

# Northern Messenger

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## Finding One's Self.

(G. F. Woodbury in 'Ram's Horn.')

She was in a large department store.

She had asked to see the curtain stuffs.

The floor walker had taken her upstairs and down a long passage-way to a large, open room hung with the greatest variety of curtains and fixtures of all sorts and shades.

While waiting for the clerk to finish waiting upon another customer, she happened to glance farther down the room and thought she saw some one she knew, but was not

ed slightly—unwittingly broadening her smile.

The other lady met her greeting with about the some degree of cordiality.

She thought, even yet, that it might be a mistake; that it was possibly some one that she had barely met—for a passing instant she thought of the 'confidence woman'—and she thought she would let the matter drop.

And yet, the more she thought of it, the more she thought she ought to get up and go and speak to her. So, suiting the action to the thought, she hastened along to where

natural tendencies of our lives is to so lose ourselves in our busy, work-a-day, anxious, tired, world that when we discover ourselves—all at once, clearly revealed over against the great reflector, all changed by a thousand things that have become ours—and us—we are surprised.

Sometimes the surprise is cheering, and sometimes it is depressing.

Your life has been filled with things that you didn't use to mind, but latterly you have allowed them to fret and worry you and make you anxious. Your brow has been knit again and again. You had not thought its mark could remain. But in some moment of waiting you have glanced into the mirror and you find furrows in the forehead that don't smooth out; you push your finger across them but they don't rub out, and, coming to yourself, you say:

'Am I mistaken? This isn't the sweet-faced, sweet-tempered, sweet-faithed Dimple which used to carry sunshine everywhere you went, is it?'

And since you find that you are another—and yet yourself—you are compelled to answer your question, and you say:

'No, I have changed.'

And you lift this prayer:

'Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.'

He came upon himself in an unexpected moment, as he was at a high, wine banquet and ball, where all was bright.

As he passed under the almost dazzling reflection of the lights upon the plate glass mirror upon the wall of the drawing-room, he caught the view for an instant of his form and figure and countenance and complexion and step and all. He saw the unnatural color to his face—both of pallor and redness: the stoop which once he never knew; the unsteady step which was not his natural inheritance; the blood-shot eye which slandered those beautiful brilliants that had been his rightful legacy. He spoke, and thought, this is not the voice with which the old home rang in laughter in the back days of memory, and he said—as if brushing away a web, or a cloud, from his memory—

'Can it be that this is the proud and hopeful and ambitious and confident Dick who so short time ago declared against all entreaty that "a little wine glass could never conquer him. Weaklings could make fools of themselves if they would. He knew when to stop."'

But as he was no other than his own changed, wrecked self, he could do no other than answer his painful question: 'No, not the same; nor ever will be, quite, again.'

And then he lifted his heart, and yearned up to God the spirit of this petition:

Deliver me from the snare of the fowler and the power of the tempter.'

## A Prayer at a Garden Party.

Some of the most beautiful gardens and groves in India are devoted to the worship of idols, and many are the prayers there offered to the gods which see not and hear not. It is not often, however, that the pleasure-gardens which are found in some



### 'SHE DISCOVERED THAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW HERSELF.'

quite certain, and so turned away. As she turned her head she thought she observed the other turning her head the other way.

She concluded it must have been a mistake.

But the more she thought of it, the more certain she felt that she had seen the lady before, and so she ventured to look again.

As she looked the other lady turned towards her again at the same instant.

Their eyes met—and the coincidence led her to smile a trifle.

The other lady smiled, and she thought that she surely must know her, and so bow-

the lady sat, and, to her surprise, the lady arose and came towards her with the same haste. This led her to smile, and the other lady smiling as cordially, as she approached her she said: 'I thought I knew Mrs.'—bump—and—she had come flatly up against a large plate-glass mirror which reached from the floor to the ceiling and clear across the room, making the room appear to extend.

But what was a curious thing she discovered by this embarrassing escapade, viz., that she didn't know herself.

And do you know that one of the most