

A Request.

Dear Friends,—As the dawn of another year approaches, we would ask our subscribers' co-operation with us in our efforts to extend the influence of the 'Messenger.' The 'Messenger' already enjoys the largest circulation of any religious and home weekly in the Dominion, yet we believe it has a mission to many thousands of homes in Canada that only await a personal word on the subject from a neighbor, to gladly open their doors to its weekly visits.

It is but a little thing to show your 'Messenger' to those about you, particularly those who have but recently settled in your vicinity, and to speak enthusiastically to them of its merits. Often your efforts will be rewarded by receiving a new subscriber, and at least, you will have the satisfaction of having planted seed that will bear fruit at some other time.

With every confidence that our subscribers will continue to advance the 'Messenger's' strengthened power from ocean to ocean, we wish one and all a Happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN DOUGALL AND SON.

The Years Depart.

The years depart—
And when the way is dreary
Sometimes the heart
Is, for a moment, weary.

But years are fleet,
The dreary hour goes by us.
With joy we greet
The blessing drawing nigh us.

The time is swift,
And fleeting joy and sorrow;
The heart uplift
To hail the coming morrow.

So speeds each year.
But our God changeth never;
And He is near,
And careth for us ever.

—Anita Stuart.

Beyond the Curtain.

The life which we are living now is more aware than we know of the life which is to come. Death, which separates the two, is not, as it has been so often pictured, like a great thick wall. It is rather like a soft and yielding curtain, through which we cannot see, but which is always waving and trembling with the impulses that come out of the life which lies upon the other side of it. We are never wholly unaware that the curtain is not the end of everything. Sounds come to us, muffled and dull, but still indubitably real, through that veil from mortality to immortality, it seems as if we heard its light foot-falls for a moment after the jealous curtain has concealed it from our sight. As each soul passes, it almost seems as if the opening of the curtain to let it through were going to give us a sight of the unseen things beyond; and, though we are forever disappointed, the shadowy expectation always comes back to us again, when we see the curtain stirred by another friend's departure. After our friend has passed, we can almost see the curtain, which he stirred, moving tremulously for a while, before it settles once more into stillness. Behind this curtain of death, St. John, in his great vision, passed, and he has written down for us what he saw there. He has not told us many things; but he has told us much; and most of what we want to know is wrapped up in this simple declaration, 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' I think that it grows clearer and clearer to us all that what we need are the great truths, the vast and broad assurances within which are included all the special details of life. Let us have them, and we are more and more content to leave the special details unknown. With regard to eternity, for instance, I am sure that we can most easily, nay, most gladly, forego the detailed knowledge of the

circumstances and occupations of the other life, if only we can fully know two things—that the dead are, and that they are with God.—Phillips Brooks.

A Child in Church.

(By P. W. Roose.)

Wee Nettie sighed: the varying hour
Of prayer and praise was past,
But could her patience' utmost power
The sermon's length outlast?

A thousand turns of limb and thought
Scarce served to speed the time,
While of stray sentences she sought
To fashion sense or rhyme.

And as she thus with anxious care
To goodness made pretence,
She shed all round her, unaware,
A heaven of Innocence.

Now touched by some familiar strain,
Or of her play sufficed,
She watched where, on the pictured pane,
Amid the babes sat Christ.

She marked how gentle was His air,
How bright His robe of blue,
And wondered if, had she been there,
He would have blest her too.

Her father's fingers, one by one,
She had with toil ungloved,
And her small hand its place had won
Within the palm she loved.

Close in the palm she loved it lay,
And on his shoulder broad
She leaned, while as from far away
The voice spake on of God.

Awhile her lids their droop withstood,
In one brief dream-while more
With those dark Eastern babes she stood
By Galilee's sweet shore.

The living Christ amid them smiled,
Beside them flowed the sea,
His look of love allured the child,
And drew her to His knee.

His hand was on her head, her cheek
To His was fondly prest,
And bliss too strange for tongue to speak
O'erflowed her little breast.

The waves to music changed their sound,
The sea fled up the aisle:
'Twas daddy's arm held Nettie round,
Her waking met his smile.

O happy child! the Christian's creed
Is hers by right of birth,
Whose human father is indeed
Christ's shadow upon earth.
—'Girl's Own Paper.'

How it would revolutionize life if we could agree to have one day a year for murmuring and complaining, for letting out the floods of pent-up annoyances and grudges and slights, and be thankful the rest of the time! How much better than to try to be thankful one day by law, and grumble by impulse for three hundred and sixty-four! Let to-day sound a thankful note to ring through the year.—M. D. Babcock, D.D.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

The latest reports from our Orphanage, Dhar, Central India, are most encouraging. On Sept. 30th five girls and seven boys were baptized; the boys all wished to change their heathen names, as one of them expressed it, 'We want to leave all that behind.' The new names selected were Joshua, Daniel, Nathaniel, Lazarus, and three Hindu names meaning 'Servants of Love,' 'Ever Happy,' and 'Merciful Love.'

At the examination in September, the girls came out very successfully. Owing to the outbreak of the plague in Dhar, most of the people fled from the city, thus greatly reducing the work in the Hospital, and giving Dr.

Mar. O'Hara some spare time, which she devoted to preparing the girls for the examinations. To her earnest efforts on their behalf much of their success must be attributed. Six of them passed the Lower Grade Teachers' Exam., three the Higher Grade Teachers, and of the last three, two also passed the Lower Grade Bible Women's Exam. Prizes (little jackets) were given to all these girls by Dr. Mar. O'Hara. The examiners stated that in Biblical knowledge they came out ahead of all competitors. Spiritual, as well as intellectual, the growth is very marked amongst them, and they are contented and happy. Just now they are much interested in learning knitting and croquet. The boys are doing well. As an incentive to earnest study those who have attained a certain standard in Hindi are being taught English, in which they are making good progress. These very satisfactory reports will greatly cheer and stimulate all those who have taken a practical interest in these children, little waifs rescued from the verge of starvation and untold degradation, and we trust many more will become helpers in this work for the Master.

The Industrial Fund.

In response to our appeal of Nov. 23rd, for funds to enable the native Christians of Dhar to secure State work, which has been offered to them, the receipts up to Dec. 4th amount to \$121.25, besides several promises, so we think this is a good beginning towards the \$3,000 we are trying to raise. We trust many are bearing this great opportunity for these poor people in mind, and that we shall hear from them shortly. The native Christians, utterly degraded and polluted according to caste rules, find the greatest difficulty in making a living, so by helping them in their hour of opportunity we shall be fulfilling the injunction 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Contributions, with addresses, should be sent to the Sec. Treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, Mrs. Crichton (A. S.), 142 Langside St., Winnipeg, who will be happy to give any further information desired.

'New Year, what have you brought us,
Gifts for good or ill?'
'Take your choice,' he answers,
'Be it as you will,
Sorrows borne with patience
Benisons impart,
But there are no blessings
For a thankless heart.'

How Jack Hart Won His Company.

We regret that the story published in the 'Messenger' of Dec. 7, under the above title, was not credited as it should have been to the 'Sunday at Home.'

A New Year's Suggestion.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the holiday preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your holiday subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

On request a gift card will be sent as above with each subscription.