

as a helmet, and the Word of God is your sword, and faith in an unseen but ever present Saviour is your shield against the fiery darts of the wicked one. You know in whom you have believed. Every year that you live, you know more of your own helplessness, and more of the power of Christ dwelling in you. Your love of prayer and your hatred of sin grow stronger. Your desires find ready wings and fly away to your heavenly home, where your chief hope is, where your elder brethren are, where a vast multitude of the redeemed have entered in before you, and having once wrestled, as you do now, with sins, and doubts, and fears, have at length possessed the promised rest. Well then may you thank God, and take courage. Great is he who fights against you; but greater is He who fights for you. The one is the strong man armed; but the other is He who hath "taken from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and hath divided his spoils." The one is the fallen archangel; but the other is the Lord of Glory. The one is like the raging stream whose waters cast up mire and dirt; but the other is that God who controls the ocean in its fury, sets bars and doors to its proud waters, and says, "hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." How unspeakably blessed are the possessors of that living faith, which has Omnipotence on its side; the followers of that Jesus who walked the waves, and stretched out His hand to save the sinking Apostle, and descended into hell, and rose again triumphant from the grave; whom all the legions of hell could not bind, nor detain from ascending into glory as your Saviour and forerunner. Yet you feel your weakness, you feel it daily and painfully. How often, like Gideon's troop, are you *faint* though still *pursuing*; sometimes weary of bodily toil, almost beyond your strength, of pains and anxieties which seem more than a match for you, of afflictions which find