

laid upon one mighty to save, whose hand is in the sea." But now in the British Indian capital, and in the fortress, the same glorious Saviour met him again, and opened his eyes more fully than ever, and revealed himself to him anew. His biographer says of this second conversion, that "the Scriptures opened to him in yet greater fulness, and his consecration to his Master's service assumed yet greater intelligence and force."

Now, Havelock would have been a distinguished soldier, and a decided Christian without doubt, even if he had not been met and blessed the second time as he was. But to understand the philosophy of his unswerving dauntlessness in religion, and the deep solicitude he felt for the conversion of his soldiers and of the heathen, to find the source of the steady brilliance of his light, we must look to the two scenes, the first on the "General Kyd," but not less to the second in Fort William, and see how there the living union was formed, first and then more fully opened, afterward by faith between him and his Saviour; that living union which, like the tubes from the living olive trees in the vision of the prophet, poured the golden oil in constant current into the golden lamps, keeping their light ever fresh, never dim. His after life as a man, a soldier, and a Christian, was but the unfolding of the elements then fully set at work, to make him what he was, under the constant presence, and culture, and providence of his Captain and King.

Now, suppose Havelock had said, in the first instance, as doubtless he may have been tempted to say, and as some of his fellow-officers in the service, and fellow-voyagers in the "General Kyd," did probably say, "Not for me." Or in the second instance, where now would have been the record which has thrilled all Christendom with wonder and delight, the record which is on high? Where? And yet he, a youth, and a subordinate officer, amongst scoffing fellow-officers, and amongst a soldiery not over devout or pure, going into a heathen land, and his trade war, and his profession ambition, surely he might have exclaimed with a sigh of despair, "My circumstances! Oh, my circumstances! Not for me! not for me!" Yet it was for him, and it is for you too, if through unbelief you do not reject it. Again let me intreat you, weigh it well. Again let me ask you, can you reject it and be innocent?

"But my temperament! With my perplexities and trials! Ah! my temperament would never allow me to live in it, if I should gain it." Of all the pleas put in by those already convinced of the reality and blessedness of full salvation, this is the most frequent; and the most plausible too to those who so plead, and yet of all it is the most foolish and groundless.

The plea in all reason and common sense ought to be reversed. It should be, "Ah, my temperament and my temptations! I can never live unless I *do* have the fulness of faith, and the fulness of salvation. I *must* have it. Whatever others may do who have less to contend with, I must have it, and by the grace of God I will."

To make our very necessities a plea for rejecting instead of receiving it, is against all reason. Just as well might the poor cripple, who can only walk a few steps at a time without falling down, make that a plea for refusing the strong arm of a willing brother who offers to hold him up, and help him on to the end. And just as well might a poor sufferer gasping for breath in a close room, dying for want of air, refuse to have the free air let in, on the plea that he could not breathe with what he had already.

If all was right, temperament and temper, disposition and aim, position and circumstances, no Saviour would be needed. As it is, the more irritable our temperament, and irascible our temper, the more distracting our cares, and the more subtle and powerful our adversaries, and the worse our associations, the more we need a Saviour, and the more we need all the fulness of faith and salvation.