.

Satan is armed.

Not only does he sit enthroned in wide, and deep and durable dominion, he also stands as a sentinel armed to the teeth, prepared for all attacks on his power—thoroughly equipped for every encounter. How perfectly is this strong man armed. Think of his craft as deep as the sea. Think of his experience gained in all the past ages and in innumerable encounters. Think of his knowledge of the human constitution in all possible surroundings, derived from ages of concentrated observation. Think of his skill in manipulating different temptations so as to gain over, men of different temperaments. This old tempter not only knows that every man has his price, he can tell that price, and can pay it. He is perfectly acquainted with the force of habit. He is at home in the subtle sequence of mental association. How readily can he, out of the most meagre material, forge link after link of a chain that shall bind us in hopeless thralldom. Think of the fiery darts innumerable he can hurl at our opposing heads—of the lusts he can place as baits to lure us to our destruction. Who can count the devices of this strong man armed?

Satan's vigilance corresponds to his strength.

He is seen keeping his palace. He never nods at his post like a sleeping sentinel, but is always awake, ever on the alert—not only most strong, but also most watchful. How jealous is he even of the appearance of opposition, how quick to check it. If there is danger of his dominion being disputed even in the heart of a child, how will he plot, and scheme, and oppose. He is determined not to lose an inch of ground, or a single subject.

#### SINNERS ARE HIS GOODS, AND THEY ARE KEPT IN PEACE.

If the first picture of Satan's power is oppressive this is even more so, for nothing could more emphatically declare the utter helplessness of man in relation to this power, and the hopelessness of his bondage if his rescue depended on himself. Sinners are the goods and chattels of the devil—the furniture of his palace, to be shifted about and used as his desire or caprice dictates. They are his tools and instruments, always lying ready to do his work. Does he wish aught to be accomplished on earth, he finds thousands of