

ling with the Apollyon of human pride. And to cling fast to our protector—the God of our life—when the storms of sorrow and sin have hidden Him from our sight; yea, to hold on, blinded, miserable, and almost despairing, through the night, as Jacob did, till the dawn broke and the blessing came—this is no pleasant yielding to a natural impulse; but a battle, a deadly battle, with the evil spirits of distrust and unbelief.

Nevertheless, for the sake of the glory that shall be revealed:

“ On! Christian souls, all base temptations spurning,  
Drown coward thoughts in Faith’s triumphant hymn,  
Since Jesus suffered, our salvation earning,  
Shall we not toil that we may rest with Him ?

Soldiers of Jesus ! Blest who endure,  
Stand in the battle, the victory is sure.”

