

GREY'S MILLS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE AND TREAT.

The Greys Mills Union Sunday School and Mission Circle held their annual Christmas tree and treat on Thursday evening, Jan. 5th, 1922, at the residence of Brother and Sister Patterson. Their large house was filled to capacity.

Mr. N. A. Sterritt, Supt. of Sunday School, presided. The gathering was called to order at 8 o'clock p. m. by the singing of the Doxology.

Scripture reading by the Supt., part of the 22nd of Provs.

Prayer by S. H. Bradley.

Brother Fred Patterson had charge of the programme, which was as follows:

Chorus, by School—Christmas Bells.

Recitation—St. Nick's Visit, by Master John Rodger.

Piano Solo—Christmas Chimes, by Miss Ida Patterson.

Recitation—God's Only Son, by Alice Bradley.

Duet—Once in a lowly manger, by Misses Mary and Florence Cosman.

Recitation—Christmas Quizz, by Master Russell White.

Piano Solo—What the Swallow Sang, by Bessie Sterritt.

Dialogue, Squire Hawley's Christmas—by several young people.

Duet—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing", by Misses Bessie Sterritt and Gertrude Wilson.

Recitation by Faith Bradley.

Chorus, "Silent Night," by the young ladies.

Recitation, The Crippled Dolly, by Mary Cosman.

Song, Tell the story over again, by Mary Cosman.

Recitation by Master David Bradley.

Chorus, Joy to the world, by the young ladies.

Recitation, There's a wonderful star, by Master Sandford Henderson.

Piano Solo, Rank and file, by Marjorie White.

Chorus, Jesus asleep in my barque, by the young ladies.

Recitation, New Year wishes, by Florence Cosman.

Presentation of Prizes for best attendance in the Primary Classes, by Supt.

A few remarks by S. H. Bradley followed by a vote of thanks to Brother and Sister Patterson for the use of their house, also to the Mission Circle for their assistance in making the treat for the Sunday School.

The presents were distributed from the tree by the Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent, and Misses Ida Patterson and Mary and Florence Cosman. All the members of the Sunday School and Mission Circle were well remembered and supplied with gifts from school and mission circle, and from teachers and scholars from one to the other. All present were treated to oranges and candy, treats and presents were also sent to members who could not be present.

The gathering broke up at ten o'clock, after a very enjoyable entertainment and treat, all having a stronger determination to continue in Sunday School and mission work.

Closing Chorus—National Anthem.

NORTH HEAD CHRISTMAS TREAT.

Following is the programme of our Christmas Concert held in the Reformed Baptist Church Xmas night:

Opening Chorus—Hear the ringing bell.

Responsive Reading—By the two Adult classes.

Prayer by Brother Scott.

Exercise by five little girls—Shining.

Recitation—Alma Bass.

Singing by the Choir—The Midnight Star.

Recitation—Marjorie Johnson.

Recitation—Dorothy Beal.

Exercise—The Christmas Trail.

Recitation—Jennie McLean.

Chorus by the school—Echoes of Bethlehem.

Reading, Mike's Prayer—By Mrs. Naves.

Recitation—Eleanor Johnson.

Recitation—Addison Naves.

Exercise by five girls—The Greatest Name.

Remarks by Brother Ralph Beal.

Exercise—A Christmas Greeting.

Duet by Mrs. Naves and Bruce Stanley.

Exercise by 9 children—Little Spellers.

Closing Chorus—By school—Lift your heart.

At the close of the concert the organist was presented with a sum of money in a nut shell, and at the Sunday School Session there was distributed one hundred and ten boxes of candy and nuts to the children and Home Department. The Ruth Class did their part by remembering many sick ones with boxes of fruit.

MRS. THOS. NAVES,
Cor. Secretary.

DONATION.

Dear Highway:

Allow me space enough in your columns to tell you that on Dec. 28th a very pleasant evening was spent at the parsonage in Meductic, when the kind friends of the Greenbush Church gathered in and nearly filled the place. The evening was spent in a social way, music and singing. All seemed to enjoy themselves. The blessing of God was upon us. The sisters brought some dainties and when the evening was well spent refreshments were served, after which Brother W. C. Wright presented the pastor and wife with the beautiful sum of \$80—\$60 in cash and \$20 in provisions. Brother Wright prefaced his gift to us from the Greenbush Church with a speech. It blessed our hearts as pastor and wife, and tears freely flowed from other eyes. We tried to thank the friends for their kindness, but as usual words seem to fail to express the kindness felt within. These are hard times, but these folk remembered their pastor just the same. I believe God will bless them for it. We trust that this will be our best year here. May God's richest blessing rest upon these dear hearts.

We covet the prayers of all who read these lines, both for our body and soul. We still have the blessing but I am not feeling as well as I would like. There is so much to do and it seems I can do so little on account of my physical condition. I can't do

much when at my best so pray that I may, at least, be at my best if the Lord is willing. God bless every reader. May the coming year be the best we have all seen.

Yours truly,
H. S. AND MRS. MULLEN.

THE OLD YEAR.

What is the old year? 'Tis a book
On which we backward sadly look,
Not willing quite to see it close,
For leaves of violet and rose
Within its heart art thickly strewn,
Marking love's dawn and golden noon;
And turned-down pages, noting days
Dimly recalled through memory's haze;
And tear-stained pages, too, that tell
Of starless nights and mournful knell
Of bells tolling through trouble's air
The De Profundis of despair—
The laugh, the tear, the shine, the shade
All 'twixt the covers gently laid;
No uncut leaves; no page unscanned;
Close it and lay it in God's hand.

—Clarence Urmy.

SANCTIFICATION.

This is the will of God, even your sanctification.—Paul. There are many things in God's creation that are more or less obscure, but the above words give us a clear revelation of His will. What should so charm us? What should prove so alluring to our spirits as the will of God? It is like the presence of God as He walked in Eden in the cool of the day. The radiant sunshine of Heaven falls upon the will of God. Jesus said: "My meat and drink is to do my Father's will." Does the shadow of somebody's prejudice fall on the words that express the will of God, blinding your eyes to their meaning, and hindering their fulfilment in your life? The favor of God is better than life and better than that of any earthly friend. What on earth can compare with the will of God wrought in human souls? The courts of heaven resound with the songs of angels who are filled with the will of God. It is incarnate in redeemed spirits. Why should the earth be robbed of the joy of its realization? God can enrich you as can no other by working His will in you. He can make you a valuable asset in extending His kingdom. Do you tremble at the thought of your weakness? Our sufficiency is of God. He, working in human hearts sent Livingstone to "Darkest Africa"—Morrison to China—Carey to India; myriad others to the home and foreign fields; and millions to glory. Fall in with the procession. Get in line with the march of God. Joy unspeakable and full of glory awaits you with trials and tribulations thrown in to make a better saint of you. The will of God overflows Heaven and comes down to us. Get into its current; lave in its tide; drift on its bosom for it is the largest and richest thing that looms up on our human horizon. Prayer, faith, love, hope, and "even your sanctification" are found within its boundaries. Thy will be done is the divinest expression to which men or angels can give utterance. Embrace the will of God; live in it and you will be enriched in peace and joy here and in eternal harmonies hereafter. Amen!

B. F. G.