

spirit of divinest heroism—how all things are submitted to the one resolve which urges him onward to the sacrifice! What absolute supremacy over external things there is in these words, expressive of the strong purpose of his life—"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels; but how, then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be?" Think of these things. You are yourselves exposed to danger from the same sources of peril. With what confidence can you flee to him for succour? with what confidence can you rest upon his precious words?—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world." There is one of our enemies, then, prostrate at the feet of our deliverer—"He is able to keep us from falling because he has overcome the world."

And, then, more perilous, as we before observed, than the influences of the external world, are traitorous suggestions of our own hearts. Can He help us here? The mind is prone to error, meeting delusion half way; the affections cleave to the present life; the heart is deceitful above all things—more deceitful than a shifting quicksand, or than an April sky, or than slippery and frail ice, or than the treacherous wishes of a false friend—deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—can he guard us against the mastery of these secret and formidable foes? Yes, he has been expressly in this trouble, too, and has come out scatheless. He, in the time of his incarnate life, had not only a human body infused with the principle of life, but a human soul, a soul which could endure, a soul which could be tempted, a soul which could be wrung with agony, a soul which mourned in the anguish of sorrow, and which shrank with the instinct of fear; but so perfect was his knowledge of deceitfulness of the human heart, that "he needed not that any should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." All the lurking vileness, all the dormant ill in that cage of unclean birds, was known to him; he knew what was in man. So perfect was his endurance of heart-suffering, that when the cup of bitterness was presented in the garden, he shrank from the draught, and prayed for its removal in tones of mortal agony, and yet he drank it in meek sub-

mission to his Father's will. So perfect was his experience of the heart's temptation, that he was in all points—now that baffles all your ingenuity, for you cannot, with all your morbid and sensitive horror of comfort, put yourselves out of the pale of that all-embracing sentence—"he was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet without sin." Yes, he can guard you against this too. That heart of yours is a giant enemy, a mighty, colossal influence, of evil, but he is greater than your heart and knoweth all things. There is another of our enemies prostrate at the feet of our deliverer—"He is able to keep us from falling because he is greater than our own hearts."

And then there is yet a greater foe behind—greater at least as far as absolute strength is concerned—a foe against whose darts armour of mail is no protection; and who bears, unwounded, the shock of mortal steel, "the Prince of the power of the air," possessed of servants, and skill, and stratagems, against whom we, unaided, are helpless as a child. Can Jesus avail us here? Here, in this valley of the shadow of death, where the Christian walks upon the margin of the fire, with demon voices whispering thoughts of shame, through that potent weapon of all prayer, can Christ avail us here? yes, for he has won the battle in every onset, and has routed your worst enemy from the field. That strange foe with whom you are unfamiliar, whose devices you know not how to penetrate, who seems so confident of strength, whose eye glances upon you with such a horrible fascination, as the eye of the basilisk upon the affrighted bird; it is the old serpent, not a new one; the great and ancient enemy who was foiled and beaten eighteen centuries ago. Believer, taunt him with it if he tempts you now. Ask him if he remembers that old temptation in the wilderness, and the smile that came upon the face of the Saviour when he said coolly, "The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing, nothing in me;" and how in baffled rage he crouched and sneaked away. Ask him how he felt when one and another and another of his vassal fiends came sullenly home, expelled by the same Jesus from the spirits of which they had usurped possession. Remind him of that mortal struggle, that deep burning and terrible defeat which, in his shortsighted pride, he thought a victory. Re-