

pleasant! We know not what the Lord may see meet to do with us. We know not what sore trials it may be His will to send us. But Oh, Communicants, let it comfort your hearts that He will do *all* things well; that He will, with unerring wisdom, appoint the things that are for the life of your spirit; that He will, in love to your souls, deliver you from the pit of destruction; and that the hour is not distant when, having perfected all that concerneth you, He shall translate you to a land where the inhabitant shall no more say "I am sick," because the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity! Go, rejoicing in these things. Go now from His table singing His praises as in the Eucharistic Psalm:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

746 X7^c