

**MY TIMES IS IN  
IT'S HAND; PP. 1-57**

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**OCTAVIUS WINSLOW**

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# MY TIMES IN GOD'S HAND.



ET TENEO ET TENEOR.

BY

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## My Times in God's Hand.



"My times are in thy hand."—PSALM  
81 : 15.

WHAT confirmation would the precious truth contained in these words derive from the personal experience of the man of God who penned them? Reviewing the past of his eventful history, he would trace the guiding and overshadowing hand of his heavenly Father in all the circumstances of the checkered and diversified scene; and as memory thus recalled the strange

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and momentous events of his life, with what overpowering solemnity would the conviction force itself upon his mind, that for the form and complexion of that life how little was it indebted to himself! Circumstances which chance could not originate, events which human sagacity could not foresee, and results which finite experience could not determine, would at once lift his grateful and adoring thoughts to that God of infinite foreknowledge and love, whose overruling providence had guarded with a sleepless eye each circumstance, and whose infinite goodness had guided with a skillful hand each step. With this retrospect before him,



with what intensity of feeling would the aged king exclaim: "MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

In His Hand.

But if David felt this truth—that all his interests were in God's keeping and under his supreme direction—so consolatory, as life drew near its close, how much more cheering may it be to us just entering upon a new year of human life, all whose history is, to our view, wisely and beneficently enshrouded in obscurity, and all whose events, from the least to the greatest, are happily beyond our control. "My times are in thy hand." Who can give us the heartfelt, soothing influence

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of this precious truth but the Holy Spirit by whose divine inspiration it was uttered? May he now unfold and apply with his sanctifying, comforting power this portion of his own holy word to the reader's heart!

The declaration that "our times are in the Lord's hand," implies that the future of our history is impenetrably and mysteriously veiled from our sight. We live in a world of mysteries. They meet our eye, awaken our inquiry, and baffle our investigation at every step. Nature is a vast arcana of mysteries. Science is a mystery, truth is a mystery, religion is a mystery, our existence is a mystery, the future of

our being is a mystery. And God, who alone can explain all mysteries, is the greatest mystery of all. How little do we understand of the inexplicable wonders of a wonder-working God, "whose thoughts are a great deep," and "whose ways are past finding out."

To God nothing is mysterious. In purpose, nothing is unfixed; in forethought, nothing is unknown; in providence, nothing is contingent. His glance pierces the future as vividly as it beholds the past. "He knoweth the end from the beginning." All his doings are parts of a divine, eternal, and harmonious plan. He may make "darkness his secret place; his pavilion round