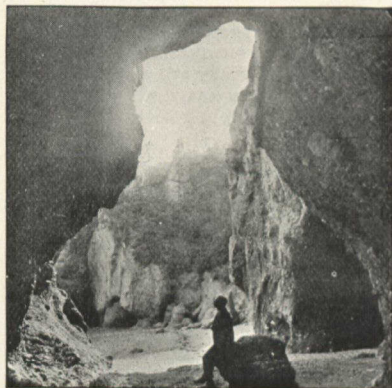


And, as of old, in my despair,  
I bless the Power that set it there :  
That tiny thing with courage high,  
Far up the crag !



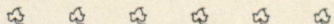
ACROSS the Petitcodiac River the tide is coming in very fast. In the distance we see Dorchester, and the outline of that large stone building they call the Penitentiary.

As we stand, taking in the whole prospect before us, and the lesson it conveys, the sympathetic words of the Saviour come to mind : "He that is without sin amongst you, let him first cast a stone." "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.



THERE are many stones in our pathway. Is it not a comforting thought: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Sermons in stones. Hope well ! Hope on ! Hope ever !



Life is hard enough at best ;  
But the love that is expressed