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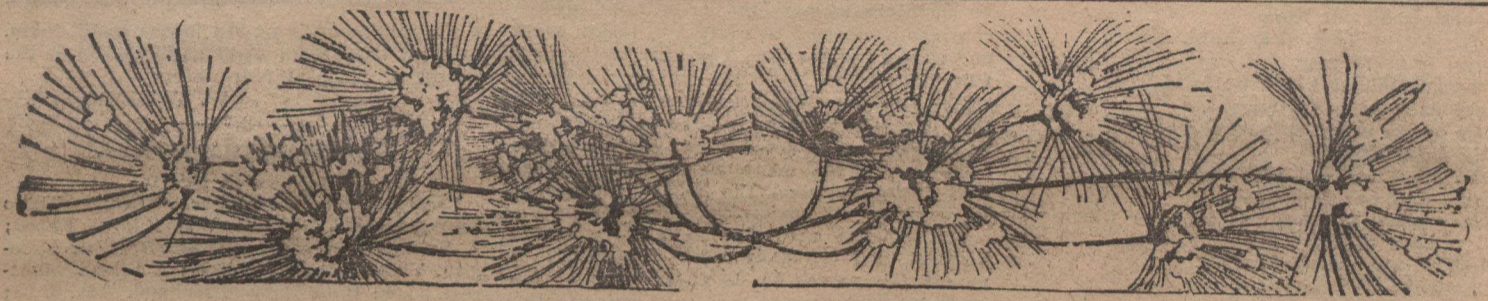
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIII. No. 52

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 25, 1908.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.



The New Year.

By Ernest G. Wellesley Wesley.

Upon the threshold of the year we stand—
Not knowing what one day may bring;
Yet trusting in the guidance of His hand,
Our faith its song of hope doth sing:
' Submitting to His will,
In love we rest, so still. '

Should clouds arise; should darkness shroud the sky;
Though day as night becomes, and fear
Our soul assaults—His Love and Life are nigh,
And Christ our Comfort is so near.
The night shall change to day;
All fear shall flee away.

We travel on as step by step is known—
His wisdom hides but what He wills.
What He would have us see is fully shown,
As He, His purposes fulfils.
Each step of faith He guides,
And with us e'er abides.

What bringeth the New Year? We know not yet:
Our Leader all the path doth see;
And let us ne'er in faithlessness forget
That He doth wait our Light to be
His will is ever best:
His paths all lead to rest

—Morning Star.

LAST YEAR'S
TROUBLES

BURIED AWAY

NEATH THE FRESH

WHITE SNOW OF
DAY.

NEW YEAR'S

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Handwritten numbers and scribbles at the bottom right.