

Augustine¹ says, "Of our vices we make ourselves a ladder, if we tread the vices themselves underfoot." History shows that only through Christ, only through the power of the Holy Spirit, has this ever been done. Hence it is that in this twentieth century earnest and thoughtful men, who see how in all ages everything else has failed to raise men morally and to satisfy their spiritual yearnings, and how faith in Christ has produced the desired result in countless instances, are coming more and more to realize that, in the political and social as well as in the religious world, the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation.

Revelation alone makes clear the goal towards which the race is, or should be, tending. A recent writer² well says: "Man's work in life is to turn himself from the raw product into a piece of fine art. The Nikê of Samothrace in the natural state is but a lump of clay." This is true. But how much clearer and fuller is the teaching of St. Paul—that God's purpose for each member of the human race is he should attain, if he will, "unto³ a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." A higher ideal, a nobler model, a loftier aim, is unthinkable; and this, being the highest conceivable, is thereby proved to be the truest too.



The Temptation.

INTO the wilderness
 Driven was He,
 Into the Tempter's realm
 Driven for me;
 Filled with the Holy Ghost,
 Hailed by John's pilgrim host,
 Acclaimed by Heaven,
 Yet into Satan's lair
 Forth was He driven!

¹ Sermo iii., *De Ascensione.*

² R. Whiteing, "No. 5, John Street," Epilogue.

³ Eph. iv. 13.

Led by the Spirit pure
Far from God's light,
Led to the Tempter's door
Into the night,
Given up his prey to be,
Sin's darkest depths to see,
Sanctioned by Heaven,
Unto the gates of hell
Forth was He driven !

Who dare the curtain raise
From His temptation ?
Who dare its power appraise,
Its devastation ?
There in all points was He
Tempted and tried for me,
Yet without sin ;
But who can gauge the strife
Ere He could win ?

Was it for my poor sake,
Lord, Thou wast tried ?
My nature to partake
Hell was defied ?
Then when temptation's realm
Becomes my destined home,
Sanctioned by Heaven,
I'll cry to Thee for aid,
For Thou hast striven.

B. HERKLOTS.

