

would remember that one sentence in the 15th verse, and that the Spirit of God may burn it into our hearts to-night in love, "For the battle is not yours, but God's." Nine-tenths of the worry and trouble that are perplexing Christians come because they are making the battle that belongs to God their battle. They are taking the thing out of God's hands and trying to manage it themselves. Think of a place of business in Ottawa, in which the errand boy sits in great perplexity, with his brows knit, when the master of the business comes along and says, "What is the matter, Johnny? Are you not well?" "Yes; well enough." "What is the matter, then?" "Oh! terrible trouble." "Anyone sick at home?" "No; no one." "Has anyone died?" "No one." "What is the matter?" "I am afraid this business will all go to pieces. I am afraid the thing will pass under the auctioneer's hands. I could get no sleep last night thinking about it." "My dear little boy, do you just take that parcel over to Mrs. Jones, and leave me with the business. The business is mine, not yours." That leave me with the business. The business is mine, not yours." That is it. We do not want to take and keep the servant's place; we want the master's place, and when things do not run according to our preconceived plan, the worry takes place. There is anxiety; everything is going to pieces. "The battle is not yours, but God's."

Two years ago I was on one of those great ocean steamers, the "Lucania," and I remember seeing thirty engineers in that great floating palace. They were away down there in the midst of what looks like a little town, standing at their post. Seeing them thus, the thing might have come into my mind to ask them, "Are you not anxious about the way this thing is going? Are you not afraid that at any moment we may go smash into an iceberg? Are you not trembling? Do you not stay awake at nights?" Suppose I went up to one of the engineers and asked him that, "Are you not troubled about the course which the ship is taking?" What would he answer? I never lost a night's sleep since I came here." "Are you not anxious about the way she is going?" "No; there is a man up above who is guiding the ship. All I have to do is to receive the signal from him. When he says, 'Go slow,' I go slow; when he says, 'Stop,' I stop; when he says, 'reverse,' I reverse. I simply wait for the signals." We ought to take just that place in our lives. "The battle is not yours, but God's." God is up above. He makes all the plans and arrangements. He is working out the thing that is to make for your highest blessing. When business goes all to pieces, that is all right. If things go all wrong, it is all right. I have done my duty. I have followed the guidance I had. It is