

the eye; some by the debasing desire of intemperance; some by greediness and gluttony—a bait perhaps even more deceitful; some are mastered by the all-ruling love of power, or even by the wish to be thought great and powerful. With some the hasting to be rich by all means, honest or not, prevails to their destruction. Oh, who can count the snares which Satan lays, “like limetwigs set to catch the winged soul,” and lure it to its ruin? And as in that terrible assault at the Crimean fortress not a moment passed for three whole days without a missile of destruction, so, perhaps, if we could see it, the spiritual conflict is maintained, not for three days, but during our whole lives, with scarce any intermission. Sunday is no day of rest for Satan, but a very busy day indeed for him. He follows us to church; he assails us at our prayers, for prayer is his destruction. He turns the food of the soul into poison. And if he cannot induce us to turn a deaf ear to counsel, he hinders its effect by prejudice, carelessness, hypocrisy, vanity, or some other sin; and succeeds too effectually in removing the impression from our minds. No sooner are we out of church, than politics and business begin again, and scarce stop for an instant all the rest of the day. Then how small is the benefit of the sermon or the prayers! Alas! are we all aware that this game is being played out, and that our souls are at hazard? What are all our political conquests or losses, compared with this one great success or failure?

But there are those, blessed be God, who, by the grace of Christ, are “conquerors through Him that hath loved us.” You, my brethren, know your danger, and the power of your adversary. You have taken to you the whole armour of God. You have put on truth as a girdle, and righteousness as a breastplate, and the hope of salvation