I REJOICE IN THE PRESENT.

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."