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that your spiritual foes are many and fearfully dangerous, but looking not so much at them as at the good work which you have to do, and the Saviour, whose hand you are to hold and cling to, as you are daily endeavouring to follow the blessed steps of His most Holy Life. You go out knowing that you carry with you a secret instrument by which you can at any moment summon a mighty One to your aid. How, then, can you fail?

In those dear old stories which we listened to in our childhood with such delight, we heard of some mighty Genie or powerful Fairy summoned in a moment by the pressing of a ring or the rubbing of a lamp or some other simple appointment, and we longed intensely for some such means of summoning some mighty one to do our will. In a beautiful religious allegory of our own day, called *The Distant Hills*, this idea is adopted, and the children journeying to the Distant Hills are supplied each with a flute, by playing upon which they can call a Shining One to their aid at every time of need. The flute played upon is the soul lifted up to God in prayer; and thus the dreams of our childhood become glorious and awful realities. For at one simple prayer, one earnest faithful cry of the soul, God Himself flies to the rescue, and throws around His child the shelter of His everlasting arms. O then how great a thing for you, young Christians, to know and to learn how to pray aright! Who is to teach you this? The Spirit of God's Son whom He hath sent forth into your hearts,—He alone can teach you vitally, practically, savingly. If you seek His teaching, if you listen to His voice, He will be in you as a spirit of prayer, evermore crying Abba, Father, kindling within you those holy desires after God which prayer alone will satisfy, making prayer, to you, not only