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THE NEW YEAR.

It is night. A thick mist deepens the shadow. Wharflights twinkle making darkness visible. The salt sea air blows fresh and strong. Crowds hurry to and fro. All is ready. The great ship casts off her moorings, swings out into the stream, heads seaward, and drives on through the gloom.

She is freighted with human life that sees not, knows not, what is before it, the storm and tempest that may come; and yet, save the sadness of parting, there is hope and joy. Why this? Above the unknown rises the known, the knowledge, or belief, that the ship is strong and safe, that the officers and crew are capable and faithful, and that they will bring her safely to her desired haven.

The new year receives its living freight, drops down with the tide and takes its trackless way. With it as with the ship there is the known and unknown, the parting tear, the song of joy.

What mystery lies before us. Who can open the book or loose the seals thereof, and read in advance the history of the coming year? Some who embark upon it in comfort and luxury will suffer want before the voyage is done. Friendship's roll will change. Loved ones will be taken, and hearts that sing will sigh. Health will give place to sickness. The bounding step will still. Wearisome days and nights are in store for some who are now rejoicing in their strength. Death too haunts that visionless future. His arrows fly thick and fast, and never miss their aim. Many a voyage is cut short in mid-ocean as over the taffrail a body drops into its self-made grave. With how many has the past year parted on the way! What unexpected millions will the New Year bury ere it reaches the end.

Are any, or all in succession, of these changes, in store for me, as I read, ponder the past, peer into the future, or join in the gladness of the glad New Year, and echo answers—"year."

But while we know not what the year, or even a day, may bring forth; while the unknown seems to shroud all in darkness, the known is

greater still. It oversteps, surrounds, enwraps, the unknown. We *know* that God reigns, that our Heavenly Father, all mighty, all knowing, all loving, has that future in His hands, that it is but a part, mysterious though it may seem, of His all wise plan. Yea more, we *know* that that future can bring nothing to us but the best that our Heavenly Father's wisdom and love can devise and provide. He may send loss, bereavement, sorrow, sickness, death. He may cause us bitter tears and pain, even as a true earthly parent is sometimes compelled in faithfulness and love to deny a child what it may wish and cause it disappointment or suffering, but His loving kindness will He not take from us nor suffer His faithfulness to fail. He who withheld not his own son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things. Yea, we *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Whatever that unseen, unknown, future may have in store for us, be it ours to do with our might what our hands find to do, to fill, in humble, trustful, faith and love, our place in life, that when the end comes, be it near or far away, it may bring to us—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

DEATH OF THE PREMIER.

SUDDENLY, in a moment, at the zenith of his fame, in the Royal Palace, the guest of the Queen, he was stricken.

Canada was startled as seldom in her history. For the moment the noise of party contest is stilled and all unite in paying tribute to the memory of the nation's distinguished son and statesman, and in tendering heartfelt sympathy to the mourners in the desolated home.

His memory is being honored by the Empire, and by its Sovereign, as colonist was never honored before; a warship is sent to bear his remains to his native land, while upon his coffin with her own hand, the Queen places a laurel wreath.

But how often in such cases is fulfilled the Scripture, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." The tribute of