

living into triumphant achievements. It is this phase of obedience which is distasteful to the natural man; the glory might be desired, but the cross is feared, and the answering fire descends not to the altar while the sacrifice is refused or delayed in its offering.

But this life is "higher" also because it brings with it a strange and blessed peace—the fruit of the new unity of aim and motive which is one of its best characteristics. There is no longer that vague unrest of soul which is so common, varied by the conflict of contending passions and attractions, each pressing its claim on the citadel of the will, each prevailing in its turn or else checked and chafed by its counter-influence. One master, and one only, reigns in the inner sanctum of the soul. Self-will, that despot under whose iron rule all true virtue dies, is dethroned and cast out, and a "stronger than he" rules with pleasing sway, not as a monarch across the sea may rule a distant colony but with a present, subduing, hallowing, purifying power. No red glare of mere animal passion discolours the impulses of the soul, no tough cords of prejudice bind the spirit to the service of one special set of men, no pile of accumulated gold presses to earth its heavenward aspirations, no empty shout of popular applause dulls the ear to the Spirit's voice, but that voice ever holy, ever loving, ever potent over the obedient powers,

"Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
And opens in the heart a little heaven."

But is there no consciousness of inward opposition to holiness? Yes; but it is the opposition, not of a rebel in arms, but of a subjugated foe. For the forts are manned, the passes are guarded, and the whole territory is under the governing hand of the Sanctifier of human souls, and there is peace.

This life is not necessarily full of fancy emotions, nor is it as a matter of course ornamented or disfigured by visions and trances. Things of this class come to persons of peculiar organization, some of whom are found among the sanctified, but they are not peculiar to them. It does not lift men into a place where cynical criticism may be safely indulged on the imperfections of others. It does not send men to the hermit's cave or to the monastic cell. It does not "disfigure men's faces that they may appear unto men to fast," but it sends men to the plough,