

persistently by me, a watchword which has been to me a spring of strength and courage. So it must be indeed to all Christians who realize its truth—most especially to all labourers in His vineyard. "Not by might" (or more correctly "by an army" or "numbers"), "nor by power," can anything be done, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." "If God be for us who can be against us?" Certainly not (with any chance of success), the creatures whom He has made, whose very breath He gives and takes at will. If God be against us then the whole world upon our side were not enough to accomplish our desire. Those who are not God's children or with whom God's Spirit is not working to the end that they may become His children, may indeed find life an unbroken path of successes. They serve another master and he will be very sure to see to it that they have just what will keep them most securely on the broad road they are treading whether it be success or failure.

But God, *our* God, with whom our souls and their eternal well-being are the one thing to be considered—will not set His seal of approval upon an action or desire contrary to His wise and loving will for us, by crowning it with success. There is one thing necessary in all questions of our life, namely, to ascertain His will; having done this there is no other thing to be considered. The obstacles, if there be any, obstacles which to us appear mountains, are in His hand, and to Him are as *nothing*. The thing is done as surely as if its accomplishment lay behind us. What a tower of strength this knowledge is to workers in His service.

There are some things which we *know* are according to His will. His word is full of general instruction to this effect; and in personal, individual cases He is always willing, if we wait upon Him, to reveal to us His wish. When, then, we know that God is with us how *can* we doubt the issue, however dark the outlook may appear to us? To do so is to doubt His power. What reasonable being, knowing Him as the Creator can doubt that? The world against us and its Maker with us—the chances of the world are small. The world with us and its Maker against us—let him who will, set out on such a hopeless path as that, but let him be very sure that ere he has taken his first step the end is sure—failure.

Truly, "One with God is a majority!" And all the world banded together against Him is an abject minority. His love is *all* upon our side, only restrained by His infinite wisdom. And, since His power is infinite also to fulfil the promptings of His love, when He does deny us anything, it must be indeed because it would be bad for us, perhaps temporally as well as spiritually. All that He *can* give us He *will* give "liberally." Surely success in any manner of service for Him is among the "cans," and therefore, as a natural sequence, among the "wills." A sure rock of hope indeed for every worker, for every sower of His seed! In due season "they shall reap if they faint not."

A. M. A.

#### YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

Precious thought! my Father knoweth,  
In His love I rest;  
For what'er my Father doeth  
Must be always best.  
Well I know the heart that planneth  
Nought but good for me;  
Joy and sorrow interwoven—  
Love in all I see.

Precious thought! my Father knoweth,  
Careth for His child;  
Bids me nestle closer to Him,  
When the storm beats wild.  
Though my earthly hopes are shattered,  
And the tear drops fall,  
Yet He is Himself my solace, yea my  
"All in all."

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,  
Roll on Him the care,  
Cast upon Himself the burden  
That I cannot bear;  
Then, without a care oppressing,  
Simply to lie still.  
Giving thanks to Him for all things,  
Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully!  
Just to simply move,  
In the conscious, calm enjoyment  
Of the Father's love!  
Knowing that life's chequered pathway  
Leadeth to His rest;  
Satisfied the way He taketh  
Must be always best.

—Selected.

#### APART TO PRAY.

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray."

THERE is profit as well as pleasure in contemplating our Saviour at prayer. It shows us how perfect His dependence was upon His Father. His praying, next to His suffering, shows us how entire this dependence was. There is in prayer such an acknowledgment of need, so much of trust in a divine Sav-

iour, contemplating such a mission as His, we should rather have expected Him to appropriate from His fulness to supply His own physical or spiritual want.

But He prays!

It shows Him as fully able to sympathize with us in our infirmities. A praying Saviour has thrown Himself upon divine promise and providence, just where poor humanity finds its resting place!

A praying Saviour is bowing with us at the same mercy-seat.

Having Himself access by prayer to the Father—who so fitted as He to show us the way? He who has prayed for Himself, from sense of need, knows how to pray for others. What an example this sets to Christians as well as to the impenitent!

Immanuel needing to pray and man's lips closed!

It is not then to be passed over lightly that it is recorded of Jesus more than once, that He went apart to pray. It makes Him more lovely and infinitely dearer to Christians. It makes Him more approachable to the impenitent. —*Sophie L. Schenck, in Parish Visitor.*

#### "HOW TO GET THERE."

A SERMON or a Sunday-school lesson that does not point to salvation as a desirable and indispensable object to be attained can scarcely be called complete. Indeed, there is a world of wisdom in the words that a pious old Scotchman once addressed to his pastor after the latter had delivered a discourse in the village kirk. The pastor was no other than the well-known Rev. John Macnab. The occasion was a communion season, and the subject of the address was "Heaven." It was a long sermon, but the people thought it as beautiful as a series of dissolving views. It had, however, one defect—the strength of the descriptive part left no time for the "application."

Old George Brown met the preacher at a friend's house, and astonished him by the *resume* he gave of the sermon.

"It was really a grand sermon as far as it went," he said, after he had finished his report. "I never enjoyed a description of heaven better. Ye told us a thing about heaven except *hoo to get there*; and, Maister Macnab, ye'll excuse me, my young friend, for sayin' that that shouldna hae been left out, for ye'll admit yersel' if that's awantin'