



THREE TREES!

Ruth Harding

It was the last Christmas basket. The tag said: "The first house east of the railroad on the north side."

"I didn't know anyone lived in that old shack," said Mother Jones. "But let's see what we can find."

She and the ten-year-old twins, Janie and Jimmy, climbed the steep incline leading up to the tumbledown building. Jimmy reached the door first. He knocked hesitatingly. The door opened slowly, and three small heads peeked from behind a thin, blue-eyed girl.

"Won't you come in, please?" said the soft voice. "Mamma and Papa are both out. We're trimming our Christmas tree Johnny found it along the road this morning. We want to have it all decorated before Mamma gets home. Papa's trying to find a job, so he can get some gifts for the little ones, I told him not to worry about me. I'm too big."

The Joneses left the basket with "Merry Christmas to you." But that evening Janie and Jimmy were unusually quiet at the Jones' dinner table, and Mother said very little, too.

"What's wrong with my family tonight?" finally said Dad. "Here it is Christmas Eve, and almost time to decorate our Christmas tree, and you all have said hardly a dozen words. Don't you know it's Christmas? Everybody ought to be happy!"

Janie's eyes filled with tears, and Jimmy sat staring at his plate. Mother looked distracted too, and began telling Dad about their last visit of the afternoon. "Those four children in the old shack cutting newspaper trimmings for a branch of a tree they found on the road."

"And that young girl," said Janie, "asked if we cared if she used some of the things in the basket to bake cookies to put into the children's stockings."

The four of them sat silent for a minute. Then Dad rose and walked over to the telephone in the hall. In a moment he was back. "No more trees at the store."

"Could we——" Janie spoke slowly. "Couldn't we take them our tree?"

"Say, why not?" exclaimed Jimmy, almost shouting.

Four chairs were pushed back from the table. Mother and the twins ran to get their coats, while Dad hurried to the garage and put the large evergreen into the car.

"I'll get a box of ornaments from the basement," Mother said.

"Janie," said Jimmy, "I was going to give you that Indian bracelet I made at camp. If you don't care I'll take it along for——"

"Of course I don't care, Jimmy," interrupted Janie. "That would be wonderful! And if you don't care—I had a package for you that I think that little boy would like."

The excited pair ran to their rooms and came back with happy faces. Each carried several packages.

As they drove through town, Dad pulled over to the curb. "Just some last minute shop-

ping," he muttered, and hurried into a store. He came out with two fancy-wrapped packages tucked under his arm. "Didn't want to forget Mamma and Papa," he said, smiling.

There was a dim light in the window of the shack. Mr. Jones knocked gently on the door. It opened a little. "What is it you want?" said the man.

A shrill voice cried, "Oh, Papa, it's the kind people who were here this afternoon." The blue-eyed girl ran to the door. "Come in, please," she pleaded.

There was a smell of fresh baked cookies. Two blankets hung across one end of the room. "The young ones are already asleep," the girl explained to the callers. "This is my Mamma and Papa." A sad-faced woman came from behind the impoverished curtains to join the group.

A few hurried explanations and a cheerful exchange of "Merry Christmas" wishes, then the Jones family took its leave.

Christmas morning dawned with unusual brilliance—or so it seemed. In the living room of the Jones home Janie and Jimmy came running, followed by Mother and Dad, each calling happily, "Merry Christmas, everybody!"

Suddenly the twins gasped in surprise. In some secret way Daddy Jones had created a frosted artificial Christmas tree, small, but lovely, all lighted with blue candle bulbs.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Janie, "And how happy I am!"

"And I!" chimed Jimmy.

"And I!" joined in Mother Jones.

"Don't leave me out," complained Daddy Jones.

The collection of presents under the tree was not quite so large as usual, but it was in perfect keeping with the little tree, and there were four full, happy hearts that filled the Jones' living room.

News Of The Churches

SUSSEX, N. B.

We feel like sharing with the readers of The Highway the working of the Lord in this newer section of our work. The dear Lord has been very gracious and in times when the clouds hung low He has come near revealing to us that without the showery shadows we would be scorched by the sunshine.

The building project for this small group has kept the dollar sign quite prominent in our program but we have been endeavouring to keep the face of our Savior shining above it all. Many times God has made a way when there was no way.

Spiritual victories have been too few this last year but we feel God is laying His hand on many in the community who are still in the valley of decision. We enjoyed the ministry of Brother McGeorge again last spring. He was beloved of all and the folk here came up the road spiritually under his prayer program. We also were benefited by a week-end meeting when Brother and Sister Owens were with us recently. Although we know the Owens felt that their message in sermon and song should have produced more visible results, still we trust they helped us toward revival this fall when Rev. H. R. Ingersoll and Paul Mullen came with us Nov. 30th to Dec. 11th.

The people here have been most thoughtful of us—their consideration goes far beyond our expectations. They have visited our home sev-

eral times this year with everything for the cellar and pantry, along with generous purses of money. Last night the Young People's group presented us with a top coat as a birthday present. Also members of the church and congregation joined them in a social evening at the parsonage with the best of eats and another gift of money. Space would not permit us to mention the many things we have to thank God and these people for. But to them and you, Mrs. Nicholson and the girls join me in wishing you all God's richest blessing at Christmas.

R. H. Nicholson

JONESPORT, ME.

Dear Highway Friends:

As we approach the Christmas Season it stirs our hearts to appreciation for all that God has done for us, in the gift of His only begotten Son to redeem us from sin; and keeping us by the presence of the Holy Spirit within.

Since last reporting from Jonesport, the folks gathered on my birthday for a surprise party, presenting us with gifts and money.

At Hallowe'en the Sunday School sponsored several parties for the different departments and these were enjoyed by the children and young people. The adults met at the parsonage in costume Hallowe'en night, and an enjoyable time was spent. On their departure they gave us a purse of money.

Our work in each department seems to be holding its own, with an excellent Sunday School. But, oh, how we long for revival in each department of the work.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank our people for their loyalty and Christian love.

May God grant to each of you a blessed Christmas.

Yours in His service,

Joseph and Frances Moses

WEDDING

Stairs - Briggs

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Briggs, Temperance Vale, N. B., on the afternoon of Nov. 12, their daughter, Eileen Winnifred, and Charles Albert Stairs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Stairs, were united in marriage by Rev. P. W. Briggs, uncle of the bride.

After I found peace with God, I learned more in one day than formerly with equal application in a whole month.—Adam Clarke.

"Sin in the life will make one weak at the testing point."

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

Fir the information of our pastors and churches we list the names and addresses of some of our churches officers:

Alliance Superintendent: Rev. N. E. Trafton, P. B. Box 47, Marysville, N. B.

Alliance Secretary: Rev. H. R. Ingersoll, Sub. P. O. 13, St. John, N. B.

Alliance Treasurer: Rev. R. H. Parks, Harrison Street, Milltown, Maine.

Foreign Missions Treasurer: RRev. C. E. Stairs, 38 Pleasant Street, Truro, N. S.

Home Missions Treasurer: Rev. W. L. Fernley, Perth, N. B.

Bethany Bible College Treasurer: Rev. B. M. Hicks, "Bethany", Yarmouth, N. S.

General Fund and Superintendent's salary Fund Treasurer: Rev. R. H. Parks.