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OUT ON A WINTER'S DAY.

What is our little girl in the picture doing out in such a storm as that shown in the engraving? Her umbrella is a mountain of snow that must be growing heavier every minute from the great flakes that the wind is driving upon it. But she does not seem to mind it a bit as she boldly trudges along and is laughing to herself, as if it were the best fun imaginable. What can she be doing? Is she going to pay a visit to some friend who lives on the other side of the wood? She would make a pleasant visitor, full of ruddy health and strength, not like those girls who never can go out without catching cold, and who prefer the gas and hot air from their stoves to the pure fresh breeze which is sometimes laden with snow and frost. But well wrapped up by her mother's careful hand, she defies both these, and is sallying forth—to where? Now that is the question. Is she going to school? She does not seem to have any books with her; but she looks like one of those pleasant school-girls to be seen in all parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps she is going to Sunday-school. Those inattentive boys behind her must be her brothers or they would be assisting to carry her heavy umbrella. They may have her books. Perhaps she is going around to get some subscribers for the MESSENGER. She looks just like one who would engage in such work and do it well. There are few who could resist her pleasant smile and sweet words of recommendation. If that is the case we hope that she will not have to face that storm on her return. Just now it only assists her along in her work. Happy little girl, she must be when even the storms befriend her! Perhaps she is going shopping; perhaps going to a party; perhaps on the way to church; perhaps just out for a frolic. Whatever it is, she is enjoying herself as she follows the road through the wood. May it be as pleasant all through life. We do not confine this wish to



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our friend in the picture, but to all the readers of the MESSENGER, many though they may be. Some of them learned to read from the MESSENGER pages, and have read them ever since with increased pleasure. Can we do aught but wish them a "Happy New Year?"

Others have become its readers later. These have each number learned to like it more and more. These we must wish a "Happy New Year." Some see it now and again—we cannot pass them by, and hope that to one and all of America's people, and those of all the

world, the year 1879 may be one of happiness and prosperity. It has given us great pleasure in working for our readers young and old during the year 1878; we hope that this pleasure will be enhanced in 1879, now begun, and that instead of having fifty thousand subscribers or two hundred and fifty thousand readers to work for, we will have a much larger number, who will also work that the MESSENGER may be a messenger to their friends as well as to themselves. Once again we wish you all a "Happy and Prosperous New Year."

1878 AND 1879.

Old 1878 has passed away, with his frosty hair and icy breath, and young 1879 has been born with the atmosphere of the dead year around him. But soon Spring will be here, and then Summer, Autumn, and Winter; and 1879, when its length of days has come, will die too. While we cannot be sure that the whole year will be ours, we may make preparations for it; and it would be well that they should be for a year of useful work. Very much may be done in a year when plans are judiciously laid. Every day adds to the store of knowledge and to the capacity for usefulness, and day by day the character should grow stronger and the lives purer. But the foundation must be good. He who builds on a solid foundation has the satisfaction of seeing each stone add to the height and beauty of the structure; he who builds on a bog must not be surprised to see stone after stone sink out of sight from its own weight. The best foundation for a good and useful life is Christ our Saviour, the Rock of Ages, he who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

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"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: And the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."