

sickness or grief. But it is the triumph which belongs to faith; not the outcome of a Stoicism which stifles every human sympathy, but of that spirit of loving submission which even in tears and anguish will cry: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." We cannot now discern all the mysteries of life. We know in part and we prophesy in part. And yet, if history teaches us anything, this at least has been its gradually evolving revelation, that all things work together for good to them that love God. From the field where righteous Abel fell, by the side of Noah toiling with patience at the ark, on the hill of faithful Abram's trial and sacrifice, on the rocks of Adullam where David fled in terror, by the exiled prophet of fire in the hour of his soul's despondency, in the midst of that den of lions which Daniel changed into a house of prayer, in the Judæan wilderness, where the stern herald of the Christ proclaimed his startling message, by the rock-bound isle of Patmos where John beheld the heavenly glory, from the dark cell of the Mamertine where Paul the prisoner of the Lord passed the lingering winter till it pleased the imperial despot to lead him forth to death, on the cross of Calvary where the Son of Man yielded up the ghost, everywhere the same great truth is revealed, that the Father will not leave his children, that all things work together for good to them that love God.

*Ottawa.*