

**Which the Mortal Mind Cannot Conceive—
Problems of Life.**

Again, my text is true of the Saviour's excellency. By image and sweet rhythm of expression and startling antithesis, Christ is set forth—His love, His compassion, His work, His life, His death. His greatness is challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of broken enthralment we mount up in His experience of His love, and in His knowledge of the human heart, the blood poured, the whole nature is exhilarated. "I have found Him!" And yet it is through a glass, a darkness. We see not half of that compassion, grace. We feel not half the power of the love that leads us to death to let us rush into His outstretched arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfillment of the promise that we are to see the magnificent unfolding. The shining light in view of all hidden excellency, the coming again of a long absent Jesus to meet us, not in rags and in poverty and death, but amidst a light that shall be the glory of the world, and none but a glorious intelligence could experience. Oh, to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon

that sewing woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment, and that invalid that for twenty years had been in bed, and her husband the pillow, and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a long different voices carry different airs. The sweet and overwhelming wail of the halleluiah of heaven will be heard by those who are in high places and gave sumptuous entertainments, but poorer children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed carriers will sing it, those who were once the outscouring of earth will sing the halleluiah will be all the same. The wailing of the poor will be a grander thing and exhausted hands and scorched backs and martyred knees.

Again, when thought of the text is read when applied to the joys of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little to hope. I think of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the east; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I suppose you suppose that the multitude of sinners compared with the multitude of the

A telegram was received at Great Village, N. S., on Feb. 12th, from Martin, announcing the death of the wife of Captain Crowe, of the ship Selkirk, at that place.

Barb Atkins was on the ways of the Mobile and Athens Railway Co. at Mobile, Ala., Feb. 23, receiving repairs to copper.

Richmond Fire Hall,
Toronto, 28th Feb., 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Constipation for years as badly as I have ever known it seemed to come often in spite of all I could do. However, some time ago I was told to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have done with the result of what appears now to be a permanent cure. Truly yours,

2).—Who was Herod? What is a Herod? How had he heard of Jesus? (Matt. 10: 1, 7, 8.) What rumors were afloat as to whom Jesus was? (Luke 9: 7, 8.) What?

from Mobile (and discharging 23th).
At London, March 10, str Cheronas, Mar-
sters, and Platon, Allen, from St John.
At Liverpool, March 10, str Lake Winni-
peg, Evans, from St John via Halifax.
At Grenada, March 5, sch Ravola, For-
syth, from Annapolis, NS; Viola, Forsyth,
from St John (latter lost deck load).
At Barbados, Feb 14, bark Thomas Faulk-
ner, Faulkner, from Buenos Ayres (and sid

ONTARIO HAS CONFIDENCE IN WHITNEY.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Liberals can not close their eyes to the fact that the man who more than doubled his following on the 1st March, must have the moral sentiment and active sympathy of the country on his side. That man is J. P. Whitney.

Mr. Sumner moved
seconded the following
Whereas, reference has
been made to the
committee and in the p
ses for nails furnished
to the Provincial Lunat
counts charged in the
port for 1897, as being
ther examination of the
that the nails were