

no issue, of sorrows which have no vent, of tears which no friendly hand altogether wipes away. And when your body is not oppressed, your mind grows faint under the weight of temptation, and sinks under the remembrance of duties omitted, or half discharged, of sleepy prayers, and sad failures, of hasty words, and defiling thoughts, and sins known only to your Judge. You know the weight of those words which careless sinners utter to their perdition, "the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, the burden of them is intolerable," and they press heavily upon your soul.

Yet, though faint, you must not, you will not turn back. The contest once begun, the word is, Onward. There is no halting, no remission, no resting-place but the grave. The battle rages till our Master calls us, and our fight is over, and we see what we have won, and how well it was worth the contest. The soldiers who enter the breach see nothing but the enemy, and the smoke and confusion of the battle; but the General knows the importance of the position. So is it with the Christian Warrior. Though faint, let us be faithful unto death, and our King will crown us with a crown not made by human hands, nor to be estimated by measures of human value, but a crown of life; life spiritual and eternal, in the full fruition of God's glorious presence, in the contemplation of His wondrous perfections, in active and endless obedience to His wise and righteous laws, in absolute and peaceful conformity to His most holy will. Then all that is His will be ours; ours never to lose, ours ever to retain, and increase in the enjoyment of it world without end.

Let me now shew in the second place, how applicable the text is to the life of the Christian Pastor. And you,