

ment its capacity, both for giving and receiving. We make the days speak, and the multitude of years teach us wisdom.

God is in the days as they come, and in the years as they roll ; and all wisdom which does not see him there is but folly. Passing events are but historical chaos unless we can give them a place in the vast realm of order through heartfelt faith in a Divine Providence. This conviction of the soul binds them in the universal plan, and bids the understanding be patient for the explanation and issue. Passing events are the fragments of history. Sometimes they explain themselves, or stand explained in the light of others with which they are connected. Sometimes, again, they are to human eyes dark and doubtful, and if regarded without reference to a supreme Ruling Power, their darkness becomes impenetrable, and their doubtfulness brings despair. A universe without a God,—no thought can be more mournful than this. A world without a guiding mind,—even the supposition thereof is sufficient to unsettle and distract us. Thanks be to God, he has written himself within us and without us, and given an assurance to the believing soul which no darkness can darken, nor doubt disturb. We see him in the changing days and the rolling years, and in the burden of events which they bring.

This is the last day of the year. Commencing on Sunday and closing on Sunday, this departing year is a marked one in the Calendar. But the added Sabbath which has thus been given to us has not been the token of a year of rest. It has been a notable year, standing out from other years in more ways than one. If the Watchman had taken his place in the watchtower fifty-two