

and yearning love—the feast at which the Lord himself first sat, and the twelve Apostles around—the breaking of bread, which the first age witnessed, and the pouring out of wine, which is as it were the life blood of Jesus. That solemn mystery, and still more affecting and solemn, the holy and prescribed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, whereby every faithful communicant becomes united to his Lord, and knitted unto all that congregation of saints on earth, and saints made perfect, which forms the chief work—the distinguishing Providential glory of the Lord. It is true we are, as it were, but a single blade of the golden harvest. But then that harvest is all glorious—it extends through time and space, and if all be like us, let us remember that we individually must fulfil the condition of our Christian existence, with as much fidelity as the blind imbecile, but beautiful blade in the natural world, fulfils its laws of creation.

Of that, among others, the farmers—that numerous dispo-
sals of farmers, whose industry clothes this country with the
finest corn, and whose good neighborhood qualities all must value
and prize. Of that they would seek the crowning grace—
the blessing of the Father—the blessing that makes the heart
content with a single sorrow—the blessing that makes the
community—and more than all of a
happy, faithful, and the youth of a
land. Then would they know that the
of the Lord, is meek and rich, and he saith no sorrow