

"I will ask any sensible man, above all, any serious Christian here, whether there have not been certain times in his life when he could most distinctly see that indeed God did 'choose his inheritance for him'? . . . I do not know whether all of you can go with me here ; but I think you must in some instance or other be forced to see that God has indeed ordained your inheritance for you. If you cannot, I can. I can see a thousand chances, as men would call them, all working together like wheels in a great piece of machinery, to fix me just where I am ; and I can look back to a hundred places where, if one of those little wheels had run away—if one of those little atoms in the great whirlpool of my existence had started aside—? might have been anywhere but here, occupying a very different position. If you cannot say this, I know I can with emphasis, and can trace God's hand back to the period of my birth through every step I have taken ; I can feel that indeed God has allotted my inheritance for me. If any of you are so wilfully beclouded that you will not see the hand of God in your being, and will insist that all has been done by your will without Providence ; that you have been left to steer your own course across the ocean of existence ; and that you are where you are because your own hand guided the tiller, and your own arm directed the rudder, all I can say is, my own experience belies the fact, and the experience of many now in this place would rise in testimony against you, and say, 'Verily, it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.'—'Man proposes, but God disposes ;' and the God of heaven is not unoccupied, but is engaged in over-ruling, ordering, altering, working all things according to the good pleasure of His will."—*The New Park Street Pulpit*, i. 255.