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NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS ON LAST YEAR'S VOWS.

—'Ram's Horn.'

Facing the New Year.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day with a groan. It was a dark, drizzling morning. She had neuralgia in her right eye. The baby had screamed with colic half the night. Her husband had not given her a word of sympathy or kindness, though she knew he was awake. He had been moody and ill-tempered for days. Jane, the girl of all work, had given warning the night before. Worst of all, Robert, her

eldest son, had not come home until midnight. He had fallen in with some idle fellows of late, and it was, she thought, owing to this companionship that his standing at college was so low.

She went downstairs, her soul feebly staggering under this burden of woes, and opened the windows.

'In my affliction I called unto the Lord,' she repeated, looking into the murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage swept through her like a fresh wind. Af-

flicted? Why, God was behind all these petty worries, just as the sun was back of this drenching rain. Had she no faith at all? Was she to go with a whine and lamentation to meet the new year? God was in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul. With the tears still on her cheeks, and the choking in her throat, she began to sing a gay little catch of which she was fond, and ran to her room again to put on a fresh collar and a pretty cravat. She had twenty thing'