

ing the hut floor with cow-dung and poor old grandmother was trying to make one happy and to put the other asleep on her knee. It seemed to me it would never be a success for each child distressed the other.

The lot of the old folks is not an easy one. Caring for the small children while the mothers are at work in the fields or helping with grinding and cooking, if they are able. When blind or sick or helpless, they are not always wanted and are made to feel they are a burden. Sometimes they are nearly naked. Who will give them a blanket? Or, they have such poor tatters for covering, one's heart aches for them. But one always has the beautiful comfort of God's promises to give, to even the old ones, and pray with them. They often listen so eagerly when we tell them about God—His love, His beautiful heaven and His invitation for them to come and live with Him.

I met an old lady, fine face, but so deaf, only those she was used to could make her hear. I had such a desire to speak some message of light to her heart, and a stab struck my arm, "You have been so long getting to her, if only you had gone sooner before she was deaf, she might have been saved." The saddest word of tongue or pen is, it might have been." We can only cry out to God to help us to reach all we can now, before it is too late.

Sunday, we expected to leave early to hold a meeting at Ebudhluwini, but everything moved so slowly, the women, Befana and Paulina, with getting ready, the horse and donkeys, till I felt the morning would be gone before we got away.

However, at last everything was ready and I was about to hop on my saddle when told two horses and men had come. "Are they of the I. C. U. people?" "Do they expect to hold forth here on Sunday?" Well, they were. They did expect to have prayers there. We all went to the hut assigned for this.

One is an oldish man, a preacher of another Church and he led. But what a meeting! Even the hymns were only those telling we are all sinners and did not seem to have much hope in them. The prayer too, seemed a sad affair. The scriptures read were a few verses from Gal. 5:15-21 inclusive. My heart ached and I became puzzled as to what I should do. The short sermon was on the same line, All sinners. God was angry with sinners. Only one sentence in it all when he said, "God wants us all to have clean hearts," but he stopped without telling us how to get them.

After singing, the next fellow got up and sallied forth with great gusto, blaming the Europeans for the state of the natives, and demanding much and saying, Let us leave God and Jesus, let us return to the gods of our fathers and let us worship Tshaka—(an ancestral spirit) who will rise from the dead and save us." Communism rank and bold and coming among those who were followers of Jesus, having a preacher for an ally.

Still I waited for God to show me what to do, give me an opening. When he sat down I was asked to close that meeting by prayer. Here was my chance. I asked for a few moments to speak first and, beginning at Gal. 5:22, And I preached unto them Jesus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. God gave me the message, when I opened my mouth and, few times in my life, have I had such freedom in speaking to the heathen. Before I got through the preacher held down his head (afterwards said he was reproved) and the blatant denier of the faith fell on his

knees, said he was a great sinner and begged us to pray for him. Truly, God's word is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword."

We passed on to our appointment and had a blessed time. More next time.

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

MISSIONARY MEETING

The Woodstock Missionary Society held their regular monthly meeting Nov. 11th.

The President, Mrs. C. O. Mutch, was in the chair, and read Psalm 147 as a Scripture lesson; also making some brief remarks on Thanksgiving.

Prayers were offered by Mrs. Wiggins and Mrs. Britton. After singing an appropriate hymn the minutes of last meeting were read and dues and offering taken.

Then came the programme as follows: Reading, a letter written by Mrs. Sanders in 1922—Mrs. R. Harding; recitation, Mrs. Phillips; solo, Flora Brown; exercise, Little Light Bearers, ten girls; reading, Mr. B. Colpitts; duet, Ruth and Robert Harding. A feature of the evening, and one that would bear repeating, was the "Question Box," by the Frinedship Class. We were glad to see so many of the young people and children taking such deep interest in the missionary cause. Meeting closed with singing and benediction.

Yours in the Word,

MRS. O. R. ESTEY

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

These words have become very familiar to us—yet as each year draws to a close we are reminded more forceably of that sweet story which never grows old. How we love to picture in our mind's eye the scene which took place on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

The drowsy shepherds whom we can imagine conversed in low tones of the Prophet's vision of the coming Messiah, for had not they looked and waited long for that prophecy to be fulfilled—and even told their children many times of their expectations.

And as so many strangers were lodged in Bethlehem, probably it reminded them of what Micha foretold concerning his birth-place, so they were not asleep when that strange light shone about them.

We do not wonder that they were sore afraid, but how considerate of the Divine Father to send an angel to soothe their fears and to gently break the glad news to them, saying "Fear not," for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Then immediately after these words were spoken, their ears caught the strains of music and saw the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. The strains were caught up again and again and wafted on the midnight breeze, until those old Judean hills, could they have spoken, would have joined in praise, for a glad new day had dawned upon the world such as never had been seen.

When the angels had taken their departure, we hear the shepherds saying, let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

No doubt they forgot all about their sheep in their haste—but, oh joy! they found The Babe lying in a manger, and surely believed, for they returned glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, and hastened to tell their neighbors and friends the glad news.

We also like to think of the Wise Men who left their far eastern homes, led by a wondrous star—seeking a King—they found a Babe, but surely the King of Kings. They too recognized and worshipped Him, and presented unto Him costly gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh—"Gold, an indication of His royalty; frankincense, of His divinity, and myrrh, of His sufferings."

How our hearts are filled with praise because He came, and for His matchless life on earth—and through tears we praise Him for bearing the insults and the cruel crown of thorns—and for the supreme sacrifice on Calvary's cross, all because He loved us so. How unworthy we are, yet the only returns we can make to Him is to humble ourselves at the foot of the cross and confess our sins, and accept Him as our personal Saviour, and then make a complete consecration of our lives to Him—a living sacrifice, live in the centre of His will and enjoy His presence and serve Him all the days of our lives. Let each of us say a everlasting YES to all the known will of God this glad Christmas-tide, for only then can we truly join in the Angel song, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will towards men!"

I. M. KEIRSTEAD