

stant training. In the sphere of bodily or intellectual action we may see a faint picture of what we will do in the spiritual life. It was strength of will that enabled the three champions of Israel to fight their way through the hosts of the Philistines and to bring the precious water from Bethlehem's well to satisfy David's longing for a draught from the crystal spring of his childhood's home. It was will power that prompted the wounded Irish troops at Clontarf to fight when they were unable to stand, tied to stakes placed upright in the thick of the battle. It was will power that kept brave John Maynard at his wheel until all upon the ship were saved. It was will power that overcame fatigue and loneliness, cleared the forests in our land and gave us homes. It is the magnificence of his will that sets the Briton at the head of the nations of the world. It was will power that moved Richelieu to say

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
as—fail!"

It was will power that made Napoleon say that the word "impossible" is only in a fool's dictionary; that made Mirabeau call it a blockhead of a word; that called forth from Chatham, "I trample upon impossibilities." It was will power that raised Disraeli the Jew to the highest position in the British Empire; Lincoln the rail-splitter of Illinois to the Presidency of the United States; Alexander Mackenzie, the stone-mason of Sarnia, to the Premiership of our own Dominion. It was will power that made Demosthenes the stammerer the peerless orator of Greece; and Savonarola the halting speaker the greatest speaker of his age. It was the will power of Wilberforce that destroyed slavery throughout the British Empire; the will power of William Lloyd Garrison, the "I will be heard," that broke the chains of the slave in the United States, and so the world over in every domain of thought and action, it is decision, it is will, it is force, it is determination, it is persistence that carry the day.

Translate all this into the language of the spiritual life. If the merely human will is powerful, linked to God it becomes irresistible. God is ready to renew our wills and to make them strong. Make then the Psalmist's words your own for the New Year: "I will go

in the strength of the Lord God." In that strength meet every duty, every temptation, every difficulty—all that lies before you in your life, and you will be upheld and kept throughout the journeys of the year, and find the promise true at every stage: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Let me close with a New Year's wish for each reader of PARISH AND HOME in the words of the sweet singer:

"A bright New Year, and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back,
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few!
This is my New Year's wish for you!"

W. F. ARMITAGE.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.

The seed that is sown in faith and prayer,
That is watered and tended in loving care,
It can never fruitless be;
If we seek the glory of God alone,
Jewels to win from the Saviour's crown,
Then, fruit for eternity.

The seed may be sown with many fears,
And often watered with briny tears,
But the harvest will be sweet;
Not the lament "There's n' thing but leaves,"
But a glorious harvest of many sheaves
To lay at the Master's feet.

Then let us patiently work and toil,
It may be in uncongenial soil;
We must to the end endure;
And trustingly too, go on our way,
While sowing the seed from day to day,
Knowing the harvest is sure.
And then when has set our earthly sun,
We shall hear our blessed Lord's "Well done!"
Reward for His loved employ;
We sowed the seed in the darkness here,
And watered it, too, with many a tear,
The reaping will be with joy.

Toronto. L. HOWARD.

For PARISH AND HOME.

"ALL THINGS."

WE acknowledge God's hand in the great events of our lives, our great joys, our great sorrows, but how many of us extend our recognition of His guidance to the trifles, so-called, which make up daily life? They are not trifles in His eyes, except as each thread in a piece of tapestry is one of the trifles that make up the beautiful whole—each one of them is necessary to fill in the perfect pattern. The momentary joys, the disappointments, the attempts that seem to miscarry, the sudden, unexpected pleasures and successes that come around corners to us; yes, (let us come

further down,) the finding one friend in and another out; detained here and hurried there—all are His doing, and His loving doing. I speak to those who yield their lives to His governance. Those who consider themselves efficient arbiters of their own fate and take their own wilful way in working it out can mar (as they most certainly will), their lives most effectually, but for those who have yielded their lives to His moulding, *everything* that comes is only part of the glad and perfect filling and rounding of their lives by the wise Artisan. I could not say what it was to me when I first realized (and it was a very short time ago), this truth for myself. He had long since taught me that the great issues of my life were safe in His hands. All the sorrow He had sent me I recognized as of His sending. He had even given me to see the need for and the loving kindness in sending them. The joys with which he encompassed my life were manifold, and I know they were from Him, but the little things, the threads with which He was working out that ultimate "good" I somehow never recognized as His threads or even connected Him with them at all. The hurrying events of the day crowding so quickly one upon another—the seeming results of my own energy, my own decisions—I forgot that He was behind my decisions controlling them; promoting here, preventing there; now leading me on, now holding me back. When the disappointments came I was irritated and rebellious. What semi-heathens we are, mixing God and chance! What moles we are, burrowing in the dark; doing just what we should *not* do if we could but see and foresee as He does; rebelling when He puts forth His loving restraining hand, rebelling when he forces us onward against our own wills, to our own good. I shall never forget the day on which all this dawned upon me; I can never thank Him sufficiently for the perfect rest it has been to me since. He has taught me to thank Him for the seeming adverse events as just what I would choose if I were not blind. If we commit our days to His hand each morning as they come, He will guide every step, and we can lie down at night *assured*, whatever may have been the day's occurrences, that every smallest one of them has been His factor in working out good. His promises are for earth as well as for heaven, and with a Bible